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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

DECEMBER
1915

TEN
CENTS

Continental Publishing Co. Limited Toronto, Canada

Trade Mark Registered 1913, Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa, by Continental Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada.

LUX LUX

It is something very different. It is something much better

THESE dainty little wafers of the purest essence of soap make a wonderful difference to the life and appearance of your clothes. When you put the LUX flakes into hot water, a creamy, glistening lather instantly forms—it is a delight to see how it coaxes rather than forces the dirt from the clothes. Woollens never become coarse, matted or thickened—they don't shrink. Silk blouses come out fresh and unfaded as new. Fine things of all sorts are *benefited* by their LUX bath.

Another thing—LUX makes the hardest water as soft as Summer rains, so your shampoo becomes a delight instead of a trial.

Try LUX today. It is different and better. It won't shrink woollens.
Made in Canada by LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, TORONTO.

Price 10 cents **At All Grocers**

That clean smell!

The very odor of Lifebuoy Soap is redolent of health and utter cleanliness. You realize at once that you have more than a mere cleanser in this "soap of health." Yet this mild carbolic odor vanishes a few moments after use. Stays just long enough to perform its mission of making the hands or the garments safe from germ life as well as clean.

The beauty of Lifebuoy Soap is that you can use it—in fact you should use it—for both toilet and laundry purposes. In the bath, its choice healing oils make a smooth velvety lather that is very refreshing, as well as cleansing. For all garments, table and bed linens, and especially those garments that touch the skin, Lifebuoy Soap is a sure and inexpensive armor against infection, etc. Once you try Lifebuoy it will be hard to satisfy you with a soap that does less.

All Grocers sell Lifebuoy, *5c.*

Made in Canada
by Lever Brothers, Limited, Toronto

EVERYWOMAN'S · OPPORTUNITY · LIST

CLASSIFIED ADLETS

SALES AND EXCHANGES

A responsible directory arranged for the convenience of the vast number of more than 500,000 readers of Everywoman's World who wish to buy, sell or exchange.

Each little adlet has much of interest for you.

An Opportunity

OPPORTUNITY, it is said, comes but once to most people!

To the readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, however, on this special Opportunity Page, a varying list of opportunities comes again and again.

You will find an interesting message in each little adlet. So it will pay you to read them all.

Some one or more of them may present the very opportunity you have been waiting for.

This opportunity service is making many friends amongst our readers because of good suggestions it has brought to them. You may find on this page something advertised that you have long sought but failed to find elsewhere. So read each little ad. and see how much some one or more of them has for you in the way of good fortune.

Agents Wanted

AGENTS—Big opportunity. Form from factory to family clubs, for largest makers of food products, housekeeping necessities, toilet preparations, tea, coffee, spices, flavoring extracts, breakfast cereals and family remedies, in Canada. Your customers save fifty per cent. and you earn twenty-five dollars weekly. Full particulars by return mail. The Merrill Co., Ltd., Dept. E. W., 95 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS—Get particulars of one of the best paying propositions ever put on the market. Something no one else sells. Make $4,000 yearly. Address E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr., 3189 Third St., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS—SOMETHING NEW.—Automatic cistern cleaner; 20th century wonder; demonstrate in one minute; removes all dirt without removing the water; cisterns cleaned in 20 minutes; agents make $10 or more per day; Particulars for stamp. Exclusive territory. Write for agency to-day. Address Automatic Cistern Cleaner, No. 800 Hillside Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

AGENTS—Splendid profits selling housekeeping article, awarded Gold Medal San Francisco Exposition. Sold in Ontario three years. Dominion Sales Co., Arcade, Toronto.

AGENTS: 500% PROFIT. Gold and Silver sign letters for store and office windows. Anyone can put on. Write to-day for free sample. Metallic Letter Co., 413 N. Clark St., Chicago.

BOYS we have a big money-making proposition for you. Splendid household specialty that is wanted in every home. Write for particulars.—The Johnson-Richardson Co., Ltd., Box 1240, Montreal, Que.

EVERY HOUSEHOLD on farm, in small town or suburbs where oil lamps are used, needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin Mantle Lamp, burns common coal oil (kerosene) gives a light five times as bright as electric. Awarded gold medal at San Francisco Exposition. One farmer cleared over $500.00 in six weeks; hundreds with rigs earning $100.00 to $300.00 per month. No cash required. We furnish capital to reliable men. Write quick for wholesale prices, territory and sample lamp for free trial. Address nearest office, Mantle Lamp Co., 543 Aladdin Bldg., Montreal, Que. Mantle Lamp Co., 543 Aladdin Bldg., Winnipeg, Man.

FOLLOW THE DOLLARS.—$50 to $100 per week, the money yours; something new, not an old, worn out proposition; field untouched; experience unnecessary; takes everybody by storm; money rolls in; show 50, sell 40; demonstrated in one minute; sells on demonstration. The new Inkless Fountain Pen, the twentieth century wonder; never leaks or spills, with this pen no more use for the ink bottle; sample pen 50c.; this proposition is 18 karat; money back if not as represented; agent's profit 200 per cent.; exclusive territory. Send for agency to-day. Inkless Fountain Pen Co., 800 N. Hillside Ave., Des Moines, Ia.

FREE SAMPLES of Delbare's Naptha washing tablets sent to men and women agents. Make 100 per cent. profit. Easiest seller out. Sure repeater. Naptha Washing Tablet Co., 714 So. Dearborn, Chicago.

LIVE AGENTS—Salary or Commission—In towns having water power, to introduce our Happy Home Gearless Water Power Washer. Best now on Canadian market. Price reasonable. Use whole or spare time. This is an unusual offer. You can make big money. Get in quick! The Maple Leaf Specialty Co., Toronto.

$40 WEEKLY, introducing combination dipper. Nine articles in one. Every woman buys this household necessity and labor saving utensil. Caldwell cleared $60 first week. Sample 35c. Particulars free. Write quick. Pelco Producing Company, Dept. M., 480 St. Paul St., Montreal.

Articles For Sale

BIG BARGAINS IN PIANOS AND ORGANS at Heintzman Hall.

$22 will buy a small flat topped organ by Simmons & Clough with six stops and knee swell. Has a rich tone and would be very suitable for use in a small Sunday school. Write us for terms.

We are greatly over-stocked with five octave organs. These comprise such makers as Bell, Doherty, Dominion, Thomas, etc., and range in price from $20 upwards. They are sold on terms as low as seventy-five cents per week. Write for complete list of December bargains.

If you would be interested in buying a good square piano at a very low figure and on very easy terms, write our Mail Order Dept. for December list of these bargains.

Write us enclosing this ad., Ye Olde Firme of Heintzman & Co., Ltd., Heintzman Hall, 203 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

THE PRESCOTT self-filling and cleaning fountain pen, black vulcanite holder, 14kt. gold pen, postpaid 30c.—Address Randall's Agency, Manna, Sask.

Authors—Manuscripts

AUTHORS-POETS: Make good money writing short stories, poems, photo plays, etc. Write Literary Bureau, E.W., 3, Hannibal, Mo.

POETS—WRITERS.—Get cash for song poems, stories, photo-plays. Music Sales Co., E. W., St. Louis, Mo.

SONG-POEMS WANTED.—Cash for available MSS. Write Needham Music Co., D178, St. Louis, Mo.

Autograph Letters

IF YOU HAVE ANY LETTERS written by Lamb, Shelley, Byron, Keats, Poe or any other famous man, write at once. Highest prices paid. Walter R. Benjamin, 225 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Business Opportunities

FORTY MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES for women in the Pin Money Book. All tested. Contains no advertising. Postpaid 25c. Particulars free. Purity Sales Co., P.O. Box 165, Zealandia, Sask.

"HOW WOMEN MAKE MONEY IN FIFTY WAYS." send silver dime for copy. Hallie Goodman, 710 East Fourth St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

MAKE MONEY raising canaries. Our free circular tells how. H. Tinney, Preneveau, Ont.

$50—$150 MONTH PAID MEN, WOMEN.—Canadian Government jobs. Common education. Examinations throughout Canada during fall. Sample questions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 175, Rochester, N.Y.

Christmas Cards

15 BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS postcards in colors, also 10 Christmas tags, all sent postpaid for 25 cents. Postal money order.—Carolina Card Co., Linville, North Carolina.

Clothing

HAVE YOU SOME SPECIAL FROCK, a coat, or childrens' wear, that is just as good as new, but for some reason or other you do not need them? They are worth good money and somebody, somewhere, would be very glad to buy. Why not write out a small classified ad. and have it placed on this page of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD? Costs only 10 cents per word, cash with order.

Developing and Printing

AMATEURS SEND YOUR FILMS to develop. Professional high quality work. Printing, enlargements, lantern slides. Any roll film, 6 exposures, 10 cents. Prints up to 4 x 5 five cents each. Send sample order and get price list. The Studio, 260 Crawford St., Toronto.

Educational

AMERICA'S FINEST PENMAN teaches rapid, tireless business writing by mail, small expense. Write for free illustrated journal. F. B. Courtney, Box W 492, Detroit, Mich.

EMPIRE BUSINESS COLLEGE, 346 Broadview Avenue, the only school in Canada teaching all typewriter keyboards, thorough instruction in Pitman's shorthand, touch typewriting and all commercial subjects. Six months' day course $30, night course $15. You may enter any time. Write for full information.

ONE HOUR A DAY or even less given to study under our guidance will fit you for a better position. We teach you by mail:—Commercial Course (Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Business Correspondence, Commercial Law), Shorthand and Type writing, Special English, Elementary Art, Mechanical Drawing, Architectural Drawing, Electrical Course, Engineering (Stationary, Traction, Gasoline, Marine, Locomotive, Automobile), Matriculation, Civil Service, Mind and Memory Training, Teachers' Examinations, or any subject. Ask for what you need. Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. E.W., Toronto, Canada.

YOUNG PEOPLE,—For five dollars cash, and easy payments, you can take private instruction at home by mail in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Shorthand, Typewriting or Arithmetic. Write now. Listowel Business College, Listowel, Ontario.

Enlargements

BEAUTIFUL BLACK OR SEPIA.—Get your choice photos enlarged. Write for prices. The Studio, 260 Crawford St., Toronto.

Family Remedies

A GREAT REMEDY.—Dr. Henderson's Herb Treatment, in tablet form, will cure Rheumatism, Constipation, Eczema, Stomach Trouble, Kidney and Liver Trouble. Three months' treatment, with our certified guarantee, for one dollar, postpaid. Henderson Herb Co., 173 Spadina Ave., Toronto. Agents wanted.

Farm Products

THE ONE BEST OUTLET for Farm Produce, non-fertile eggs, poultry, separator butter. Write Gunns, Ltd., 78 Front St. East, Toronto.

Gramophone Record Exchange

$1.00 MEMBERSHIP FEE entitles you to exchange any quantity of Edison, Victor or Columbia records exclusive of postage or express, for three months as often as you like. Just think of it, and send your dollar. Condition of records guaranteed first class. Record Exchange, 607 College St., Toronto.

Hair Dressing

LADIES interested in hair styles and hair goods should write for Pember's new catalogue, 129 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

Help Wanted

A RARE OPPORTUNITY.—Comfortable living, home sewing, plain cloth seams. Any sewing machine. Steady. No canvassing. No triflers wanted. Samples 10c., returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Co., Jobbers Sewing, Rehoboth, Del.

WE REQUIRE parties to knit men's wool socks for us at home, either with machine or by hand, especially for war purposes; write for information. The Canadian Wholesale Dis. Co., Dept. W., Orillia, Ont.

Higher Musical Education

THE CANADIAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, LTD., Toronto, an artistic school with famous teachers. Descriptive Year Book and "Vibrations," a monthly magazine mailed on request.

DOVERCOURT COLLEGE OF MUSIC, Toronto, Ont.—A school of music for yourself or child. All subjects taught. Write for terms, College 3153.

Home Furnishings

WRITE for our large photo-illustrated catalogue No. 2. We pay freight to any station in Ontario. Adams Furniture Company, Limited, Toronto.

Inventions

INVENTIONS commercialized on cash and royalty basis. Inventors, manufacturers and agents write: Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 178 Fisher Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Knitting Machines

FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE, new, never been used, for sale at big bargain. Will make big money knitting stockings, socks, scarfs, etc. Easily makes 12 pairs socks a day in your spare time. List price $47.50. Will take $35.00 cash, or $38.00 on easy terms. Machine will soon pay for itself. Can be used to advantage by any church society for red cross work. A. N. Donley, 74 Baldwin St., Toronto.

Legal

DAVIS AND MEHR, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc., Union Bank Bldg., cor King and Bay Sts., Toronto, Canada.

Magazines

SEND 10 CENTS for the best outdoor magazine published. Hunting and trapping a specialty. Hunter-Trader-Trapper, Box 29, Columbus, Ohio, U.S.A.

Miscellaneous

GIVE YOUR FRIEND for a Christmas present, a postal card album containing views from all over the world. Apply for particulars, P.O. Box 206, Station B, Montreal.

PEOPLE READ these little classified advertisements to find out what is being offered for sale. Have you a worthy article you wish to sell to one or more of the 500,000 people who read these little adlets every month? The cost is very low. Write me for booklet, "Big Returns," telling all about this opportunity we have opened for you. Address the Manager, Classified Division, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

GIVE YOUR FRIEND for a Christmas present a Blackstone Vacuum Face Massager. For particulars apply P.O. Box 206, Station B, Montreal.

Moving Picture Plays

FREE—Our book how to write photo-plays. Enterprise Company, E. W., 3348 Lowe Avenue, Chicago.

$1,200 A YEAR for spare time writing one moving picture play a week. We show you how. Send for free book of valuable information of special prize offer, Chicago Photo Playwright College, Box 278 K 3, Chicago.

"HOW TO WRITE PHOTOPLAYS THAT SELL," our new-volume, contains model scenario, list of buyers, and all information necessary. Price 35c., worth $10. Photoplay Book Co., W. 3348 Lowe Ave., Chicago.

WRITE MOTION PICTURE PLAYS. $50 each. Experience unnecessary. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 325 Wainwright, St. Louis.

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS, SHORT STORIES, POEMS: $100 each. No correspondence course. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 337, Cincinnati.

Music

BECOME POPULAR.—Delight your friends with this pretty song, "Oh Say, Why Can't I Marry You?" Only 10c., Bruce Campbell, Burlington, P.E.I.

Picture Framing

ARTISTIC PICTURE FRAMING.—Best work, reasonable prices; write for particulars, J. W. Geddes, 425 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

Post Card Clubs

GET ACQUAINTED. Exchange cards and letters with our members. Big list every month. Results guaranteed. Membership 15c. Popular Exchange, Box 3H, Windsor, N.C.

Poultry Specifics

BEST RECIPE that will make hens lay. Price 50c. Robert Hardy, Roberts Creek, B.C.

Printing

100 ENVELOPES.—Your name and address printed on the corner, 30c. postpaid. Samples free. E.W. Breneisa, Wheeler, Indiana.

Pure Bred Poultry

CHOICE BIRDS FOR SALE.—Rose Comb Brown Leghorns, Single Comb White Leghorns, Barred Rocks, Bronze Turkeys, Pekin, Rouen, and Indian Runner Ducks.—J. H. Rutherford, Box 62, Caledon East, Ont.

Rates for Advertising

LITTLE CLASSIFIED ADS. on this special page of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD cost only 10 cents per word each insertion, cash in advance of publication. Discounts of 5% over six months; 10% off twelve consecutive months; discounts to be taken from last insertions.

REGULAR DISPLAY RATES are 40 cents per agate line, flat; $5.60 per inch (14 lines to the inch). This is the lowest rate enjoyed by the largest advertisers and is given also to the users of the smallest space.

Real Estate, Farm Lands, Etc.

BOYNTON GARDENS, SOUTH FLORIDA.—Here a few acres devoted to fruit, winter vegetables and poultry will mean an outdoor life and independence. Choice tracts on easy payments without interest. Come—where nature helps industry most. Full particulars, D. P. Council, 43 Toronto Arcade, Toronto.

IS HE CRAZY.—The owner of a large plantation in Mississippi, where the fine figs grow, is giving away a few five acre fruit tracks. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a co-operative canning factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the canning factory by writing the Eu Bank Farms Company, 941 Keystone, Pittsburg, Pa., U.S.A. They will plant and care for your trees for $6 per month. Your profit should be $1,000 per year. Some think that this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.

WANTED to hear from owner of farm or unimproved land for sale. O. O. Matteson, 56 Andrus Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Red Cross Workers, Attention!

CHURCH SOCIETY or Red Cross Workers who can use big family knitting machine, new worth $44.80, can have this machine as loan or donation. Address requests to N. C. Cameron, 96 Cowan Ave., Toronto.

Safety Razor Blades

RAZORS SHARPENED—Gillette blades, 35c. dozen. Every Ready, 25c. dozen. We know how. Address Excelsior Keen Edge Co., Edward Street, Toronto, Dept. E.W.

Snapshots Enlarged

WHY NOT HAVE your little snapshots enlarged and decorate your room with pictures of interest. We will make for you a beautiful 8 x 10 enlargement for 35 cents from any film or plate. Photoart Co., 294 Yonge St., Toronto.

Stamps

STAMPS.—Package free to Collectors for two cents postage. Also offer hundred different foreign. Catalogue. Hinges, all five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto, Canada, 414 Spadina Ave. Dept. E.

STAMPS sent on approval at 70 per cent. discount. Reference required. J. Emory Renoll, Dept. F., Hanover, Pa., U.S.A.

Typewriters

ROYAL TYPEWRITER.—"Compare the Work." See our ad. on page 38.

Washing Machines

WASHING MACHINES and clothes wringers. See our advertisement on page 23. J. H. Connor & Son, Ltd., Ottawa, Ont.

Wearing Apparel

LADIES desiring exclusive imported shirting patterns, for wash dresses or waists. Write for Booklet of Samples, Harry Tolton, Berlin, Ontario.

The Trade Mark
Your Guide To Safe Buying

PAINTS & VARNISHES

A right quality finish for every purpose

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. of Canada Limited

FACTORIES: MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG. LONDON ENG.

Always insist on getting toilet articles and medicinal preparations bearing this trade mark.

It is a guarantee of quality and purity.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. of Canada, Limited

Trade Marked Goods Can Never Fail You

ONE great outstanding fact well to keep in mind about trade-marked goods is that they must be good, and of high quality, else they will not stand trade-marking and advertising!

¶ Real merit must be in the goods before they can safely carry a trade-mark and the manufacturer knows this fact; if his trade-marked goods are without merit his first sales will be his last!

¶ The trade-mark enables you to avoid repetitions of any unsatisfactory purchases.

¶ And so you see why it is that really meritorious goods are trade-marked.

¶ They cost no more because they enjoy much greater sales; for everybody who learns of them will buy them,—and it is because of the larger sales and the bigger production that the goods cost less. It's very much the same with the landlady who has a number of boarders; each extra boarder reduces the cost and enables the landlady to give either better food and service or reduce the price.

¶ Trade-marked goods can never fail you! It surely pays you to give them preference.

Take A **KODAK** With You

MADE IN CANADA BY CANADIAN KODAK CO. Limited

TORONTO - - CANADA

MARTIN-SENOUR PAINT & VARNISHES

This Trade Mark on the can, guarantees the quality within.

The MARTIN-SENOUR Co. LIMITED MONTREAL

When Buying Rubber Goods Safeguard Yourself

DOMINION RUBBER SYSTEM

By asking your dealer if they were "Made-in-Canada" in one of our factories.

We make "Everything in Rubber," and you can rely on the good quality of any of our brands.

Stands for the Very Highest Quality

VINOLIA

TOILET SOAPS, TOOTH PASTE, TALCUM POWDER, and PERFUMES

ST LAWRENCE SUGAR DIAMOND

EXTRA GRANULATED SUGAR

Any good dealer can fill your order

ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINERIES, Limited Montreal

We will send free a liberal trial package of

Red Rose Tea

to those who answer this advertisement. State price using and if Black or Mixed.

T. H. ESTABROOKS CO. Limited TORONTO Dept. B.

GUARANTEED ALASKA BEDDING

BANNER SPRINGS

Guaranteed to please for a lifetime

The Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd. Montreal

At General Stores and Grocers

LUX

Flakes of Cleanliness for Wash Day—Won't Shrink Woollens

LEVER BROS. LIMITED Toronto

OSTERMOOR MATTRESSES

Pure Sanitary Cotton in Layers Clean and Durably Built—not stuffed.

The Alaska Feather & Down Co., Limited, Montreal

Artificial Flowers and Foliage Millinery Novelties

Made-in-Canada by A Woman MRS. JOSEPHINE WITT in her factory, at 16 Sheppard St., Toronto

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At Grocers — WINDSOR SALT — At General Stores

WINDSOR SALT

Pure Salt in Bags for Table and Dairy use

The Canadian Salt Co. Limited WINDSOR, ONT.

JAEGER PURE WOOL

The name that is your guarantee of

QUALITY *and* EXCELLENCE

Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen System Company, Limited

Toronto Winnipeg Montreal

O-Cedar Polish Mop

O-Cedar Polish

They dust, clean, and polish at the one operation.

Channell Chemical Co., Limited 369 Sorauren Avenue - Toronto, Canada

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Would you like a telephone service? The best telephones of all types and highest quality are

Canadian Independent Telephones

Write for our Bulletin

CANADIAN INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE CO., LIMITED TORONTO, CANADA

Look for this "Little Blue Flag" your guarantee of quality

Lowe Brothers LIQUID-PAINT

Lowe Brothers, Limited TORONTO, ONT.

Ask for Beautiful Free Booklet **"The House, Outside and Inside"**

OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD

OGILVIE'S Royal Household Flour

OGILVIE'S Rolled Oats

The OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS Co., Limited

MONTREAL - - CANADA

BEATS BUTTER FOR Cakes and Pastry

THE WM. DAVIES CO., LIMITED TORONTO

Purity Brand Salt

(Trade Mark Registered)

For Table, Cooking, and Dairy Use

In cotton bags for cooking. In moisture proof packages (free running) for Table

ASK YOUR DEALER

THE WESTERN SALT CO. Limited Courtright Ontario

CANADA PAINT

Looks well. Wears well.

CP TRADE MARK

Paints, varnishes, stains and enamels of the highest quality

THE CANADA PAINT CO LIMITED

A. FRASER,
St. Anne's, Cape Breton
Winner of the Motor Cycle in EVERY-WOMAN'S WORLD'S last great contest

Took Four Orders in Five Minutes

MANY of our representatives when sending in their first reports tell us that they succeed in getting their first orders very quickly. One lady in an Ontario town took her first four orders in five minutes. This is an example of how easy our new plan makes magazine selling. Every prospect you approach is interested.

¶ Our pay is exceptionally liberal. Not only do we allow you a commission for every order you secure, but you will also receive a Salary cheque each month. Many representatives earn an average of $4.00 to $5.00 per day.

¶ Whether you have only a few spare hours each week or can devote your entire time to the work, our new plan of selling magazines will give you a chance to build up a very profitable business in your vicinity.

¶ Experience is not necessary, nor is any investment required. Write and ask us to send our little folder entitled "A Salary for You," which gives full particulars.

ADDRESS

The Subscription Department

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

62-64 Temperance Street - - TORONTO

THE VERY BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT

For Friend or Relative

AN inexpensive Christmas gift which will be welcomed month by month all through the year, and through which you will be oft remembered, is a subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, "a Canadian for Canadians."

¶ Sit down and write out a list of your dear friends or relatives, in your home or in distant places. Then order us to send each one a year's subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

¶ This year we plan to send a beautiful Remembrance card, printed in three colors to the recipient of each gift subscription. It will be mailed in your name to arrive on Christmas morning.

¶ Order your Gift subscriptions now and avoid any possible delay due to the enormous mail we shall be receiving during the last days just before Christmas.

¶ Send $1.00 for each subscription ($1.25 to any United States address) for 12 complete issues (all 1916), including the Holiday number which will also be mailed to arrive Christmas day.

CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO.
Limited

62-64 Temperance St., TORONTO, ONT.

Three Magazines for the Price of Two

Many Other Bargains Just as Worth While

TO give readers of December EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD a chance to share in these economies, we extend these "slashed-price" offers till December 25th.

Decide to join the forehanded; to place these big savings to your own credit, instead of paying them to publishers later. Choose the magazines you want, fill in the coupon and mail it with the required amount **To-day**. Orders may be new or renewal.

	Price if Bought by the Copy	Your Price if You Act Now
Everywoman's World Mother's Magazine McCall's	$3.60	$3.15
Everywoman's World Pictorial Review Modern Priscilla	$4.60	$3.35
Everywoman's World Woman's Home Companion	$3.00	$2.75
Everywoman's World Christian Herald	$3.80	$2.15
Everywoman's World Housewife People's Home Jour.	$3.60	$2.25

	Price if Bought by the Copy	Your Price if You Act Now
Everywoman's World McClures	$2.40	$2.00
Everywoman's World McCalls Magazine and Pattern	$2.40	$1.75
Everywoman's World Modern Priscilla	$3.00	$2.10
Everywoman's World Housewife	$1.80	$1.65
Everywoman's World Woman's Home Com. Pictorial Review	$4.80	$3.00

Everywoman's World, Delineator — Price if you act now $2.65 — If bought by the copy $3.00

Everywoman's World, McLean's Magazine — Price if you act now $2.50 — If bought by the copy $3.60

Everywoman's World, To-Day's Magazine — Price if you act now $1.75 — If bought by the copy $3.00

Everywoman's World, McClure's, Woman's Home Companion — Price if you act now $3.75 — If bought by the copy $4.20

Everywoman's World, Pictorial Review — Price if you act now $2.25 — If bought by the copy $3.00

Everywoman's World, McCall's, Etude — Price if you act now $3.25 — If bought by the copy $4.20

Everywoman's World, Modern Priscilla, Woman's Home Companion — Price if you act now $3.90 — If bought by the copy $4.20

Everywoman's World, Housewife, People's Home Jour., McCall's — Price if you act now $2.00 — If bought by the copy $3.00

Everywoman's World, Metropolitan — Price if you act now $2.65 — If bought by the copy $3.00

Everywoman's World, Everybody's Magazine — Price if you act now $2.25 — If bought by the copy $3.00

Everywoman's World, Can. Monthly — Price if you act now $1.60 — If bought by the copy $2.40

EVERY-WOMAN'S WORLD

62 Temperance St. TORONTO ONT.

Mail this "Last Chance" Coupon Before December 25th

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance St., Toronto.

GENTLEMEN: Here is $..... Send me the following named magazines for a year:

1..... 2.....

3..... 4.....

Name .....

Address .....

(NOTE—If magazines are to be sent to different addresses, attach directions on separate sheet to this coupon.)

Prices quoted include all Canadian Postage charges.

FAIRY SOAP

For toilet and bath

Fairy Soap is refreshing because of its purity and pleasing cleansing quality.

Skilled soapmaking experts use only the choicest materials in making it.

Fairy Soap is as pure as its whiteness suggests. Each cake is kept clean and sweet by the dainty tissue wrapper and the individual box in which it is enclosed.

The white oval cake fits the hand

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
LIMITED
MONTREAL

Ideal Xmas Gifts at Small Cost

CORSON'S IDEAL ORCHID PERFUME, the favorite of discriminating women everywhere, may now be obtained in dainty gift packages ranging in price from ½ oz. size at 50c to the 2 oz. at $2.00. They make delightful gifts.

Your druggist can suggest many sensible and pleasing gifts at small cost from his range of

Corson's Perfumes and Toilet Preparations

Ask for them by name and ensure satisfaction. The Corson line at all good drug stores includes a wide range of Perfumes, Toilet Waters, Cold Creams, Massage Creams, Face Powders, etc.

Have You Tried Corson's Charcoal Toothpaste?

Readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD who have tried this newer, better, more efficient toothpaste have declared "The Dainty Silver Grey Dentifrice" to be ideal. If you have not yet made the acquaintance of this famous preparation take advantage of this

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

For 25c in stamps or coin, we will send postage paid a full size 25c tube of Corson's Charcoal Toothpaste and a generous trial size bottle of Corson's Ideal Orchid Perfume. Take advantage of this opportunity to-day. Address

SOVEREIGN PERFUMES
LIMITED
146 Brock Ave., Toronto

25c
The Tube at all Good Druggists

7% Investments

Embodying three essentials required by all careful and shrewd investors: Safety, Profit, and Money Back

YOUR attention is directed to an exceptional opportunity for investment in bonds that will pay you 7% interest in place of 3% that you are now getting on your money.

The Bonds we can place with you carry absolute security, a guaranteed interest of 7% per annum and the privilege of withdrawing all or any part of your investment at any time after one year on 60 days' notice.

These bonds are issued in denominations of $1,000.00, $500.00 and $100.00 each. They are drawn to run five years, are absolutely non-assessable and afford an excellent opportunity for persons desiring to invest either large or small sums of money.

Drop us a line, stating the amount that you may wish to invest, and we will send you full particulars regarding these securities which have been so satisfactory over many years.

If you are coming to Toronto, arrange for an appointment in our offices and we will explain to you in person all details of these securities and give you the facts that make them very attractive investments.

NATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION, Limited
Room 309-311 Confederation Life Building, TORONTO, ONTARIO

(Controlling THE SIEMON COMPANY, LIMITED, Authorized Capital, $1,000,000; SIEMON BROS., LIMITED, Authorized Capital, $300,000; CANADA CASKET CO., LIMITED, Authorized Capital, $300,000.

THE CANADIAN WOMAN AND HER COUNTRY'S PRODUCTS

Will You Co-operate? $20.00 in Cash Prizes!

By CHAS. C. NIXON

CANADA is a young country. We are a people just beginning to realize the possibilities of our Canadian manufacturers, many of whom are not as large or as well known generally as they will become some day, through your kind favor and thoughtfulness and the help we shall give them through EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

There are products made in Canada, like Star Ammonia, that are very high grade and better than mere first class. You can buy them in almost any store where such products are to be had, but you will have to ask for them by name or by trade mark. The dealer ordinarily will not push them, for various reasons best known to himself, but you may find it greatly to your advantage to buy them.

For instance:—

One EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD reader writes us, "Star Ammonia is one of the best helps in both washing and scrubbing, and for washing dishes. I have also found it takes less than other brands to soften the water."

This product is made by the Eze M'f'g. Co., of Toronto. Their trade mark and package, with little advertisement, appears in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD special page of trade marks each month.

Wouldn't it be worth your while to buy a box of Star Ammonia, try it, and let us know what you think about it? We desire to help along a great many products of this kind made in Canada, and put up by some of the smaller manufacturers, who as yet cannot afford to advertise in a very big way. So we have planned this contest to enlist your help in this patriotic work and get you to report to us.

WE want you to purchase, especially, one or more articles as advertised in the trade mark page of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, which product heretofore you have not used, and give it a trial. Then write us a short letter giving criticisms and pointing out virtues or good points. In this way, we shall enable the smaller advertisers to find out how you like their products, and, if anything is wrong, or the products prove to be especially good, these worthy Canadian manufacturers will be assisted very materially.

Will you plan now to make the purchase? Select the goods you will try. Then after you give a fair trial, write us a letter and tell us what you think about it.

Sender of the first prize letter will be awarded $10.00 cash. Five additional prizes, each a crisp, new one dollar bill, will be given for the next best letters.

Another $5.00 Prize

THEN there are a great many other Canadian manufacturers making good products about which very few people as yet know anything, because these manufacturers have not done any advertising as yet. We want to help these manufacturers too. Shortly we shall have a special department in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for them, devoted entirely to their smaller advertisements. The help we can give them is suggested in the following letter recently sent to us by one of our good friends in an Eastern Ontario city.

"Mack's Norub is an article which I fear is not as well known as it should be, as I have never seen it advertised, but still I think it should be used in every Canadian home on wash day. It is manufactured by Mack's Laundry Specialty Co., Almonte, Ont., a picturesque town near Ottawa.

"Its trade mark is a tiny girl with two kittens. One black kitten is perched on her shoulder while she is lifting a snowy white kitten out of a tub of Mack's Norub. The suggestive words are printed above:—'It makes 'em white.'

"Norub sells for five cents per cake, but only one half cake is used with a cake of good laundry soap for medium sized washings. One of Norub's many good points is that you do not use any blueing (full directions come on wrapper). I have used it for three years, and feel I could not wash without it, as it makes washing easy in hot, warm, or cold water."

Now we want to learn about more good products of this kind that are made in Canada, and we want to hear more about Mack's Norub. Will you write and tell us about such products as you have discovered. We'll pass on the good things to benefit other Canadian women.

Sender of best letter or idea in this connection will be awarded $5.00 cash. Five additional prizes, prizes that we shall be proud to have you receive, will be awarded.

Address all letters in these connections to "Canadian Manufacturers' Department," Advertising Division, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

WHAT our attitude in this matter should be is very well expressed by a woman writing in a recent issue of the "Canadian Courier." She says:

"We were talking, the other day, about buying Canadian manufactures, when a woman who prides herself on her smartness of attire said: 'There are certain things you simply cannot get in Canada—that is, if you wish to wear the best.'

"We admitted that she was quite right with regard to one or two items mentioned, and then one of us, who is most earnest in the campaign for Canadian goods, said: 'At least, we should give everything Canadian a fair trial, and even make suggestions where we think improvements might be made. We can help wonderfully by encouraging our own manufacturers. I have often been ashamed of the carelessness of Canadian women in regard to their own Canadian productions.'"

After reading the foregoing, I thought that we ought to have a suggestion box of some kind into which every loyal Canadian could drop a word of encouragement or helpful criticism to be passed on for the benefit of others. What do you think about it? Will you co-operate? Then write to us and take part in the interesting contests as outlined in the foregoing, which we have opened to make the idea even more interesting and helpful.

IT has been very gratifying and most encouraging to note during the past year, and especially in recent months, the growing sentiment favoring Canadian made products—sort of a national trade consciousness. We notice this in the many letters that reach us daily, and it is expressed often by people we meet and by callers who happen in to our offices. One Toronto lady came in recently to tell us how well she liked the sentiment expressed in the little skit, "My Creed," which appeared in the trade mark editorial for October. She had it enlarged to display at her booth in a Church bazaar featuring "Made in Canada" goods. What do you think of it? We reprint it for your information:—

"I believe in Canada. I love her as my home, I honor her institutions, I rejoice in the abundance of her resources. I have unbounded confidence in the ability and enterprise of her people, and I cherish exalted ideas of her destiny among the nations of the world.

"Anything that is produced in Canada, from Canadian materials, by the application of Canadian brain and labor, will always have first call with me. And it's only good business on my part that it should."

I WOULD like to say a few words, just in conclusion about EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, published in Canada, just as good as we can make it, for Canadians.

For this coming Christmas season, is there any one other gift so suitable to send to a friend as EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, over a whole year—quite aside from any patriotic feeling!

Think it over, and notice the Christmas gift announcement elsewhere in this issue, by our Circulation Division.

"EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD in every home in Canada!" We know you will endorse that motto! Take part in the contest "What Did Little Mary Buy?" and you'll enjoy helping us to realize on that worthy motto.

Some people have said to me that they would not care to go out and get a big list of subscribers for any magazine. They thought that a big list was necessary in order to win the Ford Motor Car. This is not the case at all. For instance, Mr. Geddes, who won the automobile two years ago, secured incidentally, only three subscribers, and he is now putting himself through college on the money—the cash value of the car—which he received from us in place of the car.

Why not have a try in the contest? See if you can figure out the groceries. Then send your answers. You'll find it all exceedingly interesting and with good luck, attending you—my! how happy you'll be when returned a winner!

The Idea That Won Reward

GOOD ideas for advertising are said to be almost as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth. And yet our little contest in a recent issue for a live idea, suitable to advertise a breakfast food, brought in some very clever ideas that could with very little additional work be adapted to profitable use.

The prize of $5.00 cash has been taken by the idea submitted by Miss Margaret Becks of Little Current, Ont. Here is the text of the matter she sent, to go with the very rough outline of sketch submitted:

"Now wouldn't it be jolly,"
Fair Funny Fanny said,
"If little snowflakes ceased to fall
And Kellogg's Corn Flakes fell instead."

Even the children do not forget to say "Kellogg's"—they know who makes the food they love so well for breakfast, lunch, and before bed, and which mother never hesitates to give them.

Several other ideas submitted were exceedingly choice and might be preferred by some advertising men and by manufacturers in place of the foregoing. But this one has such a pleasing jingle to it; and because the selling message is brief and well rounded out it appealed first over all the others to our Advertising Manager.

Best for Its Purpose

THE $5.00 cash prize for naming the trade mark on our special page that is the best for its purpose has been awarded to Arthur Wildbur, Gravenhurst, Ont. This contest seemed to be very difficult, because it is so hard to choose just one from many and give good reasons why. The hard things, however, are the things worth while, and now Mr. Wildbur has $5.00 to pay him for his venture, and he had the fun of it all as well.

Other Trade Mark Prize Awards

THE $5.00 cash prize for the best letter on "What the trade marks mean to me," has been captured by Miss E. Frankfurth, of Comber, Ont. Only a very few took part in this contest; it would seem because heretofore the trade marks have not meant a great deal to Canadian women. Much greater interest is now being manifested, thanks to the trade mark features in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Look over the new offer regarding trade marks in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD this month and let us hear from you about them.

SEAL BRAND COFFEE

Recognized in all professions and walks of life, as the leading coffee in the best grocery stores of Canada.

In ½, 1 and 2 pound cans. Whole — ground — pulverized — also Fine Ground for Percolators.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

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PARKER

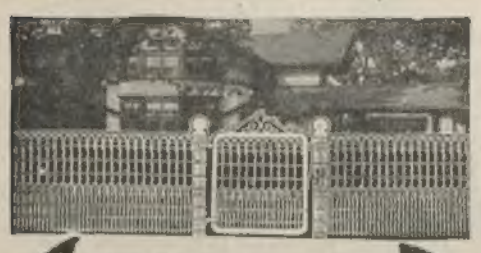
Cleaning and Dyeing

The postman and the expressman bring Parker Dyeing and Cleaning Service right to *your* door. We pay carriage one way. Our exceptional facilities ensure promptness as well as absolute thoroughness, — when you think of cleaning or dyeing think of PARKER'S.

Write for booklet.

Be sure to address your parcel clearly to receiving dept. E.

PARKER'S DYE WORKS
LIMITED
791 YONGE STREET
TORONTO 41



Surround Your Lawn, Garden and Yards With

PEERLESS
Lawn Fencing

ORNAMENTAL fencing serves a double purpose. It not only enhances the beauty of your premises, but also protects it and your children and property—as well. It keeps out marauding animals and trespassers. It protects your lawns and flowers and always gives your home grounds that orderly, pleasing appearance.

Peerless Ornamental Fencing

is the result of years of fence building. It is built to last — to retain its beauty and grace for years to come and should not be confused with the cheap, shoddy fencing offered. Peerless fence is built of strong, stiff wire which will not sag and the heavy galvanizing plus the heavy zinc enamel is the best possible assurance against rust.

Send for Catalog

Shows many beautiful designs of fencing suitable for lawns, parks, cemeteries, etc. Agencies almost everywhere. Active agents wanted in unassigned territory.

THE BANWELL - HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., Ltd.
Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.

Everywoman's World

Trade Mark Registered 1913, Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa, by Continental Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada.

Entered as second class matter, Sept. 23rd, 1915, at the post office at Buffalo, N.Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd, 1879.

For the Canadian Woman Who Thinks and Feels

Vol. IV., No. 6 *DECEMBER, 1915* *MURRAY SIMONSKI, Superintending Editor*

EDITORIAL

The Good Old Christmas Spirit

IT is only when we destroy our illusions that we become old.

The child's fresh mind enjoys simple things; he has ardour, faith and hope; he looks forward — not backward—and the future beckons with its promise. But though the glow of of the Yule Log may turn our thoughts to other Christmas days long past, we may still have the self-forgetting love, the joyous, thoughtful service for others which keep the heart young; we may dream our dreams and see our visions and refuse to harbour the cynicism and disillusion which is the essence of age.

A dear old man, who taught the infant class in St. John's Sunday School, Ottawa, was passing a Home for Incurable Children one day. Glancing up he smiled whimsically. "They'll take me there some day," he said. This same old man always declared that it was his "inexhaustible store of inexperience" which kept him young. The world is full of foolish folk who want to "grow up" and to "see things as they really are." which means that they want to see hard, bare facts without the softening effect of their hidden meaning and also without recognizing their relation to other things. And these same foolish folk declare each year that this is the last time—the very last time—that they will ever give gifts, but we are glad that they are usually better than their word. No one can afford to lose the glow of good-fellowship and unselfishness which the preparation and giving of even one small gift involves. Neither can we afford to lose the spiritual growth which must result. The greatest pleasure of the spiritual man lies in self-forgetting service for the good and happiness of others.

What we wish for most at Christmas is to be remembered, just to be given a loving thought or word. No one wants to be forgotten, it is that that hurts. But there is no reason why this loving thought should not be combined with common sense in the choice of gifts. Choosing gifts is not easy since we cannot see into the mind of another, but we can try to put ourselves in their place and use our imagination in deciding what would give them the most pleasure. Sensible useful gifts are always welcome, but they lack the pure joy of receiving some dear, little frivolous thing which we have long wanted, but did not feel justified in buying for ourselves. Indeed it is these dear little frivolous things that bring with them a more lasting happiness than the most sensible gift could possibly bestow.

Turn your thoughts inward and ask yourself if you have not wanted some small thing which did not cost much, but which you did not really need. But don't go to the other extreme and buy—or worse still make—foolish things that only clutter up one's room and are neither useful nor pleasing. We all have an innate love of the beautiful—although our standards of beauty must necessarily differ—and the only excuse for anything is either utility or beauty. If we can combine these two in our gifts, so much the better, but if we must sacrifice one, then let utility go. Children can teach us much of the true spirit of giving. They give for the pure joy of it, with never a thought of return and never a thought of value. Don't spoil Christmas by letting sordid materialism creep in! Why look at your gift with an appraising eye, silently computing its cost? It was not sent you to sell and you cannot see—hall-marked upon it—the thought and care and time—perhaps the self-sacrifice—that were spent upon it. Those who receive gifts in this spirit and endeavour to return others of like value are to be pitied, since they kill the love-spirit of Christmas. And besides it is in such atrociously bad taste, and why indulge in bad taste, even in our innermost thoughts?

Christmas unlocks the gates of memory and we pass within to live again many happy hallowed scenes. It brings back our first Christmas tree and the stocking that could not be made to hold enough. One of the compensations of added years and one of our greatest joys is the ability to say to those dear to us, "Do you remember?" In this we have a two-fold pleasure, the living over of the past and the happiness of the present moment. Then let us kindle the Yule Log afresh in our hearts that its light may spread out over all the coming year.

"Don't You Remember" Letters

IT is only human nature to suffer a reaction, more or less acute, after we have experienced an anticipated pleasure, and although we would dearly like to deny it, it is nevertheless an unwelcome fact that the 26th of December is decidedly "The morning after the night before," and right here is where the thoughtful girl looking for new ways to endear herself to her friends finds her opportunity. You may have sent your gift in the usual way and at the usual time, praying that the mail and the postman would not render your minute calculations a misfit and that your precious something would find its way to the breakfasttable of your dearest—for the time being anyway—at the psychological moment, but if you want to be remembered with gratitude and appreciation, write a good long gossipy letter with plenty of "Don't you remembers" in it and mail it so it will be delivered on the morning of December 26th. Believe me, it will be as much appreciated as the costly gift of the day before, and more, you will be doing some one a good turn in helping them over a hard place.

Another thing worth remembering is if you have been entertained at a friend's on Christmas Day—it meant work, which was gladly and willingly undertaken and gone through either with or without help, but every one knows the look of a house the morning after, and this is just where another little kind thought comes in. If you know the family well enough, run over and help straighten up—but be sure that you are a real help and not a hindrance. If you cannot do that, then write your letter and make it something more than the usual bread and butter acknowledgment. Make it a letter worth reading, put some of yourself into it and make your hostess feel that all her thought, trouble and work was worth while since, at least, one guest enjoyed herself and was eager to tell her so. This may seem a little thing, but it will lighten the depression that is almost sure to envelop a house the morning after a party. In fact, many persons would rather have that long "Don't you remember" letter than the gift which cost you so much in time and money.

Anyone can buy and send a gift, but it is only the old well-tried friend who can say "Don't you remember."

PUBLISHED THE 15TH OF THE MONTH PRECEDING MONTH OF ISSUE BY CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is $1.00 per year, payable in advance. Single copies, 10 cents. Toronto, British and United States subscriptions, $1.25 a year: foreign subscriptions $1.50 a year.

MONEY may be sent by Post Office Money Order, Registered Mail, Express Money Order or Check, to which exchange has been added.

BE CAREFUL to sign your name and give address plainly written when sending remittances.

CAUTION — CHANGE OF ADDRESS. We will change the address of subscribers as often as required, but in ordering a change, the old address as well as the new must be given before the change can be made.

RENEWAL SUBSCRIPTIONS—Watch for renewal subscription blank which will be placed in your magazine when your subscription expires. By using this blank promptly you will avoid missing any issues. Back copies cannot be supplied.

At The Dance

AVOID all the unpleasantness and annoyance of excessive perspiration at the dance, by the application of

NO-MO-ODO
Toilet Water

It will correct excessive perspiration of the arm-pits, feet and hands, keep the affected parts dry; and your gowns, hose and gloves will be kept unstained, fresh and dainty. Besides, it does away with unsanitary dress shields.

The extreme perspiration from which so many suffer is usually due to over-sensitive nerves which affect the sweat glands of the body. NO-MO-ODO is odorless and perfectly harmless. It does not retard the natural action of the skin pores, but has a soothing, tonic effect on them and dispels all disagreeable odor.

Get a bottle of NO-MO-ODO and begin its use to-day! You will get complete relief from the annoyance and inconvenience of excessive perspiration.

NO-MO-ODO is appreciated by the men because of its beneficial results when used on the neck, hands and feet. It prevents wilted collars and saves gloves from stains and stiffness.

Keep A Bottle Handy To Use

If you own druggist cannot supply you with NO-MO-ODO, send 50c to us direct, and we will send you prepaid, one regular full sized bottle.

WM. H. LEE, Druggist
Dept. E.W. TORONTO, CAN.

BENGER'S FOOD for Delicate Infants.

When infants are weakly from birth or through illness the digestive strength is naturally sub-normal, and, as there is failure to extract full nourishment from ordinary food, malnutrition results.

Benger's Food is specially recommended for developing delicate infants into strong robust children.

BENGER'S Food

For INFANTS, INVALIDS and the AGED

is obtainable from all Stores, Grocers, etc. in sealed tins, price 60 c. and $1.

A sample with instructive Booklet on Infant and Invalid Feeding—post free from—

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Manchester, Eng.

or from their Wholesale Agents in Canada:— The National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal or any of their Branches at

Halifax, N.S.	Toronto, Ont.	Calgary, Alta.
St. John, N.S.	Hamilton, Ont.	Nelson, B.C.
London, Ont.	Vancouver, B.C.	Ottawa, Ont.
Winnipeg, Man.	Victoria, B.C.	Regina, Sask.

18C

Rinsing

IVORY SOAP rinses easily. It does not stick to the skin because it does not contain unsaponified oil.

The rinse water, whether cold or warm, removes every particle of soap instantly. The pores are left clean in every sense—clean of dirt, clear of soap.

There is no smarting or burning. The skin dries soft and smooth without a suggestion of soapy shine.

The skin feels comfortable and looks its best after an Ivory Soap bath because it really is clean in the strictest sense.

IVORY SOAP

5 CENTS

IT FLOATS

99 44/100% PURE

Ivory Soap is made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

AFTER THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

Laugh Time Tales To Mingle With The Nuts and Raisins

UNDIPLOMATIC

A young business man, who has been married but a short time, was greeted by his wife one evening just before dinner with the joyful announcement that she had that very afternoon received her diploma from the cooking school at which she had been an assiduous student for some time.

"And I've prepared the whole dinner to-night!" she added, gaily.

"When they were seated at the table, and the young man was endeavouring to masticate a particularly tough piece of one of the new dishes, his wife suddenly said:

"I took special pains with the dish you are eating. Guess what it is."

"Well, I really don't know," he replied uncertainly. "Is it the diploma?"

***

EITHER WAY WOULD DO

Jack: "Mother, I dreamt last night that father gave me a bicycle for Christmas, and you gave me a watch."

Mother: "But Jack, you know dreams go by contraries."

Jack: "Then will you give me the bicycle and father the watch?"

***

A DREADFUL MISTAKE.

Two young women went to the theatre. They could not get seats together, but were told at the box office that each could have an end seat, in adjoining rows, and most likely somebody who came alone and had a seat next to one of them would obligingly exchange seats. Near the close of the first act one of the young women timidly whispered to a heavy, middle aged man at her side, and who had been sitting stilly and looking straight ahead: "Are you alone, sir?"

The man buried one side of his face in his programme and breathed: "Sh— wife!"

***

THE POOR CHILD

The boy stood before the druggist's counter looking earnestly at a placard advertising a cure for indigestion.

"Why are you interested in that?" inquired the druggist.

"I suffer terrible from indigestion."

"Why, you're very young to have dyspepsia."

"I don't have it," explained the boy, "but my father does."

***

SMART

Farmer (to Brown, who, wanting to do his bit, gave up a holiday to help on the land): "Well, Brown, have you put the fowls all right for the night?"

"Yes, sir, I had some trouble with the ducks; the first one fell off the roost, but I put it between two hens the second time and made it stick!"

***

MARY

Mary had a little lamp;
It was well trained, no doubt,
For every time a young man called,
The little lamp went out.

***

GENEROSITY WITHOUT COST

An old fellow on his death bed, in making his will, murmured to his lawyer:

"And to each of my employees who has been with me twenty years or more I bequeath $2,000."

"Holy smoke! What generosity!" the lawyer exclaimed.

"No, not at all," said the sick man. "You see, none of them have been with me over a year; but it will look good in the papers, won't it?"

***

BRUTAL KINDNESS

Accepted Suitor: "Sir, I admit being a poor man, but I am determined to marry your daughter in spite of her wealth."

Her Father: "Oh, well, if that's the case. I'll just remove the obstacle."

***

ARTISTIC CRITICISM

When a famous tenor last sang in Toronto his tailor was so anxious to hear him that the tenor sent him a ticket. A few days later, when he saw the tailor, he naturally asked him:

"How did you like it?"

To which the tailor replied:

"It was simply awful! Your trousers didn't fit!"

MACHINE MAID

Mr. Meek was laboriously hooking up the back of his wife's evening dress. Mr. Meek breathed hard, his forehead was damp and his hands shook.

"I do wish some one would invent a machine to do this kind of work!" he muttered miserably.

"Why, they have!" replied his wife brightly, as she applied some powder nonchalantly to her nose. "They have; and you are it."

***

IMMATERIAL TO THE CONDUCTOR

"When you didn't have your fare, did the conductor make you get off and walk?"

"Only get off. He didn't care whether I walked or sat down."

***

"NO TRICKS."

Sentry: "Halt! Who goes there?"

Voice: "Army Chaplain."

Sentry: "Pass, Charlie Chaplin, but mind, none of your tricks."

***

THE WRONG HOUSE

Hard luck had struck Johnson a fearful blow. In desperation he took on a job to sell books from door to door.

All down one street he went without making a single sale. Then, turning the corner, he determined to try a new method. The first house he came to was large and shabby, and a frowsy female answered his knock.

"Have you a Charles Dickens in your home?" he asked politely.

"No!" snapped the female.

"Or a Robert Louis Stevenson?"

"No!"

"Or a Walter Scott?" asked Johnson, hope dancing momentarily in his eyes.

"No, we ain't!" said the woman sharply. "And what's more, this ain't a boarding house. If you're looking for them folks, you might try next door; they take lodgers!"

***

BUT THEY DIDN'T

With the coming of the twins the ent're household arrangements were sadly disorganized. Master Bobby and Miss Dorothy were relegated to the background, where they moped and sulked.

Bobby, more militant than his sister, was scouting through the upper halls one morning when he discovered the twins being prepared for their bath. Having in mind the fate of several litters of kittens within his knowledge, he rushed to the head of the stairs, and, beckoning to his sister, cried in a hoarse whisper:

"Dottie, come on up, quick! They're goin to drown one of 'em!"

***

COMPARED

Little Nancy was in disgrace, and father had had to speak to her quite severely. So she retired, deeply offended, to the garden.

The gardener, a good-natured old man, did his best to cheer her up, and succeeded so well that half an hour later she returned to her mother.

"Mummie," she said, "I think Clarke is quite the nicest man I know, much nicer than daddy. Why didn't we marry Clarke?"

***

SOMETHING LIKE THRIFT

They were a very saving old couple, and as a result they had a beautifully furnished house.

One day the old lady missed her husband.

"Joseph, where are you?" she called out.

"I'm resting in the parlour," came the reply.

"What, on the sofy?" cried the old lady, horrified.

"No, on the floor."

"On that grand carpet!" came in tones of anguish.

"No; I've rolled it up!"

***

"Look at that foolish fellow Baker," said one man to another, "out on a rainy day like this without an umbrella! Is he crazy?"

"I suppose so," said his friend hurriedly. "Let's hurry on. I don't want to meet him."

"Why not?"

"He may recognize this umbrella. It's his."

***

"Well, Freddie," said his mother, "did you learn anything new at school to-day?"

"Yes," said Freddie.

"What did you learn?"

"I got on to a new way o' gettin' out o' school for an hour, by snuffin' red ink up my nose."

A CHRISTMAS "LOST AND FOUND"

Mr. Dinglebury was not a society man. Once he had been in his palmy days, but neither was Mrs. Dinglebury a society woman.

By GORDON ROGERS

Illustrated by DUDLEY WARD

MR. DINGLEBURY had acquired habits, which in adversity, were about as serviceable as a silk hat in a blizzard and as he made no visible effort to rehabilitate himself, Society showed him the door. But, unfortunately, turning Mr. Dinglebury out turned Mr. Dinglebury down as well as out. He had a chronic habit of being out of work, a Micawber-like willingness to wait for something to turn up; which, when you have neither money nor credit to keep your end up, is very bad form. And Mr. Dinglebury had acquired other habits which, like weeds, had sprung from the soil of too much untilled time. He—but enough of Mr. Dinglebury.

Mrs. Dinglebury was not a society woman. She had moved in a very nice circle, within which she had met her fate in the slender form as well as purse of Mr. Dinglebury. In the course of time Mr. Dinglebury's form lost its slender-

Mr. Dinglebury cleared his throat.
"Look here, Annie," he said. "I want you to lend me—er—a couple of dollars for a day or two. Dobson—you know Dobson—owes me quite a sum, and has promised me part of it. But—er—this is Christmas Eve, you know, and I'd like to get some little thing—Oh! just a trifle or two—for the twins, you know. The little shavers will expect something."

ness, but the form of the purse altered not. The arrival of tribulation proved Mrs. Dinglebury to be made of good stuff. She demonstrated that "D" stood for devotion, determination, diligence and doing. There was not very much in her physical make-up; but what there was had the hall mark of sterling worth.

Mr. Dinglebury, in a long, shabby ulster, which had seen seven winters, walked slowly down one of the principal shopping avenues on Christmas Eve. His faded black Derby pulled low down over his brows, his soft ungloved hands plunged deep in his pockets; and possessed of a thirst for a hot Scotch. He glanced lazily right and left, and wondered why everyone seemed to be in such a frantic hurry.

But, pausing by the window of a brilliantly lighted bazaar, Mr. Dinglebury became aware of the proximity of two tiny mortals. The Dinglebury twins, Silas and Thomas Theodore, were unique They were known as the Sober Twin and the Funny One. They stood for facial tragedy and comedy.

Silas the Sober was the "delicate" one. He had come last. Thomas Theodore, the robust, had come first; had insisted upon it. "After you, my dear Thomas Theodore," Silas probably said.

But to-night, before the big window, Thomas Theodore the humorist, was serious too. His expression, therefore, struck the curious eye of Mr. Dinglebury as strange. Moreover, that the twins should be abroad on a big, crowded street, hours after nightfall struck Mr. Dinglebury as curious too. Their small, round heads together, they stared into the big, bright window. There was a very convenient dark doorway, within earshot of the twins; and Mr. Dinglebury availed himself of it.

"I think we'd better buy the hair brush," Silas said. 'She wants it worse'n anything. I heard her say t'other day, that if there was anything she needed more'n anything else 'cept more hair, it was a hair brush. That sounds funny; but there's no hairs in the one she has now, 'cept her own."

This was surely a strong appeal on behalf of the hair brush; but Thomas Theodore was not to be summarily denied.

"I think she'd like the album," he said stoutly, gazing at a gaudy affair of red plush and gilt.

"It's no use," said the more practical Silas. "There's two albums in the house now, an' what good are they? Nobody ever looks at them, except Joe Fisher, an' I guess Annie's picture is enough for him."

Thomas Theodore looked at the brush, wistfully regarded the artistic horror in plush and gilt, and manfully hauled down his flag.

Mr. Dinglebury emerged and with curious eyes watched the twins as they squeezed their way to the crowded counter. The momentary resolution to hold them up and borrow "the price" was gone. Why, it seemed only yesterday that they were creeping around the floor, getting into everyone's way, except each other's. The brush was doubtless for their mother. He recalled that Mrs. Dinglebury's "crowning glory" was getting thin as well as gray. But where had they got the money? Why should they have money, while he—Mr. Dinglebury experienced a thrill of righteous indignation, and thought of the glamour of a warm, tobacco-scented bar, rows of glittering and gleaming bottles, and a steaming hot Scotch. Against such odds he could scarcely be expected to conjure up a vision of the two little fellows hoarding every penny and never flinching from a great purpose.

Mr. Dinglebury, watchful and envious, saw the brush taken from the window—for the twins insisted upon that particular brush, and none other—and with covetous eyes saw them pay for it. He experienced an inclination to stop them on their way out and "borrow" or "demand" their change. But the desire was half-hearted, for some reason which Mr. Dinglebury could not explain to himself, and the twins, emerging from the bazaar, were swiftly lost in the human current of the broad pavement.

So it was Christmas Eve! Mr. Dinglebury had not hitherto thought of it. He brushed the flaky snow from the sleeve of his shabby ulster, and gazed in an abstracted way at the crowd hurrying by. Why had he not bought something for Mrs. Dinglebury? And the twins—would somebody buy them Christmas presents, too?

Mr. Dinglebury moved towards home. He was hungry. Yet he would like to get some little trifle for—for the twins. Perhaps Annie would lend him a dollar. She had done it before, and she would hardly refuse him such a small sum on Christmas Eve—even though he had failed to return former loans.

Mr. Dinglebury tilted his head well back to see if the offices of Sharp and Shrewd were still lighted. They were; and he took the elevator to the fifth floor, and stepping out, tapped at a glass door; but receiving no reply, he opened the door and entered the office where his daughter was still busy.

The tired girl glanced up, saying: "Well, Father?" in a colorless way. She had expected this.

Mr. Dinglebury cleared his throat.

"Look here, Annie," he said. "I want you to lend me—er—a couple of dollars for a day or two. Dobson—you know Dobson—owes me quite a sum, and has promised me part of it. But—er—this is Christmas Eve, you know, and I'd like to get some little thing—Oh! just a trifle or two—for the twins, you know. The little shavers will expect something."

"I have something for them," said the girl, regarding her father curiously. He had not been drinking; but she did not believe him. That was plain. Mr. Dinglebury winced.

"Which means, I suppose, that you think I want the money for myself"

"Not altogether," said the bread-winner, gently. He was her father, after all, and she was sorry for him. Through her experience in and with the working world, she knew and understood better than her mother had ever known or could understand, what drink can do and undo. But she would not waste one hard earned penny. "I am going to give mother a coat," she said, and if there is anything over we shall need it, for we must have some sort of a Christmas dinner, if only for the twins' sake." The girl placed one hand on the man's shoulder and looked him bravely, yet wistfully in the eyes. Instinctively, Mr. Dinglebury drew himself up at that touch, and squared his shoulders. But his gaze wavered and fell. "You will stay at home to-morrow, won't you—for the little shavers' sake? I know Mother will be happy if you do. And, Dad—don't drink."

Mr. Dinglebury muttered something about "important business," and beat a hasty retreat. He wished this confounded lump would not keep rising in his throat. This sentimental weakness—where was it going to end?

Wondering at himself, he refused a "hot Scotch" offered by Dobson, who accosted him on the corner.

"Low devil, that Dobson!" he muttered. "Confound him! How the deuce did I ever get in with such a fellow? Eh? What?" And Dobson was wondering much the same thing about that "good for nothing sponge, old Dinglebury."

There was something wrong at home. The twins, mute and wide-eyed, were at the tea table, and Mrs. Dinglebury, her hat awry, wept on the sofa.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Mr. Dinglebury, gazing about, "What's the matter? What's up?"

"Mother's lost her purse!" chorused Silas and Thomas Theodore in perfect unison; and as though moved by one single string, they gravely nodded their small heads together.

"I have something for them," said the girl, regarding her father curiously. He had not been drinking; but she did not believe him. That was plain. Mr. Dinglebury winced.

"Eh? What?" exclaimed Mr. Dinglebury, truly aghast, and forgetting the *sang froid* he always assumed in times of trouble. Even he could appreciate such a calamity. "Er—where did you lose it, Dorothy?"

"I—I—don't know!" stuttered the little lady. Her tears breaking out afresh. "I wish I did! I've looked all over where I was, and walked all the wa-way back to the ma-ma-market with Silas and Thomas Theodore, and I didn't find it!"

"Um!" he said, rubbing a stubby chin. He had little consolation to offer. Sympathy is a poor substitute for a lost purse. "Well, it's too bad," he remarked after a little. "Yes, it's too bad. Too bad. But it can't be helped—can it? It may turn up. And I suppose we must make the best of it. Eh? What?" The twins, exchanged glances, full of meaning in regard to the heroic unselfishness of the paternal "we."

"Have—have you any money, Tom?" inquired his wife, a forlorn hope in her voice.

"Well—er—no, as a matter of fact, I haven't—to-night." said Mr. Dinglebury. "I expected some to-day, particularly as it was—er—Christmas time, but the—er—fellow didn't turn up." It was a disagreeable topic, and Mr. Dinglebury sat down and helped himself to bread and butter.

"Don't cry, Mother," said Silas, brushing his crummy little mouth. "We'll go out and have another look after you've had your tea, an' I guess we'll find it this time."

"We'll all go," said Thomas Theodore. "You an' Silas an' me, an' maybe Annie too, when she gets home." Mr. Dinglebury thought the omission of himself was intentional, and it stung; but Thomas Theodore's gaze was guileless. Mr. Dinglebury concluded he had lost his appetite. So he sought a corner and his pipe. There is much more than the uninated know in a good smoke.

Presently Annie came in, and the story had to be retold. The girl sat down on the old sofa and put her arm around the little mother.

"How much was there, Mother?" she asked.

"Thur-thuh-thirty-three dollars and sixty-eight cents, and four car tickets—blue ones!" sobbed Mrs. Dinglebury.

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AN ECHO FROM DARWIN

"No house ain't happy without a baby in it! Mothers an' fathers have got something little to love, 'cause they've got their boys, and girls have their dolls. But boys ain't got nothin' littler'n they are 'cept animals—an' I'm dead sick of guinea pigs. I'd a heap sooner have a baby."

By MADGE MACBETH

Illustrations by DUDLEY WARD

JIMSIE helped himself to Johnny cake for the fifth time, and surreptitiously stuffed the large hunk into the front of his blouse. Then, with a nonchalance which was rather overdone, he pushed back his chair from the table.

"'Scuse me," he said, folding up his napkin.

Observance of the polite amenities was too rare a thing in Jimsie to pass unnoticed. His mother looked after him with suspicion.

"He's up to something," she muttered uneasily.

"That's what you always say when he's an extra good boy," James reminded her.

"That's what I always find," returned his wife, who, having watched Jimsie pretty closely for eight years, felt herself amply justified in taking a suspicious attitude.

Uncomfortably aware that the maternal eye was responsible for the searing sensation in the small of his back, Jimsie restrained a desire to run until he reached the corner of the street. Running seemed to presuppose a definite object, and a definite object often produced a strange curiosity on his mother's part, and gratifying her curiosity had frequently resulted in a stern command to forfeit an evening's pleasure; so Jimsie walked as objectlessly as possible.

Once around the corner, however, he made good use of his tough young limbs, "beating it" to the Old Mill after the ancient and approved manner of the genus boy in a hurry.

He made a cautious detour, persuaded himself that no spy lurked among the thickly-growing trees, and then ascended to the roof of the building, skirting the holes through which his small body was in imminent danger of slipping and finally reached what once had been a chimney. Beside this, he lay in an attitude of tense expectancy.

He had not long to wait.

"Coo-ee-ee!"

A cry came drifting up to him from the trees, and as soon as he sent the answer echoing back, Johnsie stepped into view.

"Is the coast clear?" he hissed.

Assured that the coast was free from pirates, smugglers, brigands and other murderous impedimenta, Johnsie made his way to the roof and dropped down beside his friend.

"It's gone!" Jimsie breathed in an ecstacy of awe. "They ain't a pick of anything left!"

"What did I tell you?" demanded his friend, triumphantly.

"Mebbe it mighta been some other bird," the doubter suggested.

"Naw! Nothin' else makes homes in chimbleys, 'cept swallers, an' they aint none of them around here. I tell you it's HIM, all right, all right. I knew we'd catch him. Whadjer bring this evenin'?"

Jimsie produced his piece of Johnny cake, the sharp contour of which had been somewhat changed during his serpentine approach to the Mill. He collected a handful of crumbs after a little trouble and laid them on a brick.

"Whadjou?"

Johnsie brought forth a chunk of cheese from the inner recesses of his clothing.

"Gee," sneered his friend, with frank disapproval," is that all you got? Anybody'd think we wuz settin' a mouse trap!"

Johnsie explained apologetically that he had wanted to bring a hot biscuit, but that his mother had said nine was enough for any boy, and would not give him another.

"Anyways, cheese is fine with Johnny cake," he argued.

To which Jimsie agreed after sampling the combination. Both boys were astonished at the way in which the food disappeared, but they spread the remainder about the chimney to its best advantage and descended from the roof with no more serious casualty than leaving the nether part of Jimsie's trousers on a rusty nail.

Through the following week, supreme self-abnegation resulted in the laying of bread and brown sugar, two sardines, portion of an ice cream cone and a ginger wafer, upon the sacrificial chimney; beside a handful of feathers which Johnsie extracted from his pillow and a large wad of human hair, purloined by Jimsie from the bag in which mother kept her combings.

"Gee, won't this make a peachy nest?" they asked one another.

I have never held with the practice of some writers who keep the public in the dark until the end of a story. Therefore, you might as well learn now as any other time, why these boys took food, feathers and human hair to the chimney of the Old Mill—they were hoping to lure that migratory bird, the Ciconia alba, so common in Holland and Northern Germany, from its foreign habitat, and establish it for secret purposes nearer their own homes. The unfeasibility of preparing a nest for the stork on their individual roofs is obvious. Mothers are seriously opposed to climbing—nervousness as to anticipated fractures making them unreasonable to a fault; beside which, the sight of Jimsie and Johnsie engaged in mysterious work upon the roof would inspire the youth of Milford with a desire to probe the nature of the undertaking, after which, "they'd be copyin' us by the dozens," growled Jimsie.

"An' it wouldn't be any s'prise to mother," supplemented Johnsie.

It was agreed that the first baby found in the chimney of the Old Mill should belong to him in deference to his initiative. His was the idea.

"What if they should be twins," suggested he optimistic Jimsie.

"Well, sir, that'd be great! The Northrups had 'em without no stork, an' they often have 'em in Holland."

"Gee, won't they be s'prised to see me walkin' in with a real live kid?" Jimsie mused.

The two boys grinned into each other's eyes with all the pride of mere male parenthood.

Shortly following this conversation, Johnsie was allowed to spend the night with his friend. The occasion was regarded with great solemnity.

"Mebbe this is the last time," he said. "After the kids come we won't be so glad to stay away from home, an' beside, we gotta look after 'em."

"I hope it won't rain," murmured Jimsie with an uneasy glance toward the clouds forming in the direction of the Mill.

"Say," Johnsie confided to his friend, "I wisht on a hay wagon to-day that mine'd be a girl—a real pretty one, you know, with pink ribbons on her, an' cute little clean white shoes."

Jimsie was not sure he wanted a sister; he inclined to the rugged masculine type—a boy who loved to be massacred, who never rebelled at being 'it,' and who had a natural fondness for helping mother at home.

"But you couldn't love him—like you could a girl," argued Johnsie, albeit a trifle shamefacedly, "An' we wouldn't have took all this trouble if we hadn't wanted somebody to love, outside of the guinea pigs. You know, sometimes I feel that I just *gotta* have somebody in that house beside Mother and Dad! It's worst when I go upstairs to bed an' can hear 'em talkin' in the sittin' room so nice and cosy. They's *two* of them down there, an' just me upstairs all alone. Then comin' home from school—most times Mother calls 'Hello,' an' have I been a good boy? while she's goin' on with dinner, but that ain't much. If they waz a kid, she'd holler when she seen me comin' an' she'd want to be picked up—Gee, sometimes I feel's if I *couldn't* wait on that old bird!"

As soon as the boys had finished breakfast on the following morning, Mrs. King put her hand on the visitor's head and said to him, "You are wanted home at once, Johnsie, dear. Run along, and remember to be a very good boy."

In a short time he was back, all the colour drained from his healthy, ruddy little face.

"Say," he panted, "*It's Come!* He brought it straight to our house 'stead of the Mill. It's a pinkish girl, an' Gee, —but she's little!"

"Why didn't he bring mine?" whimpered Jimsie, disappointment, bitterness and envy filling his heart. "I give him the most food."

Mrs. King gathered a bundle of sobbing misery into her arms and listened in amazement to the boys' story.

"If it hadn't been for us," wailed Jimsie, "he wouldn't have never thought of bringin' a baby. He's an old cheat—that's what he is—*I* give him the most food!"

"So this is *your* doing?" repeated Mrs. King. "Well, Well!"

Johnsie modestly disclaimed too large a share of credit, assuring her that any one could do it, provided they were good roof-climbers, lavish as to food and regardless of torn clothing.

"Yous remember Jimsie's pants," he said meaningly.

"We thought it might be twins," sobbed the other boy. "It oughta been, too—it oughta been. No house ain't happy without a baby in it! Mothers an' fathers have got somebody little to love, 'cause they've got their boys an' girls are all right, 'cause they've got their dolls. But boys ain't got nothin' littler'n they are 'cept animals—an' I'm dead sick of guinea pigs. I'd a heap sooner have a baby!"

Mr. and Mrs. King looked at one another and laughed, but the laughter held a sob in it.

"You can love mine till yours comes," generously offered Johnsie. "She can be half yours, like the puppy. Come on over an' see her."

Mrs. King's objections were brushed aside.

"Mother said he might. She ain't much sick—an' even if she wuz, what she's got, ain't catchin'!"

The news spread rapidly throughout a circle in which babies were rare; youths and maidens of riper years—say eight or so— were plentiful, but a real baby had not made its advent into Milford for some years past. Clamoring for a sight of Johnsie's novelty became universal, and it did not take long for this public demand to suggest practical possibilities to the proud brother.

"I might have a show, soon's I'm allowed to take her out," he mentioned tentatively.

"I'll give you a package of chewin' gum if you leave me have the first look," volunteered Casey Flynn.

"Has Jimsie seen her?" questioned a jealous spirit.

"Sure," said Johnsie. "He's in the secret. He helped to get her."

"Was it awful troublesome?" asked two awed little girls.

"Naw. Easy's dirt, when you know how."

A ripple of excitement ran round the group.

"Oh, tell us—tell us," they chorused.

The boys shook determined heads. "Girls couldn't manage it," they said, "an' boys—well, we'd ruther keep it a secrut!"

They withstood the blandishments of their companions, enjoying a season of popularity the like of which they had never dreamed; they steeled themselves against seductive bribes and buttoned their mouths over small red tongues, which had a propensity for wagging. They swaggered about with the prideful manner of one who has accomplished a worthy deed and accepted the homage of the children with royal condescension. No medicine man was treated with greater respect; no yogi. Even Teacher looked at the boys in a mysteriously expressive way.

The only cloud upon Johnsie's horizon, so to speak, was Pastey. Pastey was the Thomas in the community; Pastey was unpleasantly like the man from Missouri. Homage and respect were conspicuous by their absence from Pastey's cosmos, and his contumelious remarks regarding babies made the loyal friends see red.

"You gotta show me," sneered the big boy. "Babies ain't such a secrut that plenty of people don't know all about 'em. What I could tell you. An' if you think they're any cinch to take care of, you're a worse bunch of simps than I thought. I know, for my sister had one, onct, and I uster haf to mind it. Gee—I never put on a clean blouse that it didn't slobber all over me!"

He made peculiar noises in his throat which struck the more frivolous as being funny.

"That's the way they carry on," he said, "an' nobody else in the house has got a right to live at all. It's always 'the baby.'"

In such a manner he took the gilt off Johnsie's ginger bread, figuratively speaking, and found outlet for his own envy. For Pastey was the type of youth who always desired that which he did not possess, but who professed to see nothing desirable in that which belonged to another.

He did not join in the universal clamor for the privilege of being first to peep at sister; to wheel her in her brand new pram. He offered no treasures in exchange for a sight of her pink toes and found as much delight in whirling a string of gum around his tongue as the others anticipated at feeling the baby's soft fingers wind about a grimy thumb. No; Pastey stood on the outskirts of the eager crowd and searched his vocabulary for withering epithets.

Weeks dragged by and the "show" still loomed before the children tantalizingly, like a mirage. Johnsie was not allowed to bring Sister down from the top verandah and Nurse would not allow the audience to troop through the

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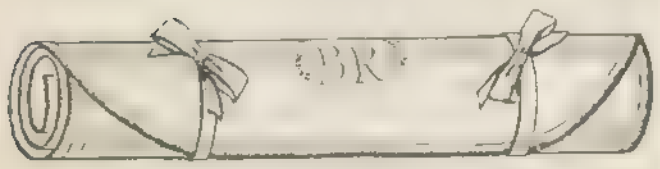
"You got to show me," sneered the big boy.

CHRISTMAS GIFT RHYMES

They Help Make the Present Just That Much More Acceptable

With these suggestions almost any person can make a verse to fit any gift

WITH A BOOK
Within the covers of this book
You'll find a written treasure,
May it beguile some idle hour
And give you wholesome pleasure.



WITH A CENTREPIECE ROLL
To keep your doilies straight and white,
This useful gift I send.
Just put them in and roll them tight.
They will not crease or bend.

WITH A CALENDAR, OR ANY GIFT
The months pass by, the years roll on.
And times are changing ever,
But the friend who sends this gift
Is true, and changes never.

WITH A BOW, TO A MARRIED LADY
Full well I know,
You have a beau,
To last you all through life,
But this young bow,
Is just, you know,
To deck your old beau's wife.

WITH A CROCHETED NAPKIN RING
When this little gift you get,
You'll know it's for your serviette,
Be the stitches many or few,
They're kind thoughts woven in for you.

WITH A BOX OF CANDIES
"Sweets to the sweet," this little gift
Is sweetness all way through,
And so I send it to my friend
Because it's just like you.

WITH A VANITY BAG
Every maiden needs a touch,
To show up her perfection,
And so I send this little bag,
To touch up your complexion.

WITH A KEWPIE PINCUSHION
Here's a young Kewpie
In all his beauty,
A sash tied around his waist
Just stick in your pins
Above his shins,
I hope he will suit your taste.

WITH A MUFF HOLDER
In case you know not where to lay,
Your muff, so large and soft,
I send to you this Holder, gay,
To hang it up aloft.

WITH A DAINTY APRON
This little apron, my dear friend,
To use be not afraid,
For it will wear and will not tear,
It's strictly "Empire-made."

—ANNIE WILLIAMS.

I AM A PROUD MOTHER THIS CHRISTMAS

And I Will Tell You the Reason Why

By E. A. HUGHES

I HAD a Christmas present to-day. It was a strange present. I have never had the like before. It seemed at first unreal, curiously inapplicable, as if it were not meant for me and had come to me by mistake. For a long time—to me it was a long time, and yet it was only an hour or two—I did not quite grasp the significance of it. I did not understand at once all that was behind this unusual gift. But it was not long before my doubts and misunderstandings, and my hopes that the thing was not for me and my fears that it was, the feeling of unreality and curious detachment—as if, indeed, I were considering the case of someone else having received this Christmas present—all passed and I was terribly, yet gladly sure that the messenger had not made a mistake——

He came up the garden, a youngster with a bonny face, lit up by the cheerfulness and good will that is the portion of all happy kiddies at Christmas time. He wished me a Merry Christmas! A Merry Christmas! but then he did not know what I knew the moment he left me. He was a messenger boy from the cable company.

He gave me my strange Christmas present—a cable.

The giver of my strange Christmas present was the British Government.

The cable said "Private Danny Hughes died in action yesterday."

I am a proud woman this day and, more, a proud mother. No other Christmas box would have been half so worth while. For a time it did not look that way. Through a mist of blinding, bitter tears I could not at first see the triumph that was mine; I only knew the ache. I did not see the crown; the cross was omnipresent. Gethsemane was where I walked. But that has gone. I am a proud mother this Christmas. For I gave Canada and the Empire a Christmas present. I gave them my chiefest possession. I yielded what was more than aught else in the world to me. I sacrificed the life of my boy.

I remember so well how my boy came to be Private Hughes of the 15th Battalion. Danny came home one evening in July. The day had been very hot, but he got through dinner as quickly as he might in order to go and play a game of tennis. I see him now, framed in the doorway, his flannels setting off his strong limber form, a gay smile dancing its way over his handsome face and back again, lighting up those dear eyes of his—so like his Dad's. He put his racket down for a moment to come and throw his arms about me.

"I shan't be long, Mother. Then we'll go out for a walk, you and I."

When he came home an hour later, he was thoughtful and quiet.

"Had a good game, dear? I asked.

I had played tennis once. And besides, all that my boy was interested in held interest for me.

"Not so bad, Mam," he said, slowly sinking into a chair. "Not so bad."

I looked at him quickly. He seemed very quiet and subdued. I stole a glance as I went on clearing up and putting the room to rights. His face was gloomy with the darkness of disturbing thought rather than anger. For a long time he sat there, his elbow resting on the chair arm, and his hand pressed hard against his chair and his lips moving a little as if he were debating something with himself. I waited.

"Mam."

I knew by his tone that he was upset. He could not hide it from his mother. Her ear is jealously quick where her boy is concerned.

"Yes, darling," I answered.

"Mam, I think I shall enlist." The words came slowly at first; then he hurried on. "I can't stand it any longer. I've got to go."

I said nothing. Enlist! The word, so familiar to our ears during the dread days of these eighteen months, was a whole volume in significance. Enlist? My boy to leave me, to go to "Somewhere in France," endure hardships, fight and be fought, kill and possibly be ——? My mind in the hundredth part of a moment, became kaleidioscopic and I visualised all that the word meant.

"Oh, Mam," he burst out again, "I've got to go. I can't stay here, working and eating and sleeping and playing tennis and paddling and all, when the rest of the fellows are fighting, fighting for their mothers and fathers, fighting for England there, and all the vaster England in Australia and Africa and Canada."

"Mam," he said again. "Did you hear?"

I turned round to him and smiled, and all my mother-love was in that smile.

"I heard, Danny," I said. And then I had to turn my head the other way.

"Oh, Mam," he burst out again. "I've got to go. I can't stay here, working and eating and sleeping and—playing tennis and paddling and all, when the rest of the fellows are fighting, fighting for their mothers and fathers, fighting for England there, and all the vaster England in Australia and Africa and Canada."

He got up and paced the room two or three times, and he came over to me.

"Mam," he put his arm about me and kissed me quickly, "One of the girls down at the tennis club has just had news that her brother is dead. She told us fellows to-night."

"I shall never forget her face. She read a letter that her brother's chum had written about the way her brother died. It was that damnable gas that did it. His company were in the thick of it, and this fellow staggered on and on till the fumes crushed and stifled his breathing. He sank down, falling across others, tens and scores of them, who had been choked by the same evil thing, and before help could come his face, blue in the effort to gain a little more breath, a little longer to live, showed he was gone——"

"And, I can't stay inactive, doing nothing, suffering nothing, after that. That look on the girl's face finished me. I've simply got to go."

He leaned his head on my shoulder and his arms crept round my neck.

"Don't you think so, Mam?"

It was not mine to say "No," even though his going meant everything to me. He was all I had. The rest, his Dad and a wee baby sister and a brother had all been taken. For years Danny and I had been alone; yet we were never lonely for we had each other. He had not been away from me from the time when he had lain in my arms to this present, when he was a man, in the flush of his twenty-one years.

He was all that I had. Yet it was not mine to deter him. I had had him a long time. Now his country wanted me to lend him. Should I refuse?

There, with his face close to mine, his long curls tumbling about my shoulder, I figured it out quickly. Maybe it would only be a loan, and I should get him back soon. And if it were a gift— Somehow I should manage. Somehow— But I shuddered a little.

"Eh, Mam?" The question came from Danny again.

I lifted his head up and held his chin in my hands and looked at him and kissed him. He knew then a little of what it cost me to say it.

"Yes, darling, I think so," I said firmly and tried to smile.

"You see I'd be such a quitter, Mam, wouldn't I?"

"You were never a quitter," I told him.

* * *

The day came when he left for good. He had been in camp for some months and used to run over and see me now and then. We used to go out together.

"You're my girl, Mam," he would tell me, and take my arm as we walked, so that I felt the proudest woman in all Canada.

It was a Saturday. We were out for a walk when he told me.

"I leave to-night, Mam, the train goes at a few minutes to eight." He turned to look at me, and gave my arm a squeeze.

"Will you come and see me off?"

"I think not, Danny," I told him. "I—I—we'll say good-bye at home, dear."

Five o'clock, six, seven, came so quickly. Danny and I were sitting very close to each other, and I was letting him talk. I could not speak myself. My heart was too full.

He got up and put on his tunic, saw to his kit, and came quietly and leaned over my chair.

He bent down and gently turned my face round and kissed me. I felt his lip tremble. And not all the firmness, not all the determination in the world, could keep back the tears. They came to him as they came to me.

I brought him round gently and he knelt at my knee. The attitude suggestive of the days when, a lad, he had knelt there each night, broke me up and I sobbed and sobbed. For a moment he said not a word.

Then he stood up and drew me with him and crushed me in his arms and kissed me again and again and again.

"God bless you, darling," he whispered. "I won't be long. Oh, I'm sure I do right to go."

I searched his face for I wanted never to forget one single line of it. And I pressed my lips against his.

"God bless you, Danny. I *know* you do right, darling. I wouldn't have it otherwise."

"Good-bye, Danny." Oh, how hungry I was for him to stay, just a little longer. "You'll soon be back, darling." I said and tried to believe it, to make the convinction strong.

Letters of an Old Housekeeper to Her Pretty Married Daughter

MY DEAR DAUGHTER— OUR THOUGHTS ARE ALL ON CHRISTMAS

December 3, 1915.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—

It is so near the Christmas holiday season that all one plans to do for the next five or six weeks to come is tinged with the yuletide thought.

The spirit of festivity is bound to be dampened by the thought of the sadness in thousands and thousands of homes, where there is mourning for those who have been snatched away by the awful carnage that has swept away fair homesteads and the peace of simple hearts and lives. The birthday of the Prince of Peace will have once more a sad dawning, it now seems.

There are those, though, about us, on every side, to whom the day must be made to mean something, if it is only to take to them a message of hope and good cheer, and our household, like all others in which there are womenfolk, is busy with Christmas preparations. We are doing our shopping early, as I think should be done whenever possible, so as not to crowd the shop folk too much in the last few days before the holiday. The girls are making all sorts of comfortable things that are to go into boxes to be shipped to those who need such articles sadly, and there is now plenty of work for woman's hands to do. The Christmas ships are taking away great stores, and the whole of the peaceful world now has its wonderful chance to show that spirit of goodwill and helpfulness that is locked in every human breast and only needs the proper moment to bring it forth. I know that you, too, are busy at this season, and it always pleases my heart that you are so circumstanced as to be able to do the many kind things for others that your heart prompts. The woman with means at her command, even moderate means, has great opportunities for doing good to others, and she can always find some sister less fortunate than herself. There are so many women this year whose hearts will be in the battlefields, so many mourning sons and husbands gone, so many praying that the Christmas stars may shine down upon the peace of the world and bring loved ones safely home once more. It is the mission of every woman who has about her her loved ones to bring all comfort possible, if she can not bring cheer, to the hearts of her sorrowing sisters in the season of goodwill. Let us not take our gifts to those who already have an abundance, but to those whose lives know sorrowful lack, and there are many, many such. My appeal to all women would be to spend their holiday allowances where they will do real good, and not upon the foolish little trifles that are only so many added luxuries to the many to which they are sent. Of all years in the calendar of the world this holiday time should be one of practical giving.

Let us not take our gifts to those who already have an abundance, but to those whose lives know sorrowful lack, and there are many, many such.

In my last letter, I remember, I promised to tell you something of Elizabeth's life at the present time, and of the step which she has taken in her role of independence.

I have seen the offending "shingle." It hangs just at the side of the porch where the passer-by on the road may see. I have told Elizabeth that in summer time it is bound to be obscured by the vines, and she perched her pretty and shapely head on one side, squinted her eye and said if it were she would move it then. The vines about the little porch have dropped almost all of their leaves now, and in dry flock go hurtling down the garden walk. The "shingle" is, then, plainly seen from the road.

Elizabeth has stout boots, practical gowns, heavy storm coats and durable driving gloves. There is a stately bearing about her, one that commands respect and attention.

"I have told Harold," she said, as she led the way to her charming sitting room, "that I did not see why I should not practise my profession—you know I did not give up the idea easily, when he persuaded me to marry him."

"But you did give it up," I reminded her.

"Yes," Elizabeth agreed, "but I think down deep in my heart there must have been a reservation, though I was honest about it at the time. Harold had said I must take my choice, give him up, or the idea of practising medicine. There was my degree, earned through no easy effort, of course, and I had to my credit some honors as a student. Now I have told Harold that I believe there is no reason why a woman may not follow a professional career and yet be just as good wife and housekeeper. There is no reason why we may not work side by side. He is engrossed with his wonderful philanthropies—you have seen the great laboratories which he has built for scientific research?"

Elizabeth, drawing off her driving gloves—for she had just come in from a round of visits—stepped to the window and looked out. My eyes followed hers over the hill. The towers of the great building were just visible among the almost bare trees.

"And Harold objects, my dear?" I queried.

"Worse than that. He simply remains silent. If he would only openly object I might reason his objections away. As it is he remains silent, allows me to pursue my way without any interference, provides me with ample means with which to carry out any of my plans, and is unfailing in his courtesy to me. But, of course, I will admit, that I miss something of that old petting and cuddling that he used to lavish upon me, but what self-respecting woman wants to be made simply a doll of?"

Elizabeth stood before me so straight and proud, and sure of herself, of Harold's love and the strong foundation of her home. But through my heart shot the question: "Is Harold growing indifferent?" When a man is indifferent he does not protest and complain. The woman to whom he is bound by the most sacred ties may do as she pleases. Will Elizabeth at some time awaken to this realization? And it is the fear that the awakening will come, that has caused me to watch Elizabeth's declaration of independence with something of uneasiness.

(EIGHTH LETTER)

We had luncheon, Harold joining us, but I missed Elizabeth's pretty, fluffy little morning gown. She wore her practical, tailored dress to luncheon, because she had a round of visits to make in the afternoon, and patients to receive in her home office before going out. After luncheon she left me to amuse myself according to my own whim, and Harold went to work in the library. I had come to spend the afternoon, and told Elizabeth so. She explained that of course she did not allow herself time for afternoon visits now, but could always see her friends at dinner time in the evening, unless she had some important visit to make. I smiled, and told Elizabeth that I did not mind, that I was going to spend the afternoon any way, and felt sure she must have something that I could do for her—mend her stockings, darn her laces or something of the sort. Elizabeth's pretty eyes gleamed. She told me there were a whole lot of things in the sewing room that she had not had time for months to attend to, and so I went there, gathered up an armful, and finding the right threads and needles, took them to the sitting room, where I could sit before the cheerful fire burning there. A cold drizzle had begun to fall, and the flickering firelight was most inviting.

Harold looked in for a moment, and with much enthusiasm told me of some of his plans. I fancied he talked more freely than he had at luncheon time, when Elizabeth was present.

The house seemed very quiet. I missed the little rippling melodies that Elizabeth always played on rainy afternoons as I used to sit and sew when she was first married. The canary did not seem to hop about and sing in such lively fashion. The plants in the window, I noticed, appeared to be a little droopy, and I got up and placed them row after row on the wide sills of the little balcony jutting out from the sitting-room window.

The house was now, distinctly, that of two professional people.

Of course, Elizabeth has told me that she does not practice for the sake of earning money, though she feels that all those who can afford to must understand that professional services should be paid for. The poor she attends without charge.

"Could you not," I ventured to ask, "do this good work without going along regular professional lines?"

Elizabeth straightened her shoulders and looked at me.

"No," she answered. "That is where women make a mistake. They do not go about their work in a professional way. I do not see why my husband and I may not stand shoulder to shoulder in our work in the world. He is becoming distinguished as a scientist. I do not see why I may not also become distinguished as a physician and surgeon. You have no idea how little regard he has for my opinions."

"That is the way of our menfolk, my dear," I comforted. "They wish to possess all the knowledge and have us look up to them, and—"

But my sentence was interrupted. Elizabeth's eyes flashed. I wondered if this little lightning flash was not the remainder of a storm or two that I had not witnessed.

"That is just it," she said. "And why should we, pray, take the pose that we have not as good and orderly brains as men have, when we know we possess them."

"Well," I soothed, "that is the valuable part of the woman-game, the game we must play from the cradle to the grave if we are to be happy women, wives and mothers, and that is what we look to and lean upon men as the possessors of such knowledge as will pilot us all—women, home and children—safely through life."

Elizabeth looked at me for one intense and almost startled moment, and then returned to her ground.

"Well, I do not propose to do it, and you will see how well in my case it works out. Harold was just coming to think that I lived for his comfort and convenience. I do believe he was reaching the point when he would have told me to 'run upstairs and fetch him his slippers.'"

"Perhaps, my dear, he was very tired when he came home at the end of the day. You know he is contributing a lot to the world, you should be very proud of him."

But Elizabeth was preparing a paper to be read before a medical society, and I knew that I must not intrude upon her time further with just my old-fashioned home-and-mother talk.

The afternoon wore away in Elizabeth's pretty sitting-room. No one came to disturb me. I heard Elizabeth's little electric car whir up to the door and I knew she was gone for the balance of the day. Harold presently closed the library door and left for town by trolley. The servants below stairs went about their duties, and the ticking of the big clock at the head of the stairs echoed through the house. I thought of how many times Harold must have reached home before Elizabeth and had only the ticking of the clock for company. I thought of how your Father always calls "Mother" as soon as he comes in the door, and of how many times, just to tease him, I have not answered him at once, and how he has gone from room to room calling and questioning the children as to my whereabouts. Often I have been happy to see the light of contentment sweep over his face when he found me, perhaps tucked away in some corner busy with a bit of sewing, and he would pinch my cheek knowing that I had only kept silent to plague him. And such as this Elizabeth was missing. It could not be that the world demanded the sacrifice. It could not be that her call to be of help to her fellowmen would take her away from the sacred duties of home!

I determined to stay to dinner—it was my "afternoon off." I knew I would be missed, but I could make up for what seemed to be a bit of selfishness another day, and so I telephoned that I would dine with Elizabeth—I told a little white fib, that I had something important to discuss with her, and could only see her at dinner time. My staying, though, did have an element of importance in it, I felt that at some time I might serve Elizabeth if I knew and understood fully her life as it is to-day.

Harold did not arrive until the big clock had softly chimed seven, the dinner hour, and Elizabeth was a little later. Neither had time to make any change in toilet, and the beautiful little dining-room, with its abundance of shining glass and silver, its exquisitely fine and glossy damask, seemed to lack something—a woman, I think, presiding at the table in a pink or blue or white gown. There were flowers on the table, but they were from the day before, sad and droopy looking little roses.

The dinner chat was pleasant. Harold and Elizabeth always have worlds of interesting things to talk about, but there was no nice, cosy little after dinner talk between Elizabeth and me about new gowns and commonplace housekeeping matters which would give Harold a chance to say in manly fashion that he would go to the library for a smoke until we had finished our dress discussions.

Harold went to the library, to be sure, but only to again bury himself in books, and Elizabeth said she would not slip into a negligee, though she expected to be in for the evening, until she should see if she had a call to go any where, that she had declined an invitation that evening to address a working girls' school in the south end of the town upon the subject of "Hygiene in the Home," because she had that

(*Concluded on page 26*)

ARE WOMEN PEOPLE?

By ALICE DUER MILLER

Father, what is a Legislature?
A representative body elected by the people of the state.
Are women people?
No, my son, criminals, lunatics and women are not people.
Do legislators legislate for nothing?
Oh, no; they are paid a salary.
By whom?
By the people.
Are women people?
Of course, my son, just as much as men are.

A CONSISTENT ANTI TO HER SON

("Look at the hazards, the risks, the physical dangers that ladies would be exposed to at the polls."—ANTI-SUFFRAGE SPEECH.)

You're twenty-one to-day, Willie,
And a danger lurks at the door,
I've known about it always,
But I never spoke before;
When you were only a baby
It seemed so very remote,
But you're twenty-one to-day, Willie,
And old enough to vote.

You must not go to the polls, Willie,
Never go to the polls,
They're dark and dreadful places
Where many lose their souls;
They smirch, degrade and coarsen,
Terrible things they do
To quiet, elderly women—
What would they do to you?

If you've a boyish fancy
For any measure or man,
Tell me, and I'll tell Father,
He'll vote for it, if he can.
He casts my vote, and Louisa's,
And Sarah, and dear Aunt Clo;
Wouldn't you let him vote for you?
Father, who loves you so?

I've guarded you always, Willie,
Body and soul from harm;
I'll guard your faith and honor,
Your innocence and charm
From the polls and their evil spirits,
Politics, rum and pelf;
Do you think I'd send my only son
Where I would not go myself?

OUR IDEA OF NOTHING AT ALL

("I am opposed to woman suffrage, but I am not opposed to woman."—ANTI-SUFFRAGE SPEECH OF MR. WEBB.)

O women, have you heard the news
Of charity and grace?
Look, look, how joy and gratitude
Are beaming in my face!
For Mr. Webb is not opposed
To woman in her place!

O Mr. Webb, how kind you are
To let us live at all,
To let us light the kitchen range
And tidy up the hall;
To tolerate the female sex
In spite of Adam's fall.

O girls, suppose that Mr. Webb
Should alter his decree!
Suppose he were opposed to us—
Opposed to you and me.
What would be left for us to do—
Except to cease to be?

THE GALLANT SEX

(A woman engineer has been dismissed by the Board of Education, under their new rule that women shall not attend high pressure boilers, although her work has been satisfactory and she holds a license to attend such boilers from the Police Department.)

Lady, dangers lurk in boilers,
Risks I could not let you face.
Men were meant to be the toilers,
Home, you know, is woman's place.
Have no home? Well, is that so?
Still, it's not my fault, you know.

Charming lady, work no more;
Fair you are and sweet as honey;
Work might make your fingers sore,
And, besides, I need the money.
Prithee rest,—or starve or rob—
Only let me have your job!

REPRESENTATION

("My wife is against suffrage, and that settles me."—VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL.)

I.

My wife dislikes the income-tax,
And so I cannot pay it;
She thinks that golf all interest lacks,
So now I never play it;
She is opposed to tolls repeal
(Though why I cannot say),
But woman's duty is to feel,
And man's is to obey.

II

I'm in a hard position for a perfect gentleman,
I want to please the ladies, but I don't see how I can,
My present wife's a suffragist, and counts on my support,
But my mother is an anti, of a rather biting sort.

ADVICE TO HEROINES

A heroine must shrink and cling
When heroes are about,
And thus the watching world will think:
"How brave his heart and stout!"
But if he chance to be away
When bright-faced dangers shine,
It will be best for her to play
The oak tree, not the vine.
In fact the most important thing
Is knowing when it's time to cling.

IS THE STRAIN OF BUSINESS LIFE DULLING THE HOME MAKING INSTINCT?

The Home Life of Professional Women

By ELIZABETH BECKER

A GIANT fear has been stalking through the land, declaring in thunder tones that with the ever increasing exodus of women into professional and business life, the home will have to go, and we shall become a nation of sallow and dyspeptic *boarders!*

This would be no groundless fear, had the great majority of women in business deliberately turned their backs on the home as a matter of choice, but with the exception of a very few malcontents, they have been *obliged* to go out into the world to earn their own living.

All women do not marry, nor is it because business is a more successful wooer than matrimony, for long before the professional and commercial worlds were open to women, there were countless unmarried women of all ages. Many of them led very forlorn, or at the best, colorless lives, as the unavoidable encumbrance of their nearest male relative. Those that had a spark of proper pride prepared to earn their own living as soon as possible and often in the face of great opposition from their relatives, who thought it *unwomanly*, and who found them useful as unpaid help. Matrimony was formerly the only road to the home; but business also leads to the desired heights.

A woman in business, having her own home often means both economic independence and a home for another woman, for so often there is some relative glad to do the housekeeping for "the usual wages," though she would not go out to service, and is not qualified to earn her living in any other way.

Not all business women are so fortunate, however, as to be thus relieved of the worry of the servant problem, but it is a noteworthy fact that the business woman talks less of her household worries than does she whose sole occupation is the home. Why? The three D's are supposed to be taboo in cultured society. Does that keep them out?

All women need to get away from their usual surroundings to view things in their proper relation to the great business of life, lest a mole hill at close range, shut out the whole horizon.

In France the husband and wife of the great middle class are partners in business, and the home and place of business are one. Probably this is why the French language has no equivalent for the English word "home." The Frenchman speaks of his house, his dwelling, his villa, but when the personal touch is wanted, he uses the clumsy expression "chez moi"—"at me."

The gallant men of the New World have tried to do better for their wives by adopting a more ambitious and a higher ideal of life, and keep business and home separate. The busy man is seldom at home, home does not seem as happy, nor Canadian children as well trained as the French.

Do business girls scorn home restraint and revel in boarding house and restaurant life? Or is this only in the first freedom of their new independence?

Do professional women adjust themselves wisely to new conditions or are they foolish and extravagant?

When business success blossoms into economic independence, what is the most highly prized fruit of the tree?

With the increasing difficulty of securing efficient help, will Canadians be driven into living the very simple life, where each one supplies his own needs? If such a course would cultivate high thinking, it might not be a misfortune, but it would irretrievably shatter our boasted co-operative schemes.

However, we shall stop being an understudy to Socrates, and let some of our successful professional and business women give us a few answers from their own experience and observation.

The upper picture is Miss Ethel Shepherd, the well-known Toronto musician.
The centre picture is that of Mrs. Scott Raff, Principal of the Margaret Eaton School of Expression in Toronto.
Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullen, Canada's first woman physician, is shown in the lower photograph.

Miss Ethel Shepherd

A Leading Musician, devoted to her beloved art and to her home.

TO so manipulate the chords of music as to produce harmony in the frequently dissonant chords of life, requires a master hand.

Miss Shepherd, so well known as a popular teacher of voice culture in the Toronto Conservatory of Music, has achieved a marked degree of success in early life, and knows how to enjoy her artistic and financial success in the wisest possible way.

Her delightful home, with its perfect service, means everything to this strenuous worker, who is too much in love with her art to ever think that over a hundred lessons a week is too great a strain on physical and mental strength.

The secret of her ability to do what would be the impossible for many musicians of stronger physique, is her happiness in doing what she loves better than anything else.

Miss Shepherd attributes her power of accomplishing work to the perfect comfort and recreative powers of her smoothly running domestic machinery. No one could meet the public, that capricious acquaintance, who takes so much from one, and gives only when the mood seizes, and meet it so continually and with such admirable poise without a steady, replenishing of power.

Though more difficult in Canada than in the older centres of art, Miss Shepherd thinks the great indulgence of the woman who has attained economic independence, is the home surroundings that best meet her needs and her tastes. Even for beginners in the business or the art world, she is a great advocate of housekeeping in preference to boarding, and does much to inspire her pupils and her friends with the same enthusiasm. It is wonderful what delightful results some girls can accomplish in one room. They lower expense, increase health, and have a pleasing sense of proprietorship, and greater than these, a gracious development of their higher natures.

She feels that the only way out of the present difficult domestic problem, is to choose help as carefully as possible, with the indifferent material we have to choose from, and then to give them responsibility and trust to their loyalty and honor. In her case, the confidence has not been misplaced. Miss Shepherd does not spend much time in the several clubs to which she belongs for few interests can successfully compete with the attractions of her own home, though she takes a keen and practical interest in public questions.

Only a few highly favored mortals have a more successful enterprise to their credit than Miss Shepherd's series of recitals for comforts for the soldiers at the front. Each recital concluded with a tea and a shower. The originator of the plan was amazed and delighted at the splendid response. Nearly a ton of comforts and necessities were brought, including 500 lbs of maple sugar, 30,000 cigarettes, 340 tins condensed cream and other articles almost innumerable. A simple but most appreciative letter of thanks and good wishes from a soldier at the front, is a treasured possession of this generous hearted woman.

Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullen

Member of the Senate of Toronto University, active in the Women's National Council, Vice-President of the Canadian Suffrage Association, formerly member of Toronto Board of Education.

THE opinion of one who has for years taken a prominent part in all questions relating to woman's progress, is of genuine worth. Dr. Gullen is the clever and charming daughter of a famous mother, Dr. Emily Stowe, who was a pioneer in the field of higher education for the women of Canada. The advantage of clever parentage is sometimes a handicap as so much is expected, but Dr. Gullen has justified all expectations. It was owing to the efforts of Dr Stowe, whom Canadian women have placed on a pedestal, both literally and figuratively, that women were admitted to the Toronto Medical School. When her daughter reached an age to choose a career, it was the only institution of higher education open to women, so she was enrolled with the disciples of Esculapious. After the most trying four years possible to a young and sensitive girl, with no classmates but men who disapproved of her ambition and her presence, she was graduated at twenty, and the world was the richer by the first woman physician educated in Canada. Upon graduation, she was appointed lecturer on the staff of the first Woman's Medical School, and she has been a member of the clinical staff of the Western Hospital, Toronto, ever since its inception.

Dr. Gullen is skeptical of the professional woman being able to do good work continuously without a home. When women fly to hotels, it is for a complete rest, but they soon return to home life, though it is often difficult to keep the domestic machinery moving smoothly. The piles and miles of apartment houses are hard facts, proving the mania for having a home, the servant problem eliminated.

There are many grave problems back of the responsibility of securing efficient domestic help to enable a woman to practise her profession and still find her home a haven of rest instead of a nest of worries. The doctor herself is so ardent a home lover that she makes her house a delightful home for her busy husband and herself, notwithstanding the incompetence and the Tennysonian-brook habits of the average maid. Emphatically, professional life does not dull the home making instinct, but rather accentuates it. It is rather amusing to hear this successful physician say that she was intended for domestic rather than for professional life. A palmist told her that her hand said she preferred housekeeping to anything else, and that if she followed her own inclinations, she would never leave the four walls of her home. The palmist stopped, disgusted that her science told her what she was certain was untrue. She was tempted to "throw out the life line," as a fraud, but

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WHY, OF COURSE!

A Merry Christmas Came at Last to Henry Kilgore and His Mother

By GRACE BOTELER SANDERS

"THIS is the third time I've told you!" stormed Henry Kilgore, "now go to that barn and stay until you're done. Hear me!"

Henry Junior frowned and stumbled angrily from the house. As if driven by an unseen goad he hurried to the barn, but all his thoughts were centered upon himself and the wrongs which he was daily receiving. The work of the farm had been hard this year, even for an eighteen year old lad who stood six feet in his stockings and whose every muscle and bone and sinew had been knitted into perfection by hard work, pure air and substantial food. He had worked all summer with hope of a rest when winter came.

The other neighbors long since had laid aside their strenuous duties and given themselves up to resting by open fires and attending parties and playing games. The sudden appearance of a large drove of cattle had put an end to Henry's roseate dreams. As soon as the boy saw them he knew it meant early rising and cold lunches all winter long for some one who was none other than Henry Kilgore, Junior.

Henry's childhood had been rather an unusual one. When his mother, much to wealthy cousin's displeasure and her father's anger had married a good young man, whom they insultingly introduced as "the hired hand," Henry Kilgore's wrath had known no bounds. When his father-in-law disinherited his daughter because she persisted in leaving all and going into a cottage with her young husband, Kilgore had just one more score to settle.

He secured work by the day from a large land owner. His wife, while she performed the duties of the house, stayed at home to eat bitter pie which was so very bitter that it became a part of her husband's daily bill-o'-fare. It fell like a mantle over the baby son when he opened his eyes. One of the first things he learned was that they must get even with the Gormans, his cousins who pampered and petted, lived in luxury upon the farms which his grandfather's industry had provided.

'There goes Bill Gorman," his father would say when they were busy in the corn field. "Never mind. Someday I'll be rich and wear a white shirt and he'll be poor!" After this outburst, Kilgore would grit his teeth and bend to the plow even more energetically. "Some day he'll be poor and I'll be rich!" he would repeat, until the words became a part of the boy's very life.

Henry Kilgore had no childhood. His father was too busy. At the age of eleven he rose at four and spent a long day at the plow with his father. When other boys played ball and shot fire crackers on Dominion Day, young Henry was cutting wheat. Even on Christmas, when other youngsters rejoiced over well filled stockings and turkey dinners, Henry rose at the usual time to trudge through the snow after the sledge which he had loaded with fodder to satisfy the hunger of the lowly cattle; with them at noon he swallowed his cold lunch. With them at night, he went to bed.

He had never owned a good suit of clothes. There was always interest to pay, and debts to cancel and land to buy. If the father, frowningly calculating the number of dollars necessary to secure a piece of coveted land, thought of the child at all, it was only as a means to an end—to outdo the Gormans. Henry saved the wages of a hired hand, which the father counted at fifteen dollars a month, but there was never a man who would have worked so long and so faithfully for any price as this uncomplaining farmer boy; but the boy did not know and the father, gritting his teeth because dollars did not pile up fast enough, did not care, so the years, with Henry at the treadmill, passed quickly by, and the boy, if he noticed that his lot was different from that of his friends, made no sign. But last night something happened which set him to thinking.

Just at nightfall his cousin Paul galloped up to the stile and called "hello." Henry was so tired that he reluctantly got up and went to answer. Paul was a fine looking boy with sparkling eyes and red checks and uplifted head. He was well dressed as usual and glanced sneeringly down at his cousin's faded overalls and rough shoes.

"I declare to gracious, Hen.", he snapped, "you're a big fool to stand what you do!" he exploded. "I've never said anything before, but it isn't right for you to work like a slave and have nothing!"

"Is that so!" drawled Henry.

"Yes, that's so!" declared Paul. "Here I came over to invite you to my party, and I'll bet a dollar to a doughnut that you haven't a decent dud to wear!"

A red flush crept over Henry's face. "Dad says he can't afford duds!" he defended. "I reckon I'll have 'em when money matters ain't so tight!"

Paul jumped excitedly from his horse and grabbed his cousin by the shoulder. "You're the biggest dunce I ever did see, Hen. Kilgore!" he declared excitedly. "Dad can't afford 'em!" he mimiced, "why he's the richest man in the country. He could buy and sell my father, and it's just tarnal meanness him making you and Aunt Mary live like paupers. Tell him you're going to have your rights. Tell him this very night. Why you haven't the sand of a rabbit. Good-bye, I'll expect you to the party!"

Paul jumped to his horse, gave it rein and a moment later disappeared in the blackness of the night. Henry thought of this speech all day. He thought of it upon the third trip to the barn as he stood looking out at the wide fields which were still dotted by tent-like shocks of yellow fodder, for which his hands had prepared the ground. He had planted the seed and cultivated the tall lines of waving green satin. He had cut the great stalks and husked many a bushel of perfect golden ears. His suddenly opened eyes saw the probable value of the products of this one field and an anger something like his father's sprung into being. He wheeled abruptly and made for the house. There was dogged determination in the set of his mouth and a toss to his head which augured trouble for Henry Senior.

He found his father still at the table where he figured upon the blank back of an advertising sheet with a stub of a pencil. Henry noticed how bare everything was, from the clean, uncarpeted floor to the nicked old china. All spoke of poverty, grinding economy. He stood for a moment, wondering how to begin.

It was hard to speak his thoughts, when for eighteen years he had been cowed and brow-beaten and abused. He cleared his throat and in his effort to change his position, upset a chair and scattered his father's papers over the floor.

Kilgore jerked his eyes from the page on which they had been fastened and began to paw about with both knotted hands for his scattered belongings. "You big awkward lummix!" he bellowed, "what you standin' there for? What you upsettin' my papers for just when I had everything fixed. You good for nothin'!"——

"Henry's sleeping anger blazed. "Good for nothing, am I?" he demanded, coming very close. There was something about his voice and manner that attracted the old man's attention. "Good for nothing," he repeated, "I've helped you make thousands but when I want a pair of shoes or a day off, you plead poverty. There's not a begger 'round here who's so poorly dressed as I, or who works so hard. Paul come over last night to invite me to his party——"

Henry Kilgore got to his feet. There was a curious smile about his mouth as he rested his hands upon his hips. "What d'ye think I care about his old parties?" he demanded, lowering his head and shaking it like an angry bull, "you git to your work and do it quick or I'll thrash the life out of you. You helped me make thousands!" he picked up the "black snake" which lay beside him. "Git, I say?"

"I'll not git until I say what I begun, and you'll not thrash the life out of me!" declared Henry, looking straight into his father's eyes for a full minute and until the older man's head dropped, then he continued easily, "I suppose that's the reason Paul asked me, because he knew I wouldn't have clothes to come? I'm going to fool him, I'll attend the party, and I'll do it in proper style. Men howl about boys leaving the farm. Do you know why they do it?" Henry paused effectively, "its because old misers like you literally drive boys to the city streets and to hell because they're too stingy to give them a few pennies or hours for pleasure, which every youngster needs. You've gone just a little too far."

"Christmas comes in just one week. I'll do your dog work until then, and I'll obey your orders same as I've always done; but if by Christmas morning you haven't changed, I'm going to leave and take mother with me. Remember, when I go, she goes too."

Like a young whirlwind, the boy left the house. Like a tree which had been levelled by a killing blast, the trembling old tyrant struggled to his feet to follow, but the troublesome members suddenly refused to act, and he sank helplessly back into his chair. The awful anger which convulsed every part of his being, raged at a white heat for hours, raged until it left him as useless and dead as the ashes which had fallen to the clean floor and swept by a sudden gust, went whirling unresisting across the room.

As the flame grew fainter he began to repeat the awful accusations which had come from his only son. Pitilessly he dissected the sentences, word by word, and for the first time in forty years, as he lived over his own bare, loveless existence as a hired man, in a stranger's land, he realized that this life which he had considered an earthly hell, was a paradise as compared with the slavery to which he trained his boy. Sitting now by the silent fire-side, the old man grovelled in the pit of desperation, when he rehearsed the scene of the morning, for well he knew that every word was true.

It was dinner time when he hobbled to the barn. In the six hours of that lonely vigil he had become a broken old man. They worked silently together all day. After supper, without permission, Henry saddled a horse and galloped off to town. The night was bleak and starless, and the hour late when the boy returned, but it was not so black as the hopes of the stubborn old man who tossed sleeplessly on his bed. Oh! the awfulness of those awful days for father and mother and son!

There was scarcely a word exchanged but on December the twenty-fourth, the old man saw his son unload a pile of boxes. A packed suitcase stood in the hall. THEY MEANT IT!

He walked sorrowfully into the cold front room which was so seldom used—that uncarpeted room, where hung their marriage certificate, which contained the pictures of a blushing bride and a chubby baby, and a handsome young man, who was none other than himself. How happy he had been and how high headed, when he remembered that he had beaten all other competitors in winning this girl who had given up luxury for a cottage with him. How had he repaid her?

He had wrung her life dry of the wine of life. All pleasure, all love, all enjoyment had been sacrificed upon the altar of gold. She had not even received the benefit of this, for he had clutched the pennies and the acres with an iron hand and given her only the crumbs. Even then she had clung to him faithfully. He had robbed her child and his, of all a child holds dear. She had submitted even to that, but now when the child had revolted, she too had struck. To-morrow he and his acres would be left alone.

Even these awful possibilities of the future did not drive Henry Kilgore to repent. He went to town after the early dinner. He did not return until the boy was in bed. He busied himself for a long time; he kindled a fire in the kitchen stove before which he sat until early morning.

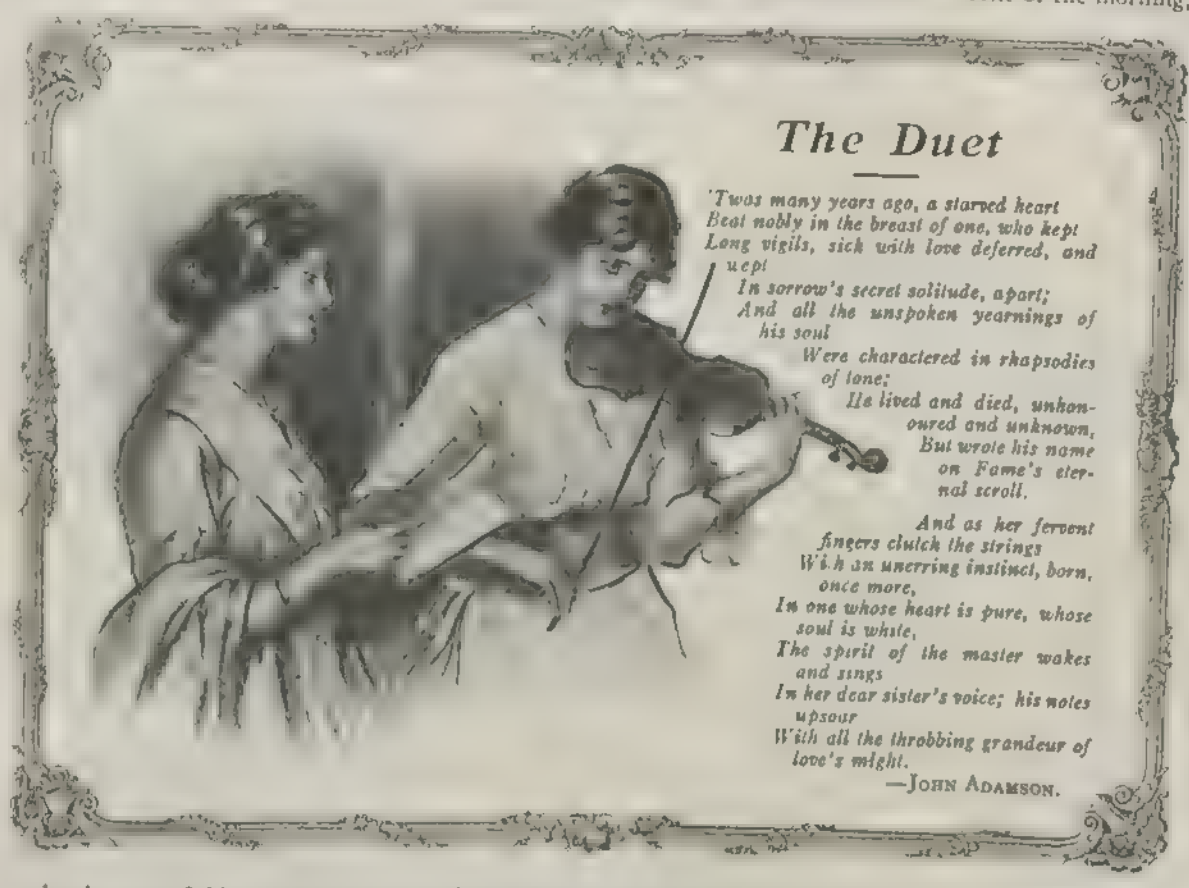
The sun came up and gilded the weather vanes with its yellow light. It wrapped the fence posts with ermine and stung the telephone wires with strings of diamonds. The horses caressed their master's hand with velvet noses when he placed in their mangers a double supply of corn for a Christmas morning meal. When all was done, the old man hobbled painfully back to the house. His wife was getting breakfast when he entered. He saw a tear stealing over her cheek, but she did not speak. The boy did. He whirled defiantly upon his father.

"I told you a week ago of our intentions!" he began sharply. "I told you if I couldn't fill a son's place that we intended to leave. How is it?"

The old man held his chilled hands over the stove, and rubbed them together to warm them. "I don't see why you shouldn't!" he said easily as he smiled into each face," and that reminds me, this is Christmas morning. Let's go into the parlor and see if Santa Claus forgot to come here."

He led the way, talking gaily to his dumbfounded relatives, but when he flung wide the door, the astonished revolutionists cried aloud. The bare old room was wreathed with holly and decorated with evergreens. The wife saw upon the floor, the carpet which she had begged for, the chairs which she had coveted, but for which she had not even dared to hint; the coat and bonnet and dress and shoes which she needed so badly lay upon the new plush sofa. The boy saw overcoat and shoes and neckties, and he saw also an enormous Christmas tree which glittered with beautiful ornaments, jewellery and mysteriously wrapped packages.

"Things is a leetle easier'n they used to be!" chuckled the old man's voice." I never spect 'em to be so hard again for any of us." The wife and son looked at each other significantly. "Tim Bowermaster said last night, 'you must be plannin' to have a Merry Christmas at your house?' An' what do you think I said?" he laughed again into the wondering faces. "Just these words—'Why, of course!' and we'll have merry ones forever after if you and your mother'll help me. We'll be partners after this, won't we, son?"

"We will!" laughed Henry Junior, who had just found his breath. "We will," sobbed the mother, burying her face in her husband's sleeve and so, their confession and decisions made, the three clasped hands as with happy hearts, they sobbed and laughed around their first Christmas Tree.

The Duet

'Twas many years ago, a starved heart
Beat nobly in the breast of one, who kept
Long vigils, sick with love deferred, and wept
In sorrow's secret solitude, apart;
And all the unspoken yearnings of his soul
Were charactered in rhapsodies of tone;
He lived and died, unhonoured and unknown,
But wrote his name on Fame's eternal scroll.

And as her fervent fingers clutch the strings
With an unerring instinct, born, once more,
In one whose heart is pure, whose soul is white,
The spirit of the master wakes and sings
In her dear sister's voice; his notes upsoar
With all the throbbing grandeur of love's might.

—JOHN ADAMSON.

FAVORITE RUSSIAN DISHES

The Ones that Lydia Lopoukowa Loves So Well

THE daintiest and most fascinating of all the Russian dancers who have come out of Russia, is little Lydia Lopoukowa. She came two years ago and has never left since. In the autumn she will appear for the first time as an actress as well as a dancer in Louise Glosser Hale's play, "Her Soul and Her body," dramatized from her story, and the heroine is a dancing girl. She is deeply in love with Canada, and has just one thing to regret, and that is the cooking of her native land. She longs for Russian dishes occasionally, and thinks of her childhood's days and Tchi and Coulibac and Punksski, not to mention Bliny cakes and Kromeskies, and then she simply sets about making these things, for the little Lydia can cook as well as twinkle her toes, and these are her Russian recipes:

Lydia Lopoukowa preparing her favorite dishes.

BLINY CAKES.—Make a sponge the night before of a pound of white flour, three tumblers of water and a small cake of compressed yeast (the three cent size of Canada). Let it rise, well covered, and in the morning add half a pound of buckwheat, a saltspoonful of salt and two whisked eggs; mix and let rise again. When light pour over it three tumblers of warm milk and let rise once more. When light drop the batter into little buttered muffin pans and bake on top of the stove, browning well on both sides, or bake in the oven. These should be served piping hot with caviar.

PUNKSSKI.—In a frying pan place two tablespoonsful of butter or other good fat and when it is sizzling fry in it a good sized minced onion. When this is lightly browned add about one pound of sliced cooked (cold) veal and let it fry with the onions until well browned. Let it cool, then run it through a meat chopper and add to it three hard boiled eggs cut fine, with some minced parsley; and mix to a paste with meat broth. Have ready some pie dough, and after rolling it thin, cut into two large round pieces. Upon one place the meat paste (in a baking pan) and cover the other. Let stand half an hour or so. Brush over the top crust with the yolk of an egg and bake until browned. Serve with a savory sauce.

RUSSIAN SALMON SALAD.—Mix together one cupful each of chopped chicken and of shredded cold cooked salmon, and half a cupful of cooked celery; then season with pepper, salt and onion juice or finely chopped onion. Have ready cold boiled carrots and potatoes cut into cubes—half a pint of each. Have a shallow salad (oval) plate ready, and at each end put half the portion of salmon and chicken mixture. At the sides place the carrots and potatoes, and in the middle half a pint of cold, cooked, sweet green peas. These little heaps should be divided by gherkins or anchovies. Over each one pour mayonnaise, and on the mayonnaise at intervals place spoonfuls of caviar. Garnish the plate with watercress. Cavair sandwiches may be served with this.

KROMESKIES.—Chop fine the meat from half a cold chicken; add six minced mushrooms and two tablespoonsful of chopped tongue or ham. Have ready hot, thickened stock made from the bones of the chicken thus: Pour over the chicken bones just sufficient water to cover, add an onion sliced or chopped and boil for two hours. Strain them into another pan; heat again and thicken the stock with a tablespoonful each of butter and flour rubbed smooth and seasoned with a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a grating of nutmeg, salt and pepper. Remove from the fire, add the prepared, chopped chicken, and also one dozen chopped oysters. Mix and let cool. Have ready thin, uncooked slices of bacon and when cold place a dessertspoonful of the mixture upon each slice, with an unchopped oyster in the centre of each and roll them into long, oblong shapes. Dip these into a light batter and drop them two or three at a time, into a kettle of hot fat, frying them quickly till browned lightly. Drain them on tissue paper; remove to a hot platter and serve with a border of mashed Irish potatoes and hot tomato sauce poured around the whole.

A RUSSIAN STEAMED PUDDING.—A rather stiff paste is made of two pounds of flour, one and a quarter pounds chopped fat of kidney of beef, and one quarter pint of water. When mixed, this is rolled out to a round layer, a quarter inch thick, and put in a buttered pudding dish. The lean beef is cut in pieces and arranged in the basin in layers, cover with water and put layer of paste over top. The seasoning must be carefully done, salt, red pepper, butter and a curious Russian spice is used by the dancer. Wrap the pudding dish in a buttered cloth and place it in a saucepan of boiling water, cook it for three hours if the beef is tender, and for four hours if not.

COULIBAC.—Have ready a rich pastry dough and roll it very thin—a square in form. Spread this with a savory force meat of chopped cooked mushrooms, rice, hard boiled eggs and cold veal, moistened with butter and broth, and roll it from one edge to the other like a "rollo-polly." Place in a baking dish, sprinkle the top with crumbs and bake one hour. It is to be sliced and served with a sauce—in Russia a wine sauce.

A RUSSIAN EASTER SALAD.—This has fish as an ingredient, the fish first boiled in acidulated water, seasoned with onion and sweet herb, as well as chopped carrot. Let the fish get cold; then remove all bones and skin and mix with sufficient mayonnaise to bind it well, after which set it on ice two hours. Meantime have ready some aspic jelly, whipping it very stiff, and when the fish is ice cold place alternate layers of the jelly and fish in a mould shaped like a Greek cross. When it is well hardened turn it out on lettuce, and garnish with uncut, hard boiled eggs, the shells removed.

HOW I WENT TO COLLEGE ON FIVE DOLLARS

A True Account of How One Girl Worked Her Way

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

"ALL ashore!" called a voice somewhere. But the little group stood about me on the deck, all talking at once, oblivious to orders.

"It is going to be a hard fight," said my brother Ron, grasping my hand fervently. "It's no idle dream, this working your way through college. When you are putting the sardines away in the bureau drawer, or beating it out of the rear entrance to avoid the collector, you'll think of home and mother!"

"There will be ups and downs," began somebody lugubriously, "but keep your eyes on the next Up, and you won't notice the Down," put in a perky little voice.

"All ashore!" came the menacing command, and this time the gang plank began to move. The group made one rush for the railing and I was left alone.

"Leave your conscience here," came one last exhortation from the shore, "and take your nerve with you!"

I thought of that advice two days later, as I waited in a long line of Freshmen, before a business like door in the registration hall. On the door was a sign which read, "College Employment Bureau."

In my turn I answered the Dean's rapid questioning, and was assigned to a "most charming elderly lady who wanted a college girl companion."

"I shall treat you as if you were my own niece," she said effusively, and kissed me. I have since felt a warm sympathy for her nieces. "I have six boarders," she said. "You will do the housework. You will wait on the table also. What is your name?"

"Molly Danvers."

"I shall call you Marie. It sounds so chic and stylish to have a French maid."

I bristled. But I remembered that this was adventure number one.

Followed three terrible days.

I saw that it was impossible to continue and keep up my work at college. I racked my brains for an excuse to leave, but I did not dare break the agreement. What should I do?

On the third day came the climax. I was in the midst of preparing dinner. The front door bell rang. In my capacity as maid, I answered the bell. There stood the one Senior in college whom I knew. Our families were neighbors in our own home town. At home we were not particularly interested in each other, but here a familiar face was good to see.

"Oh, Tom," I cried out, tearfully, "Go home! I don't dare talk! We're getting dinner, and I'm frightened to death of her." Then I had to explain my apron and my position. He was tremendously amused.

I fidgeted. Tom showed a desire to linger near.

"Good-bye," I jerked out finally, and before the door had slammed, I was back in the kitchen.

Mrs. McElory's face was the face of Wrath to-Come. "These college girls!" she said, "these college girls! They're all alike. I will get a Jap," she said venomously. "You may leave to-night."

By frantic 'phoning I got a room across the hall from the most unpleasant girl I ever knew. Whenever I started writing she came in sat dreamily on my bed, and read her latest letter from "him" aloud. It was the only place where I could get a cheap room—I was paying only seven dollars a month. But the environment was anything but helpful.

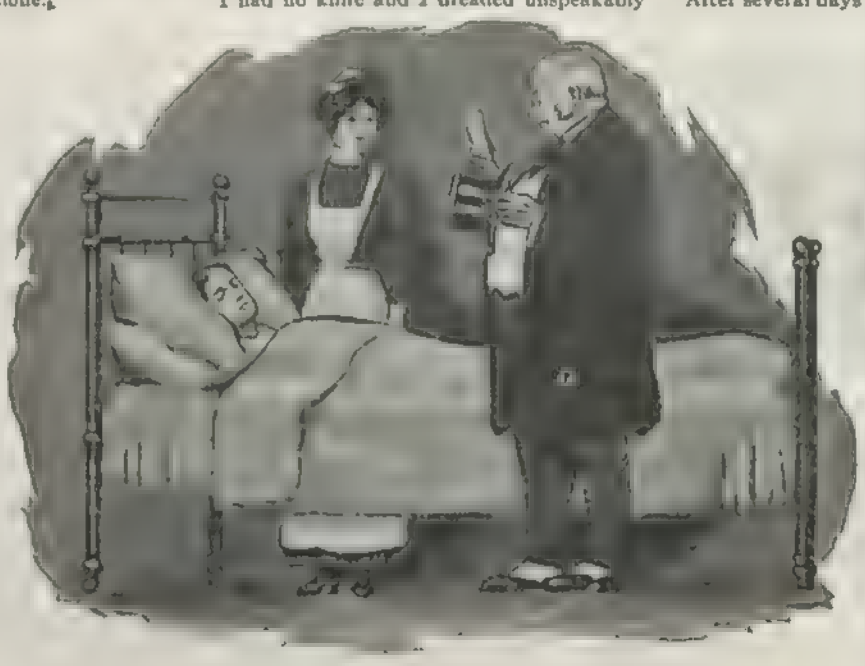
I went to the two student employment bureaus, and listed my requirements and acquirements.

Then I took stock. I was almost frightened at the financial outlook. I was to pay for my room at the end of the week. I must, some way, secure something to eat. Worse! I had to pay my entrance fee of five dollars at once. Worst of all, I must have books. The even worse than worst-of-all part of it I did not speak of, even to myself. I silently turned the mirror to the wall, and cried. For the hardest part of it all for a girl, was that I had come to college without any suitable clothes. I had almost nothing to wear!

The unpleasant girl, Louise, was determined to take me under her wing. I like being taken care of as a rule, but I had no mind to seek the wing of Louise. She suggested that I go halves with her, and that we cook and eat together; but, being aware—as she was not—of the emaciated nature of my finances, I refused hastily, feeling, nevertheless that poverty had its compensations.

I had spent ten cents in car fare. The first day of my independence, I bought a loaf of bread and some butter. I was afraid to ask for less, so I took a pound of butter, and the cost of it so frightened me that I did not dare buy anything else. I took my spoils greedily to my room, and then I looked at the loaf in a helpless sort of way. I had no knife and I dreaded unspeakably going into the noisy, crowded kitchen, whence issued voices and sounds of frying and odors of burnt grease, outraging all the senses at once. This was probably the cheapest boarding house in town, and the life of the students there, was hardly what one is led to expect of "college life."

I advanced boldly enough upon the kitchen. Our landlady had glibly included in the rent, the privilege of light housekeeping, with use of the kitchen, the gas, dishes, etc. I don't know what the "etc." meant, but if there were no more of it than of dishes, it is negligible. Naturally, we all needed to use that kitchen at once.



A good many of the girls became nurses.

Going Through Queen's

Here are some of the things some Queen's girls are doing to help pay their way through college:

Get subscriptions for magazines.
Take care of fish in a laboratory.
Make charts of the fluctuations in the price of eggs.
Pose as models for artists.
Run errands.
Cane chairs.
Act as chaperons.
Act as detectives at weddings.
The bureau has found employment for 200 girls.

I finally pounced upon a dirty knife, after having been introduced to the busy assembly by one flour sprinkled girl, who asked my name, and maltreated it to the others. I liked the girls.

At the next meal I took my place in the line at the gas ranges. I fought duly for my plate and knife and fork. I made a charge upon the frying pans, and finally captured one, to the discomiture of rival forces. By this time we were all very well acquainted, and passed comments on the town, the professors, and the landlady, as each girl cooked her own little meal, found a chair, and a bit of table space, and munched hastily. I managed surreptitiously to borrow some lard to fry my bacon, from one girl, and some pepper to eat it with from another. Bacon and bread and a baked potato made a heavenly meal. Heavenly compared to the meals to come, if I could have but looked ahead!

I knew nothing of food values, either from the dietary or financial view point, but I could not have had a swifter tuition anywhere else. I soon found that five cents would buy more soda crackers in bulk, than any other food, and that canned things are consumed too rapidly to be a good investment. I noticed what the other girls bought, and bought the same things, in fractional quantities. I suffered keenly every meal, before I borrowed a pinch of salt, but I could not spare the five cents necessary to buy salt, as my original five dollars was very nearly gone. I had not got my books or paid my dues yet. I often ate in my room to keep the girls from knowing how very meagre were my rations.

After several days of an agonized attempt to "bluff" recitations without books, and to "bluff" meals without food, I went in desperation to the secretary for work. She gave me the address of the wife of a professor who wanted a girl, "simply to take care of the children" three hours a day for her board. Armed with the address, I took Louise, and we braved the terrors of night in an unknown town, prowling about for that street number. The woman proved to be one of those arrogant persons whom it is a pleasure to meet—in a novel.

She talked down to me, very far down.

She considered one who worked for her a menial and a being of totally different clay from herself, and a good deal more than the customary three hours a day of service would be required.

She told me about her two children and outlined the tasks she would expect fulfilled. She said, "As the professor and I go out frequently, we should expect you to remain every evening."

No evening lectures, no class meetings, no rallies—but I could stand that if the position would allow me to study properly.

As she continued I saw that it would not. I determined, however, to take the place.

"I will—" I began, when I caught Louise's eye. She shook her head warningly at me.

"I will think it over and let you know," I said instead.

On the way home Louise enlightened me.

"There was Kate," she said, "she hired out in just this way to work for her room and board for three hours a day. The woman required her to spend all her time in housework, giving her no time to study, no Saturdays or Sundays to herself. Kate failed in all her classes and had to go home at the end of the half year. That's just what is happening now to two other girls I know, but they will not protest, because they may not get another position. Of course, there are many places where a girl can work her three hours a day and be let alone the rest of the time. But the trouble is you never know what kind of a place you are getting into. I'd try another if I were you."

This was only the first of my adventures in the "Three hour a day for your room and board" search.

Finally I found Mrs. Moore. She wasn't much older than I, and from the moment she opened the door, she treated me as she would have treated one of her own girl friends.

"I want someone to care for the baby, to take him out in his buggy every afternoon, to iron his clothes, and to do all these little things," she said, smiling at me. "Do you want to?"

I smiled back at her. "Yes," I said.

I kept my same room in the boarding house, went to Mrs. Moore's every afternoon and worked for three or four hours. My recompense for this was eight dollars a month, later she raised it to ten dollars. The girls remonstrated with me for working at so low a rate, but it was a pleasure, and besides they did not know the friendly prettiness of Mrs. Moore or the absolute adorableness of that baby.

Since eight dollars a month or even ten was hardly a visible means of support, I

(Concluded on page 22)

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Pettijohn's is a morning dainty made by flaking a special soft white wheat. Into the flakes we roll 25% of tender, unground bran. Thus we make an efficient, delicious bran food.

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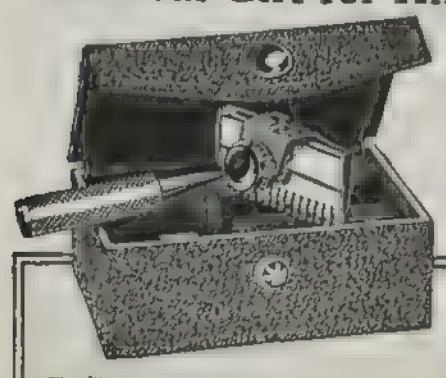

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The whole enclosed in another card board box for safety
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Order one of these handsome useful outfits to-day and give it to "Him" for Christmas, or for his birthday. He will then be able to shave in comfort. Be sure to state whether for Christmas, or birthday gift, so that we can enclose suitable greeting card.

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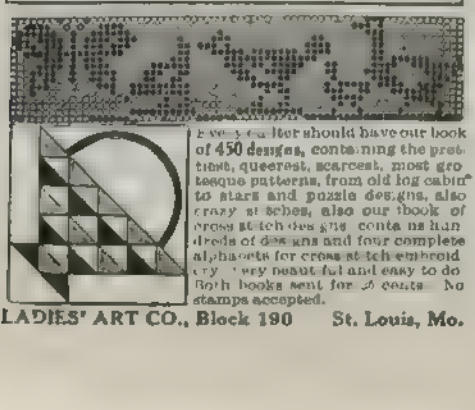

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The Higher Things of Life

YOU AND I CALLED THE COMMON PEOPLE

By JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

A TIME there was when the lot of the common people was even worse than that of the beasts of burden, because their greater mentality enabled them to comprehend the extent of their misery. There was but one right, the right of might, and that was possessed by him alone who ruled them with iron hand. To oppose that right, or even but to question it, brought the scourge, the branding iron, the torturing instrument, the penalty of death upon the offender. The people were as much his property as were his cattle. To him belonged their bodies and souls, all their labor and all its product. With them he could do as he pleased. By his command they lived, and by his order were they put to death. By his command they had to marry or remain unmarried, had to surrender or to submit to him their wives and children. His name they had to include among the gods they worshipped, and that victory be vouchsafed to him in battle or entrance be granted him after death into the celestial abodes they had to sacrifice the choicest of their sons and daughters at his altar or tomb. To him they had to offer their throats if he wished to test the edge of a new sword, or the strength of a new rope or the deadliness of a new poison. To them were applied the lowest terms in their vocabularies—they were the helots or pariahs, the plebians or slaves, the villains or serfs. Their homes were worse than barns and stables. Their clothes and food were the coarsest. And as for education, it was regarded as wise to cast pearls before the swine as to open the doors of schools to people as low as they.

But, while their bodies could be enslaved, their minds continued free. Notwithstanding denial of education, their mind brooded over their wrongs, and in hours of supreme sufferings it impelled them to rise in their might and demand their right. And though a thousand times crushed, they arose anew after every defeat, until by sheer force and persistence they compelled their oppressor to restore to them some of the rights of which they had been cruelly deprived. From time to time, men, like Moses, stepped out of the high places, descended to the degraded stations of the oppressed, and in their name and in the name of humanity demanded that justice be done to them. And around these leaders the down-trodden gathered, and, uniting their might with their right, conquered for themselves, even if at fearful cost of blood and suffering, the position of the comparative equality they hold to-day.

The day of slave owners, of task masters, of feudal lords is past. In civilized countries the laboring man is master of himself, at least in the eyes of the law. No man can compel his labor or garner its product for himself alone. In legal rights and privileges he is the peer of the highest in the land. In our own country his vote counts as much as that of the Premier. Not only are his rights guarded by law, he has also the right to assist in the making of it.

AS if in reparation for the wrong done him in the past by applying to him the word *common*, and making it to stand for all that was low and base, it has been raised to a place equal to that occupied by the proudest and most sacred words in our vocabulary. One of the greatest parliaments on earth, that of England, bears the name The House of Commons, and a member of that distinguished body is designated by the name of Commoner. We speak of The Book of Common Prayer, The Common School, The Common Law, The Common Good. We speak of common sense, of common interest. We use the word *common* in a dozen other forms and combinations when we wish to convey the thought of something that serves the best interest of all the people, of the poor as well as the rich, of the high as well as the low.

True, an echo of the contemptuous meaning which the word *common* at one time had still resounds in our speech. Driven out of politics it has found a hiding place in what is called *society*. It is there where we hear it not infrequently used as a synonym of base, vulgar, coarse, unrefined. And, for the most part, we hear it used in this sense by people of mere wealth against people who, no matter how great their other wealth, are financially poor. We see people constituting themselves into a separate class, and, for no other reason than that of possessing more wealth, regarding themselves as superior, spurning every contact with the masses, as if association with them meant degradation.

From what I have seen and heard, I am inclined to believe that, if danger of contamination there be through contact of the degenerate rich with the beneficially employed poor, fear is to be entertained for the latter rather than for the former. If the word *common*, in its obsolete meaning, is deserved by any, it is by the former and not by the latter. I know of no more corrupting influence than that which issues with noisome stench from certain classes of the newly rich. By what right dare such as these brand a class of industrious and beneficial people as base and vulgar when the most disgusting kind of baseness and vulgarity festers on the very surface of their cliques and sets? Hear the stories of their immoralities,—you must hear them, for no paper will dare publish them. Read the accounts of their shocking wastes of monies—monies often pressed from the heart's blood of those they brand as common. Read of their ribald jests at religion and morality, or at the men and women consecrating their lives and labors to the uplift of man. Note the contempt in which the sacredness of the marriage bond is held among them, and the levity with which the responsibility of parenthood and filial duty are treated. Note the costly idleness of large numbers of their women, enjoying the richest and best of other people's hard toil, without contributing the slightest thing toward the well-being and well doing of their fellow men from whom parasite like, they draw all their substance. Hear and see, note and observe, all these things, and then tell us who the low and base and vulgar are, and who the aristocrats.

In the light of the goings on in certain circles of the newly rich, were I asked what constitutes the first requisite for genuine aristocracy, I would unhesitatingly answer: To be of, and to continue among the common people. It is among these people that virtue has its chief source and abiding place. There lies our past and future, our strength, our safety, our hope. God must love the common people else He would not have made so many of them. And God's love for them must be of unusual intensity, else He would not have showered upon them as many real blessings as He has, such as lack of corrupting gold, necessity for labor and love of it, sound physical and moral health, good appetite, refreshing sleep, recuperative and educative use of leisure hours, interest in religion, in philanthropy, in education, in patriotism and the like

ASK whom you please and where you please for the names of those who have contributed most toward the world's civilization, and, if you are intelligently answered, you will almost in every instance hear names of commoners. Go to your encyclopedias and select the names of one hundred men who are universally recognized among the greatest of the world's luminaries and benefactors. With but few exceptions, you will find their names to be those of men born in poverty, reared in penury, compelled to struggle with adversity, often to the very end of their days. Moses was the son of an enslaved people. Jesus and Mohamed and Luther were respectively the sons of a carpenter, a camel driver and a collier. Homer sang his immortal epics for his daily bread. Socrates was the son of a hewer of stones; Virgil, the son of a farmer; Shakespeare, the son of a shopkeeper. Milton and Leonardo da Vinci were sons of notaries. Raphael was a struggling painter's son. Correggio and Mozart were born in poverty, struggled with it all their lives, and died in it. Rembrandt, it is said, was born in a mill. Spinoza was obliged to grind lenses for a living, and Mendelssohn to tutor a rich man's sons. Kant owed to a relative his opportunity for an education. Lessing was a poor preacher's son, as were also Linnaeus and Jean Paul Richter, and Emerson, and Horatio Nelson, and Cyrus W. Field, and Holmes and a score of others equally as distinguished. Columbus, Copernicus, Kepler, Palissy, Franklin were respectively the sons of a weaver, a serf, a tavern keeper, a tilemaker, a soap chandler. Elias Howe started his career in an attic. Arkwright in a barber shop, Faraday in a bookbindery, Stephenson in a coal mine, Watt in a carpenter shop, Edison as a newsboy, Dickens and Carlyle rose from humblest positions. Goldsmith was one of seven children of a father who never earned more than two hundred dollars a year. Some of the poems and dramas of Schiller, which to-day delight the world, were born amid chilling cold and pinching hunger. Half of the life time of Wagner was spent in a desperate struggle with want

COMPARE these men with those whose prominence rests solely on the possession of mere gold, and decide for yourselves as to whose wealth is the greater of the two, who has contributed more toward the advance and betterment of mankind, to whom applies more fittingly the term of *aristocrat* and to whom the term of *common people* in the obsolete meaning of the term.

While fully appreciative of the value of gold as a potent factor in the progress of civilization, while fully cognizant that without gold much of men's creative genius or talent would either not come to light at all or make but little headway, while at all times ready to bestow a just meed of praise to our men of finance, to the captains of our trades and industries, to the men who, while enriching themselves, provide employment, under decent conditions and at equitable wages, to the hands and brains of thousands of others, while ready to do this and more, I nevertheless protest against mere monied classes considering themselves *the aristocrats, the select*, and against their designating all others as *common people*, as unfit for association, or to be seen in circles, clubs or places where they move and disport themselves.

And especially do I protest against such invidious social distinctions, when I see them made by a lot of brainless fops and coxcombs, parasites, spendthrifts, *roues*, degenerates, who have never made an honest dollar in their lives, and could not if they had to, who have never done an honest day's work, who would be utterly helpless and miserable, untaught and unamused, unfed and ungroomed, if it were not for the brain and work of the people whom they contemptuously set apart from themselves as too low for association, at times even for ordinary civilities. Go to some of these snobs who refuse to take an introduction to you if you reside outside a certain district, or if you are not reported by one or the other Mercantile Agency as being of a financial rating sufficiently large to merit consideration, and, if they will permit you, ask them for the names of those who have designed and built and decorated and furnished their mansions, for the names of those who painted the pictures on their walls and sculptured the marbles in their halls, of those who wrote the books and composed the music that help to while away their time, of those who invented and constructed their automobiles and yachts, and, if they chance to know the names at all, and they give them to you, see whether even in a single instance you will find among them the name of a so called aristocrat, of one of the select and exclusive set.

Social distinctions there must be. Like will flock with like, and it is well that it is so. As little as all people wish to associate with me so little do I wish to associate with all people. But, if these segregating groups of society must be graded, then I insist that that group or circle or club be regarded as the most aristocratic, the most select, that is composed not of the richest but of the best, that is frequented by men and women of light and leading, by distinguished scholars and educators, artists and artisans, merchants and mechanics, men and women of the professions, and men and women of the trades and industries, men and women whose presence and conversation are intellectually kindling, socially refreshing, morally uplifting. If such a group or circle or club you find, you may be sure you have found the best. You may spare yourselves however, the trouble of looking for that kind of society among those who, at the present time, constitute the Worshippers of the Golden Calf, among those who consider themselves the choicest and the best, the select and the elect, by reason of having more money than others.

Yes, it is to the common people we must go if we would select the best. From them have come all that is best in our civilization, and it is to them that we must look for all the advance that yet shall be. There is found that sound, common sense that makes for the best, and an absence of that superabundance of gold that makes for the worst Plentifully employed in useful occupation, they have little time and less inclination, and still less means for those dissipations that are possible only where there is an excess of leisure and an excess of gold.

IT is among the common people where we find the sincerest love of knowledge, of art, of research, the ablest champions of truth and right and justice. It is there where we find the happiest home life, the truest conjugal fidelity, the sweetest parental devotion and filial piety.

But for the common people, the common school, the fountain head of our civic fraternization and national patriotism would long since have closed its doors. But for the common people our churches would be deserted, concerts and lectures would be but meagerly attended, books would be but little read, and the stars of the drama and of the opera would look in vain to the balconies and galleries for that intelligent attention and applause that is their truest inspiration and their most cherished reward.

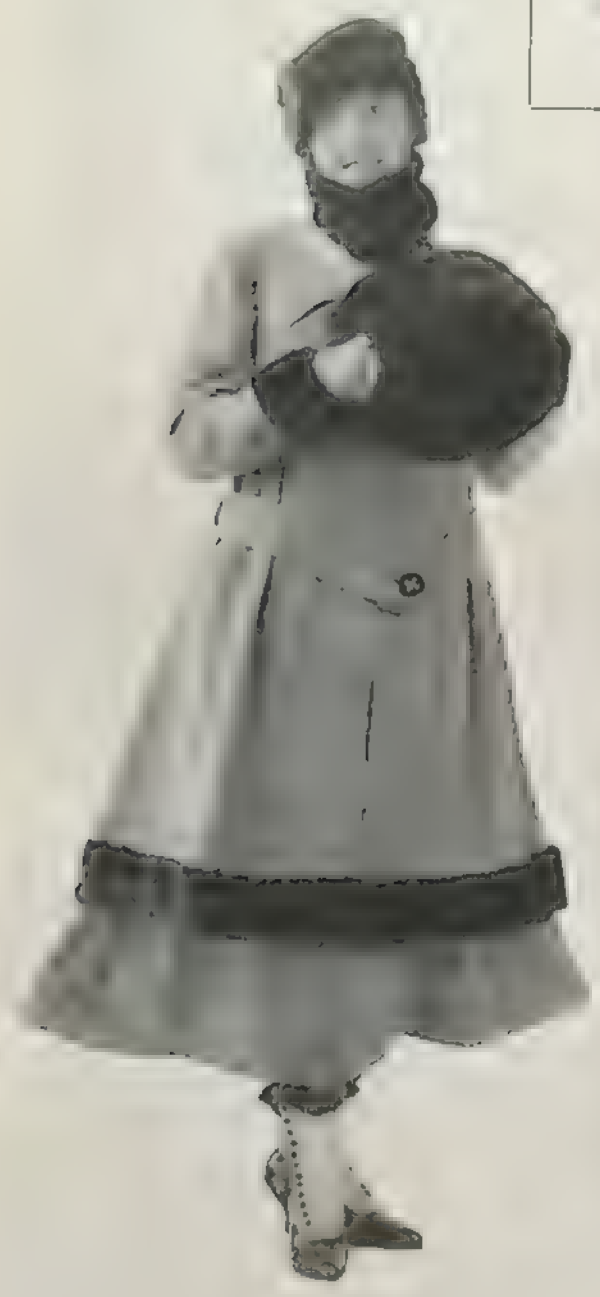
From the common people come our preachers and teachers, the physicians who heal our sick, the lawyers who plead our causes, the judges who administer our laws, the legislators who enact them, the officers who guard our lives, our honor our property. From the common people come the authors who write our books, the newspaper men who set up and print and edit and distribute our papers, the men who fight our wars, the tillers and the toilers who supply us with our food and clothes, with our fuel and our light, the men of science and research who spend their nights in observatories, and their days in laboratories and libraries, in torrid and frigid zones, on mountain tops and in the earth beneath, to enlarge our mental horizon, to make our souls freer, our hearts happier, our lives easier.

God does love the common people else He would not have made so many of them, nor would He have showered upon them so many of the only blessings worth possessing. And God grant that their number increase, and embrace more and more of those deluded creatures who mistake mere gold for real wealth, who construe abundant possession of it into license to squander it riotously, who, being spared the necessity of toiling for their daily needs, consider themselves exempt from all useful occupation, who look upon their degeneracy as a distinction, and upon their excesses and immoralities as qualities entitling them to admission to "the best society," to membership in "the most exclusive and smartest set."

FOR THE UP-TO-DATE WOMAN

New Features in Winter Dress

By MADELINE ZEINER



Guimpes Very Much in Favor

THE revival of the net guimpe is an interesting feature of the season. It is due, to a great extent, to the popularity, especially among the slender figured woman, of the jumper blouse. These jumper blouses are shown in many attractive ways, and nearly always without sleeves, in which case, the guimpe must necessarily be long sleeved Usually a combination of serge and satin, velvet and serge, or satin and velvet, is used in the dress, and of course a soft net guimpe with a pretty collar and cuff will improve the appearance tenfold. While a number of the guimpes are shown with high wired collars, and these are very smart, others are designed with the low V neck. In the particular guimpe shown, the collar is high in back and V necked in front. A narrow velvet ribbon tie fastens close to the neck. Velvet ribbon is featured at the cuffs also. It is interesting to note the ecclesiastical effect that is evident at the neck and cuffs. The fullness is arranged in an unusual manner and held in place by the velvet ribbon.

A Distinctive Skating Suit

A SMART two pieced skating costume, featured in beige colored uncut corduroy. The rather short full skirt is topped by a three quarter length coat, with muff, scarf collar, cuffs and border of black seal. The low loose belt is very girlish, and at the same time accentuates the flare at the bottom. The snug turban, and "cuffs" at the top of the button boots are of seal also.

Since the coming season promises to be a skating season instead of a round of dancing, it is interesting to note the developments in an outfit that is correct and appropriate. Of course, a suit for such an occasion must necessarily look "cozy," both in material and trimming. It goes without saying that fur must be featured in one way or another, for in a way, fur trimming serves as a distinguishing note to the skating costume. The very wide skirt of this season is just the thing, for it would never do to have the movement hampered by a narrow skirt. Usually the hat worn with a skating suit is of the same material with a touch of fur, or is entirely of fur. The suit shown was featured in a beige colored uncut corduroy. The short flaring skirt topped the smartest white topped button boots with cuffs of black seal. These, of course, are only worn to and from the rink to be replaced by the shoe hockies. The costume mentioned featured a three quarter length coat, very youthful in line and belted at the waistline. The "muff" collar is a smart detail. Seal is used for trimming and is featured on the bottom of the coat, cuffs and collar. The draped turban is especially appropriate with this attractive outfit.

Winged Effects a New Feature

UNUSUAL dance frock fashioned in Nile green, pussy willow taffeta combined with a metal embroidered, indestructible voile. The pannier drape on either side is a very new and unusual detail. The winged effect on the shoulder and sleeves of the taffeta prove rather novel Metallic braid girdle finished with tassel ends. A beaded fringe is evident on the Georgette crepe drop, which is of the same color

It is difficult to remember the time when materials and trimmings were featured in such exquisite and rich products This is particularly noticeable in fabrics used for evening gowns, frocks and wraps. Metal embroideries, nets and laces are particularly featured. In the young girl's dance frocks the soft pussy willow silks are cleverly combined with Georgette crepe or velvet. Either of these combinations in any of the soft pastel shades prove most fascinating One frock in particular, was developed in Nile green pussy willow silk combined with metal embroidered Georgette crepe. The combination is very charming and the introduction of a touch of beaded roping lends a smart detail, particularly interesting are the "wings" that are featured on each shoulder. Later these "wings" develop into clever short sleeves that look like a loop bow. The embroidered Georgette crepe forms an apron panel in front and affords a princess line at the waist. Smart pannier puffs are dropped from the hips down, falling in soft frill folds. A narrow beaded fringe finishes the bottom of the chiffon drop.

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As to prices: Bissell's Carpet Sweepers are $3.00 to $4.50; the Vacuum Cleaner (without brush) in most of Canada is $10.00; Vacuum Sweeper (with brush $11.50. Prices are slightly higher in Western Provinces. Sold by dealers everywhere. Booklet on request. (245)

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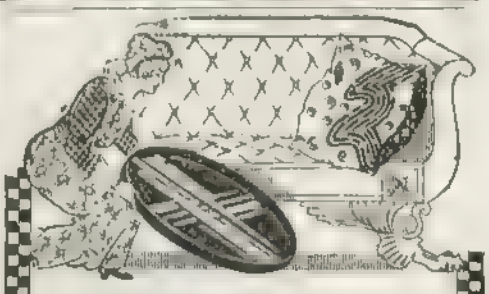

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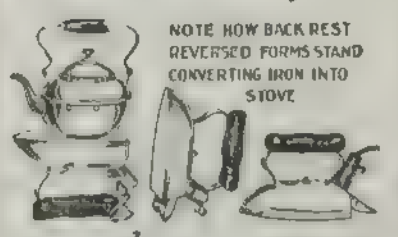
NOTE HOW BACK REST REVERSED FORMS STAND CONVERTING IRON INTO STOVE
3

4

5

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FOR WELL DRESSED WOMEN AND CHILDREN

By MAY MANTON

NOS. 8793 and 8788. Gabardine in one of the new blues makes this costume, with trimming of skunk fur. It is exceedingly smart in cut as well as in style. The cloak, with its close fitting body portion and the flaring tunic on the skirt mark important innovations, and the five-piece skirt beneath is closed with lapped edges at the front, to harmonize perfectly with the coat. If preferred, the coat can be cut in three-quarter length. At the back, body portion and skirt are cut in one, but at the sides and front, they are made separately.

For the medium size will be needed 6¼ yards of material 36 inches wide, 4¾ yards 44, 4 yards 54 for the longer coat, 4¼ yards 36 inches wide, 3½ yards 44, 2⅞ yards 54 for the shorter coat; for the skirt will be needed 3¾ yards of material 36 inches wide, 2⅛ yards 54 for serge and other materials without up and down; the width at the lower edge is 2¾ yards. The pattern of the coat No. 8793 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inch bust measure, and that of the skirt, No. 8788, in sizes from 24 to 34 in. waist measure.

No. 8756.—Belted overcoats are always becoming to small boys. This one is as simple as it is smart; it can be worn with the collar buttoned up closely or rolled open to form lapels. It hangs in straight lines from the shoulders and there is an inverted plait at the back to provide extra fulness at the front.

For the 12 year size will be needed 3½ yards of material 36 inches wide, 2⅞ yards 44, 2¼ yards 54. The pattern may be obtained in sizes from 8 to 14 years.

Nos. 8766 and 8762.—There is no feature of the winter more attractive than the little over bodices that are so generally liked. Here is one of the prettiest and also one of the simplest. Worn over a flounced skirt it is exceedingly graceful and smart, but any blouse that may be liked can be used in combination. The over-bodice is finished with a flaring collar and revers and is without sleeves, ribbon being passed through slashes at the waist line, which holds them in place. The skirt consists of three straight sections, gathered and joined one to the other.

For the medium size will be needed for the over-bodice 2⅛ yards of material 27 inches wide, 1½ yards 36, 1¼ yards 44; for the skirt will be needed 7 yards of material 27 inches wide, 5¼ yards 36, 4¼ yards 44. The pattern of the over-bodice No. 8766 may be obtained in sizes from 34 to 42 inch bust measure, and that of the skirt No. 8762 in sizes from 24 to 32 inch waist measure.

No. 8792.—One-piece gowns are exceedingly smart this season. This is cut all in one below the yoke and is confined at the waist by means of a belt. The model is a good one for the favorite gabardine, for serge and broadcloth, for the simpler silks, and indeed for a variety of materials, for like many another model of the season, it can be made simple or elaborate as it is treated in one way or in another. In the picture, it is made from a checked gabardine with trimming of velvet.

For the medium size will be needed 9¾ yards of material 27 inches wide, 7½ yards 36, 5½ yards 44; the width at the lower edge is 3¾ yards. The pattern may be obtained in sizes from 34 to 42 inch bust measure.

No. 8791.—Every variation of the middy idea is liked for young girls. This costume is charmingly attractive and girl-like, and shows also many of the very newest features. The yoke, which is extended over the sleeves gives the drooping, broad shoulder effect and the plaited skirt and plaited blouse provide the necessary flare. As shown here, the blouse is made of gabardine and the skirt and trimming are of chiffon velveteen, a material much liked for girls' dresses and one that is greatly in vogue.

For the medium size will be needed for the blouse 3 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2½ yards 36, 1⅞ yards 44; for the skirt and trimming will be needed 2½ yards 27 inch wide, 1¾ yards 36, 1¼ yards 44. The pattern, No. 8791, may be obtained in sizes from 6 to 10 years.

Nos. 8782 and 8632.—Whatever the season, the pretty blouse is always in demand. The one shown here is tucked most becomingly and can be worn with the collar rolled open or buttoned up snugly about the throat. The skirt is in two pieces with plaits at the sides that give a panel effect. For the skirt, serge and gabardine and all materials of a similar sort are preferred. For the blouse, tub silks, silk crepes, cotton crepes, cotton voiles and the like are having great vogue.

For the medium size the blouse will require 3⅜ yards of material 27 inches wide, 2⅜ yards 36, 2 yards 44; for the skirt will be needed, 4 yards 36 inches wide, 3¼ yards 44, 2⅝ yards 54; it is 3 yards wide at the lower edge. The blouse pattern, No. 8782, can be obtained in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure, and that of the skirt, No. 8632, in sizes from 24 to 32 inches waist measure.

Very often designs are shown by other magazines for which no patterns are offered. EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will be pleased to undertake the making of special patterns for any dress or gown, and will be pleased to quote a price for this special work if design and particulars as to size, etc., are sent us. Prices for special cut patterns vary from 50c to $2.00—seldom more. Send your request to Special Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance St., Toronto, Ont.

Patterns of styles shown above will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10c. When ordering be sure to state clearly your name and address, number of pattern wanted, age or bust measure. Address Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ont.

For the Needlewoman

EMBROIDERY FOR TOWELS AND TRAY-CLOTHS

By KATHERINE LANGTHORPE

THE lovely cloth in transfer 323 may be used for a tray-cloth or oval centerpiece. It is embroidered in eyelets and satin-stitch on a fine firm weave of white linen.

The scalloped edge has a very pretty and graceful outline.

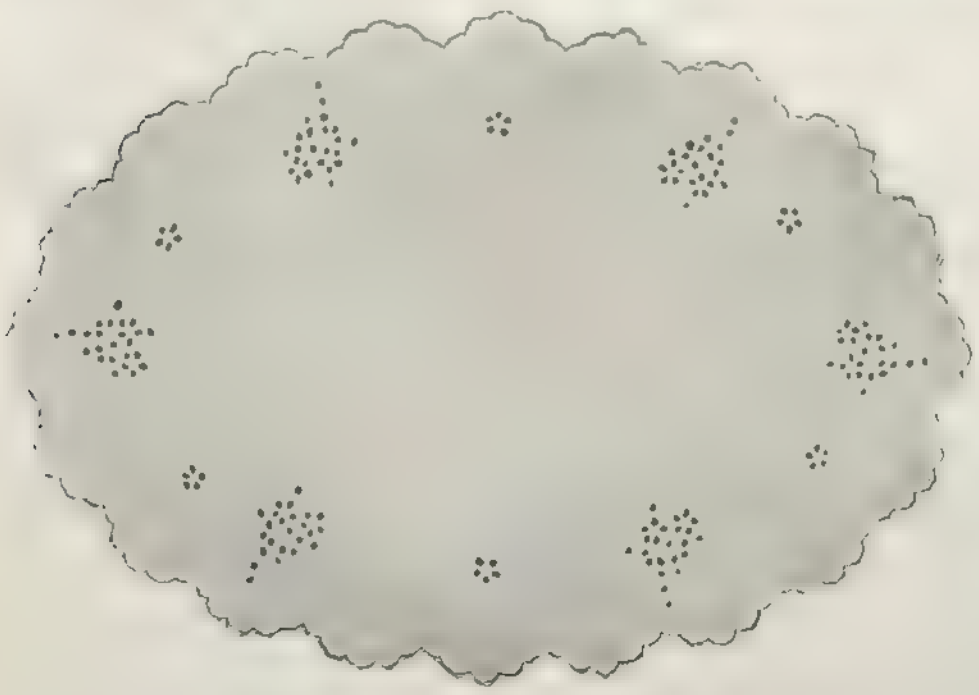
Eyelet stitch is simple and effective and is worked by whipping over and over running stitches which border the hole to be surrounded. These running stitches should be small and in large eyelets a solid outline is often made by running around twice, the position of second line stitches alternating with the first. In the case of small round eyelets use a stiletto to punch through the material, working it around until the cloth is pushed back to run line. Stitch over and over around the running line through the hole, making the stitches even.

Transfers for stamping one tray-cloth twenty-two inches long by fourteen inches wide and a sample sheet for testing the heat of the iron come in a pattern.

In transfer 322 we have two beautiful guest towels which may be developed in eyelets or in a combination of eyelets and satin-stitch, as preferred. The scalloped edges should be padded before they are embroidered in buttonhole-stitch. The butterfly in the upper towel is developed in cut-work. This is simply eyelet-stitch with buttonholed or twisted bars introduced at intervals as the design requires. The material is cut away afterward. The large daisies on each side are embroidered in shadow eyelets. Within the circle of eyelets a monogram or initial of script letters will look very lovely.

Shadow or padded eyelets are very pretty and effective and are made as are simple eyelets, the difference lies in the running stitches which surround the hole to be embroidered. For shadow eyelets there should be several rows to form sufficient padding.

Transfers for stamping two towels each twenty-two inches wide and a sample sheet for testing the heat of the iron come in a pattern.



TRANSFER 323 FOR TRAY-CLOTH PRICE 10 CENTS. BLUE

TRANSFER 322 FOR TWO TOWELS. PRICE 10 CENTS. BLUE.

Paper transfers for working designs shown on this page will be mailed to any address upon receipt of price. When ordering be sure to state clearly your name and address and number of article wanted. Address—Embroidery Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ont.

DOMINION GUARANTEED TEXTILE CO. COTTON FABRICS LIMITED

Ask your Dealer for

"Dominion Textile" Cotton Fabrics

"Ibex" and "Dragon" Cotton Blankets
Bed Spreads
Pillow Slips, Plain and Hemstitched
Sheets, plain and twill,
Hemstitched and plain edges
Cambrics
in fact, everything in Cotton

When you buy goods made by us, you get full value for your money, for no part of the price goes to pay duty, as in the case of imported cottons. In even texture, fine finish, and genuine wearing qualities "Dominion Textile" Cotton Fabrics offer you the best values.

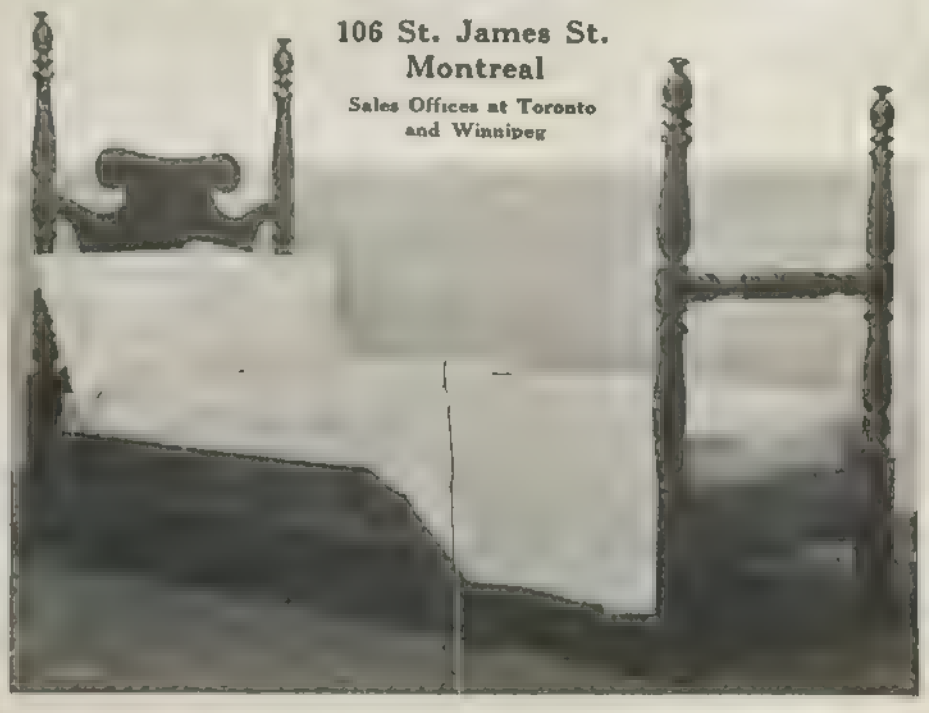
We Manufacture and Guarantee

Organdies, Challies, Delaines, Crepes, Ducks, Galateas, Kimono Flannels, Curtain Scrims, Drills, Art Ticking; and white and grey Cambrics, Sheeting, Longcloth, Towels, Ducks, Diaper Cloth, Pillow Cases, Sheets, Cotton Blankets, Bed Spreads.

Dominion Textile Co., Limited

106 St. James St.
Montreal

Sales Offices at Toronto and Winnipeg



GENUINE DIAMONDS and Watches on Credit

Terms 20% down. $1-2-3 Weekly

The Jacobs credit system enables you to make beautiful Christmas presents without the outlay of much money. A diamond constantly increases in value and lasts for ever.

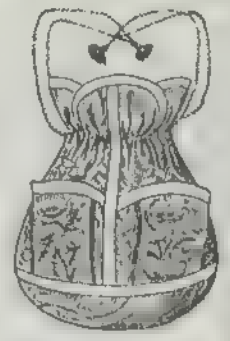
Great Bargains in Ladies' and Men's Watches for Christmas Gifts

Write to-day for Catalogue. It is FREE.

We send Diamonds or Watches to any part of Canada for inspection at our expense. Payments may be made weekly or monthly. We trust any honest person.

JACOBS BROS., 15 Toronto Arcade, Toronto, Ont.

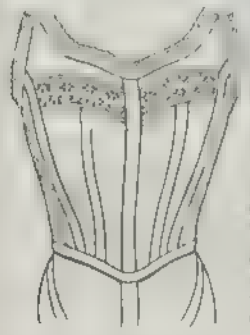
FANCY WORK PRETTILY and EASILY MADE



Let your gifts this year be the kind that will be appreciated.

Gifts such as travelling cases, shaving cases, utility bags, work aprons, shoe bags, collar bags, laundry bags, dresser scarfs, cushion tops, brassieres, underwaists, etc., etc., can be easily and prettily made with "N F C." Bias Fold Tape for the strapping and binding

"N.F.C." Bias Fold Tape has so many uses, that no sewing-room is complete without a good assortment of it. It is made in over a dozen different shades; and comes in fast-color percales, dainty shades of fine lawn, cambric, linen and silk taffetas.



Dainty, well finished and durable underwear can be quickly and inexpensively made with "N F C." Tape for the facings, bindings and the application of trimmings.

"N F C." Tape is cut true bias and follows curves without puckering.

"N F C." Lockstitch Tape is sold only by the yard and by it at the notion counter or sent direct prepaid

The Narrow Fabric Mfg., Co.
419 King St., West TORONTO, CAN.
"N.F.C." Tape is Made in Canada

Stopped Pain for 50 Years

Minard's Liniment has given relief from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Sprains, and all kinds of pain for over fifty years.

John Wakefield, La Have Islands, Lunenburg Co., N.S., says:—"We use and recommend Minard's Liniment highly for sprains, bruises, pain in chest, sore throat, and headache. We would not be without it a single day."

Sold Everywhere. Beware of Imitations.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited
Yarmouth - Canada

A NEW AID TO Home Dressmaking

THE perfected dress form — adjustable in every way—neck, bust, hips, waist—each part independent. And now comes the perfecting detail—collapsible.

HALL-BORCHERT
Collapsible Dress Form

Ultimately you will own a Hall-Borchert—the perfect dress form. Order now and do your own dressmaking.

FREE BOOK, "Dressmaking Made Easy," a valuable book on home dressmaking, sent free on request. Write to-day.

Hall-Borchert Dress Form Co. of Canada, Limited
Dept. C, 149 Adelaide Street West
TORONTO, CANADA

UP-TO-DATE CLOTHES FOR THE CHRISTMAS DOLLY

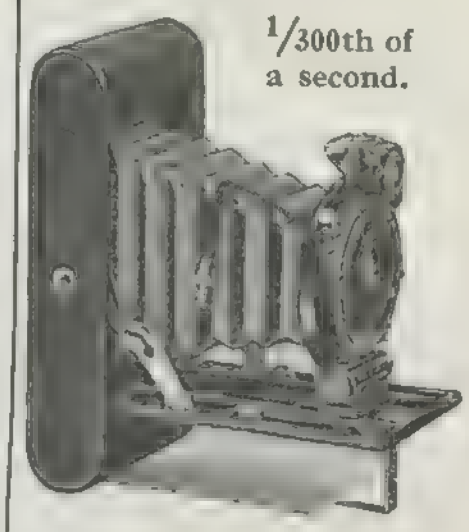
Patterns for all costumes shown on these pages may be obtained by sending the number of the design wanted, together with your full name and address and ten cents in coin for each pattern. Address Pattern Dept., EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto, Ont.

WHAT is Christmas to the little girl if Santa Claus does not bring her a new dolly to love and look after during the next year? Think of the time when you were a little girl and of the great pleasure you experienced upon seeing a wonderful new doll in your stocking or on your Christmas tree, and you will immediately want to see the joy in some other little girl's face at a similar gift. If you have no little girl or little friend for whom a present of this type is appropriate, it is not difficult to find some poor child who hardly knows the meaning of Christmas, and to whom a new doll would be almost undreamed of—and you will hurry to hunt through your scrap-bag to find some pieces of old suits or dresses from which a charming outfit for a doll could be made. Ribbons, laces and left-over embroideries could be utilized successfully. Perhaps the little girl herself would like to make something for her dolly, and the garments illustrated are so simple that with your guidance they could be made satisfactorily, and, besides giving her pleasure, it would help to teach her how to sew when she grew older.

Now for the making. In No. 8030 a coat, a hat and a dress are included. This smart little coat and tam-o'-shanter hat will please the little girl, for it is in the latest style and is cut on the order of a child's raglan-sleeved coat. If made as in the illustration, the coat and hat will require one-half yard of forty-two-inch checked material for a doll in the sixteen-inch size, with three-eighths of a yard of thirty-six-inch piqué for collar, cuffs, belt and hat. I am giving actual measurements for these clothes, but you may have some left-over pieces which would answer the purpose instead of buying any new material.

The dress 8030 (on the opposite page) is made with body and sleeves in one, and has a straight gathered skirt. The ruffle at the lower edge of the waist is attractive. It may be finished with patent fasteners or with buttons and buttonholes, for the child derives greater pleasure from her dolly if she can dress and undress it. If made in the sixteen-inch size, three-quarters of a yard of thirty-six-inch figured lawn are required for the dress. Any pieces of voile, crêpe, challis, swiss, dimity, nuill, batiste, lawn or cashmere would make a dainty frock; while for the "Sunday-best" dress, silk, crêpe de Chine, marquisette, lace or net would be beautiful. Design 8030 comes in five sizes, sixteen to twenty-four inches in height.

Of course the dolly will need a little dress for every-day wear, so here is a practical frock in 8073. Contrasting materials are used to good advantage in this dress, which has a pretty bolero, a dainty underwaist and a simple skirt. Lawn, linen, satin, silk, batiste, challis, cashmere, dimity, swiss, nain-



1/300th of a second.

No. 1 Autographic KODAK, *Special*

Small enough to go in the pocket—conveniently.

A shutter with a speed of 1/300 of a second, and of sufficient size to utilize the full working aperture of the lens. And the lens has more than speed, it has quality—and, what is equally important in a small camera, a sufficient length of focus to avoid distortion.

Pictures 2¼ x 3¼ inches.

Price with Zeiss Kodak Anastigmat lens, *f.* 6.3, - $45.00

All Kodak Dealers'

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited
Toronto

Big Drop in Prices of FURS AND FUR GARMENTS

No matter where you live or what you or your family want in Furs or Fur Garments you can buy cheaper and better by dealing direct with us.

When you realize that we are THE LARGEST CASH BUYERS OF RAW FURS IN CANADA direct from the trapper you will appreciate our unrivalled opportunity to select the finest skins, manufacture them into custom Fur Sets and Fur Garments then by shipping direct to you by mail save the middlemen's profit by our system of selling

From Trapper to Wearer

BLACK WOLF SET This is one of the many bargains illustrated in our FUR STYLE BOOK and is a beautiful set made from long haired good quality—whole skins. The Stole is cut extra deep and wide over shoulder and long giving good protection against cold, is trimmed with head and tail over shoulders and tail at each end—lined with good quality satin and warmly interlined

No 225 Muff $6 50
No 224 Stole $6 25

The Muff is made in the large classy pillow style, trimmed with head, tail and paws and mounted on good down bed giving great warmth and comfort—lined with good satin with wrist cord

No 224, Stole $6 25
No 225, Muff $6.50

Every article is sold under OUR POSITIVE GUARANTEE to "SATISFY YOU OR REFUND YOUR MONEY."

Send for our Fur Style Book; 1915-16 edition, SENT FREE on request which contains 84 pages of illustrations of beautiful Fur Sets and Fur Garments.

We Pay All Delivery Charges
DO NOT WAIT BUT SEND TO-DAY TO

John Hallam Limited
Room 222 Hallam Building
TORONTO - - Canada

SONG POEMS WANTED

Send us your verses or melodies today. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Write for valuable booklet—it's free. MARKS-GOLDSMITH CO., Dept 140, Washington, D. C.

Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write to-day

D. J. Mahler, 892D Mahler Park, Providence, R.I.

WANTED—All kinds of names and addresses. We pay 25c. each. Send dime for contract (silver). P-Sun, LeRoy, Mich.

UP-TO-DATE CLOTHES FOR THE CHRISTMAS DOLLY

sook, organdy, voile, crepe or velveteen might be used. If made as in the illustration, the dress 8073 will require one-half yard of thirty-six-inch linen for dress, with one-eighth of a yard of thirty-six-inch contrasting linen for bolero and band on skirt. The little coat, which is included in the pattern, has set-in sleeves and a belt. In this model, five-eighths of a yard of forty-two-inch cheviot are required for coat and hat, with one-eighth of a yard of twenty-one-inch velvet for collar and facing on hat. For this coat, broadcloth, mixtures, velveteen, corduroy, cheviot, fur cloth, albatross or cashmere might be used. Buttonholes may be worked near the closing edge of the garment, or patent fasteners may be used for the actual closing. Velvet may be used to face the collar, or if you have any scraps of fur, they may be used to trim the edge. Design 8073 in five sizes, sixteen to twenty-four inches in height.

A delightful outfit for a girl doll, containing most of the essential garments from "getting up to going to bed," is given in 7611. Included in this set are a pretty dress, a princess slip, a nightgown, a kimono, a dressing-sack and a pair of drawers. The dress, which is illustrated on the figure, is gathered at long waistline, and has square yoke and short sleeves. The princess slip is buttoned on the shoulder and is finished at the lower edge by a ruffle. The drawers are simple and may be finished with lace or insertion or by a feather-stitched hem. This dress for a doll in the sixteen-inch size, will require, one-quarter of a yard of thirty-six-inch batiste for waist, with one yard of five-inch flouncing for skirt, three-quarters of a yard of insertion, and two yards of ribbon for sash.

8073

8050

If the dolly has all these clothes for daytime wear she surely must have some for going to bed. On the opposite page the kimono and nightgown included in this pattern are shown. Each of these garments is made with body and sleeves in one. If made as shown, one yard and seven-eighths of twenty-seven-inch flannelet are required for kimono, and three-quarters of a yard of thirty-six-inch nainsook for the nightgown. The dressing-sack may be scalloped around the edge, piped or bound with satin ribbon. Design 7611 in five sizes, sixteen to twenty-four inches in height.

Perhaps the little girl would like a baby doll with its accompanying outfit of long clothes. In 7137 are included a cape, a one-piece dress, a simple kimono, and a petticoat buttoned on the shoulder. Three-quarters of a yard of forty-two-inch broadcloth are required to make the cape illustrated. For making the long dress and the petticoat shown in size sixteen, one yard and one-quarter of thirty-six-inch nainsook are required for both, with one yard of insertion and one yard and one-half of edging for the ruffle. This design (7137) comes in four sizes, fourteen to twenty inches in height

7137

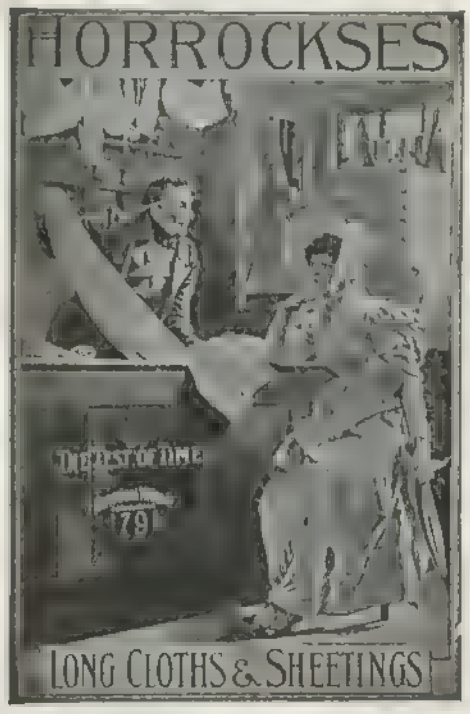
7611

HORROCKSES'

Longcloths, Sheetings, and Flannelettes

Are The Very Best "The Old Country" Produces

Awarded the Certificate of The Incorporated Institute of Hygiene.



See the Name HORROCKSES' on the selvedge every two yards

Refuse Substitutes

Obtainable from the leading Stores in the Dominion

For information as to the nearest store where procurable apply to Agent Mr JOHN [illegible], 42 [illegible] Hall Chambers, 86 Catherine Street, West, Montreal.

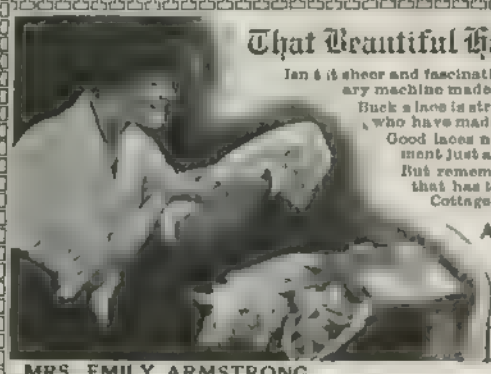
That Beautiful Hand Made Lace From England

Isn't it sheer and fascinating? Hand made yet no more expensive than the ordinary machine made kind

Buck's lace is strong, it will last a lifetime, the creations of Peasants who have made lace for generations, of real linen thread.

Good laces never go out of style and the purchase is an investment just as the buying of precious stones - always valuable.

But remember in buying, that it's the real **hand made** lace that has the great durability, such lace is made by the Buck's Cottage Workers.



A Profitable Purchase and a Good Deed

Due to the war these English Peasant lace makers are in real need [illegible] assist, this struggle is not of their making but they [illegible] are suffering. Therefore purchase **now** [illegible] as well as profitable to you. **You'll be delighted with the free book we want to send you. Write for it today.**

MRS. EMILY ARMSTRONG - - - - NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

BUY for your men folk this Christmas a KANT KRACK coated linen collar that will wear them all year.

KANT KRACK collars are suitable to wear on any occasion. They have all the appearance of linen—but are far more comfortable and will wear longer.

They can be cleaned by the wearer any time and anywhere in a moment—simply rub them with soap and water and they are clean and white!

KANT KRACK collars are made in several styles and all sizes. Send for our catalogue "A Little Talk on Collars and Dress," from which you can make your selection of style. Then if your dealer is unable to supply you, write us direct and we will send you your choice prepaid for 25c.

Made in Canada by

THE PARSONS & PARSONS CANADIAN COMPANY, Limited - - Hamilton, Ont.

There's a Subtle Charm about the delicious flavour of "SALADA" B106

This flavour is unique and never found in cheap, ordinary teas. Let us mail you a sample. Black, Mixed or Green.

MADE IN CANADA

Canada grows the wheat, and we make it into a wholesome, nourishing, easily digested food by steam-cooking, shredding and baking.

SHREDDED WHEAT

is made of choicest selected Canadian wheat. Contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain and nothing else—a pure whole wheat food—the maximum of nutriment at smallest cost. A Canadian food for loyal Canadians.

45-J

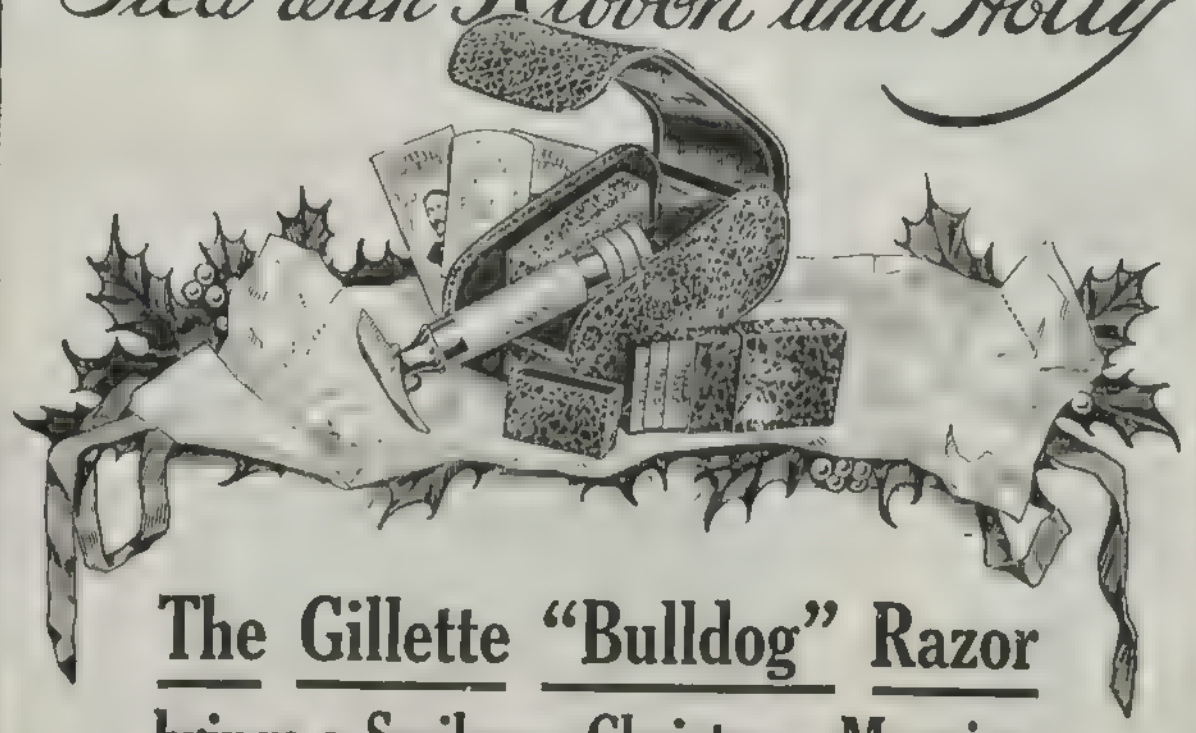
Shredded Wheat is made in two forms, BISCUIT and TRISCUIT—the Biscuit for breakfast with milk or cream, or with fruits; Triscuit, the wafer-toast, delicious for luncheon with butter or soft cheese, or for any meal as a substitute for white flour bread.

MADE AT

NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East.

Tied with Ribbon and Holly



The Gillette "Bulldog" Razor brings a Smile on Christmas Morning

What better thing can you do for a young man than to put within his reach—FREE—every day, the finest shave in the world?

That's what the gift of a Gillette means!

The new "Bulldog", with its stocky grip and splendid balance, makes a strong appeal to the young man. Or perhaps he'd like an "Aristocrat" or a Pocket Edition.

Christmas also gives you a chance to put Father or Uncle in touch with real shaving luxury in the form of a Gillette Combination Set.

If he has never had a Gillette, its velvet shave will be a revelation and a daily delight.

If he already has a Gillette, the Combination feature will be an added convenience, particularly when he is travelling.

Gillette "Bulldog", $5.00—"Aristocrat", $5.00—Standard Set, $5.00—Pocket Editions, $5.00 to $6.00—Combination Sets, $6.50 up.

About the finest "little gift" for a Gillette user is a Packet of Blades—50c. and $1.00.

Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited,

GILLETTE BUILDING, - - MONTREAL. 86

How I Went to College on Five Dollars

(Continued from page 15)

looked about to see what else I could do to swell my income.

I went to the Dean and found out what other girls were doing for a living. I went to the secretary of the College Y.W.C.A., and got a list of all the available occupations for college girls.

Betty North was darning all the stockings of her sorority.

Ruth Wells was lending her chafing dish for ten cents an hour to girls whose families had chosen some less useful thing as a going away gift

The Alpha O. House was much sought socially and every night there was a mad scramble to get ready for some dance. The poorest member could do hair dressing and a large part of her evenings, especially Fridays and Saturdays, were taken up in this way.

Lottie Woods waited on tables at afternoon teas, luncheons and dinners. She had a black frock, white collar, cuffs and "read columns and columns on how to set tables, wait, and have every fork in its right place." She found no trouble in getting all the work she wanted, as hostesses soon learned that they could trust her. In many cases she washed dishes afterwards. The price she received was twenty-five cents an hour.

In fact, the price for everything seemed to be twenty-five cents an hour. It was the stock rate agreed upon among the college girls, and the women who employed them.

The girls who were clever with their needle had no trouble in finding work. Every college girl likes dainty dress accessories, dainty jabots, collars, belts and hair ornaments; and many girls can afford to pay well for such work, and are willing to do so, particularly if some originality be shown in the designs.

One girl who could sketch found that a great many girls wanted sketches for their rooms, or to send home. These were original and very cleverly done. Later she used water colors, and these proved a very great success. The price for them being about twice that of a plain black and white.

Among my more prosaic friends I found that typewriting was a very lucrative source of income. Some of the professors insisted on having the themes handed in by their classes typewritten, and as the majority of students have neither the skill nor the time to do this for themselves, a typist is in demand.

A good many of the girls became nurses. A few clerked in stores after school and on Saturdays.

By far the greater number did housework, either going out for a few hours a day or living with the families for whom they worked.

I found that it was better to have my own list of patrons to whom I went regularly, than to depend upon chance calls.

Mrs. Willis, for instance, gave frequent dinners and luncheons and since, after being there several times, I knew where everything was and how she liked things done, she always sent for me. At my request she gave my telephone number to several of her friends, who also made frequent calls upon my time

As I had arranged to have my classes all come in the morning and early in the afternoon, I had most of my time off in the afternoon and was free to work.

I found that taking care of children, while their mothers were shopping or calling, was pleasant, except in the case where the mother expected me to do a certain amount of cooking, ironing, or mending while keeping an eye upon three or four frisky children, who would persist in trying to slip out through the gate.

The pleasantest of all the ways of earning money that I ever found, was reading to an old lady who was ill. Often our afternoons consisted of more talking than reading, and we grew to be such friends that I often write to her still.

One jolly afternoon was spent in taking two happy children to the Island, shooting the chutes with them and riding on the merry go round

I rented a typewriter and typed themes for all the girls I knew. My English professor was writing a book, and asked me if I would type it.

Other professors were writing books The rates charged by college typists run as high as ten cents a page or fifty cents a thousand words, although many of the students typed for twenty-five or thirty-five cents a thousand words.

After several months of experimenting, I determined to specialize. I found by actual computation that one occupation gave me the best earnings with the least expenditure of effort, and was at the same time more of a pleasure than any other. This was staying with children in the evenings while their parents were out until late

I determined to make a business of this one thing. I made a list of all the women who had ever hired me and supplemented it with names from the Young Women's Christian Association, and College Bureaus, and from other girls.

Then I telephoned these women asking them to keep my address and let me know whenever they needed a girl to stay with the children, and to pass my address on to their friends. I soon found that I had hardly a vacant evening left, and that I could often turn over extra calls to other girls.

I usually went to the house at seven or eight o'clock. Sometimes I helped to put the children to bed and then settled down to a quiet evening of study; sometimes I had to quiet crying babies or restless children, but usually I did almost as much study as I would have done in my own room, so that the money earned was clear gain. I charged twenty five cents an hour for this service. Sometimes distance and car fare took time and money, and I never quite got over my dislike of being out alone at twelve or one o'clock at night, but on the whole I found this the best of all the ways for paying my way.

Any college girl who wishes may add to her income in the way that I, for one, find so pleasant an occupation, whether she goes out now and then or makes a regular business of it.

For Christmas Give a Set of

"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Utensils

Three times each day, year after year, "Wear-Ever" utensils make pleasant the work of the house-wife—they are so light to handle—so easy to keep clean.

Aluminum Utensils Are NOT "All the Same"

"Wear-Ever" utensils are stamped from thick, hard, sheet aluminum. Again and again the sheet is passed through huge rolling mills and pounded by heavy stamping machines. This enormous pressure makes the metal in "Wear-Ever" utensils hard—dense—smooth. Their wonderful durability eliminates the necessity of constantly buying new cooking utensils.

"Wear-Ever" utensils are made by Canadian workmen in the largest and most modern factory of its kind in Canada.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

See for yourself why so many women prefer "Wear-Ever" utensils—send 25c (stamps or coin) and we'll send you post-paid a 1-qt. (wine measure) "Wear-Ever" Stewpan. (Offer good only until Jan. 20, 1916.) Ask your dealer to show you Sets of "Wear-Ever" utensils. If he cannot, write us.

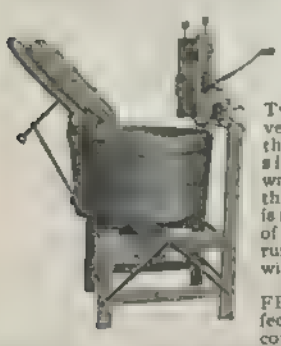
Northern Aluminum Co., Limited,
Dept. 48, Toronto, Ont.

Send prepaid, 1 qt. (wine-measure) "Wear-Ever" Stewpan. Enclosed is 25c in stamps or coin (money refunded if not satisfied. Offer good only until January 20, 1916.

Name ..... Address.. ..

The Connor Ball-Bearing Washer

Forces the hot suds through and through every mesh and fibre of the clothes,—there is no strain nor drag to wear or tear them.



The tub rests and rotates on a set of perfected ball-bearings. Two motor springs reverse the motion, as the tub is swung from side to side. The washer runs so easily that very little effort is required, and a child of eight or nine can run it with ease and will like to run it.

AN IMPORTANT FEATURE: The perfectly tight-fitting cover on the Connor keeps the water hot, thus making the clothes wash quickly and preventing any odor, steam or water from escaping. And after washing your clothes, the rubbing board being connected under the cover, opens with it, and rests against the handle (as shown in cut). Thus the suds and water on the rubbing board drain back into the tub and there is no slopping on the floor.

GUARANTEED

The Connor Ball-Bearing Washer is guaranteed to be satisfactory in every way. It will wash your clothes cleaner and better and with very little work and in half the time you now take.

Don't keep on washing the old-fashioned sloppy way when you can so easily have one of these new washers! Send today for illustrated catalog showing our up-to-date models and telling how you can buy on the easy payment plan. We will tell you how you can have one of these washers delivered to you—no matter what part of Canada you live in.

WRITE

J. H. Connor & Son, Ltd.,

OTTAWA · · · CANADA

The Deaf Hear

Write for our big Introductory offer on the latest scientific hearing instrument, the perfected new

1915 Thin Receiver Model

Mears Ear Phone MANY times more powerful than the ear trumpet. Brings you clear tones of sound and speech in a way you have never heard before. Entirely invisible when in use. Weighs less than one ounce. Can be carried in the vest pocket.

Free Trial Sent on approval from our Montreal office on receipt of your name and address. Test it for 15 days. Obtain the benefit of its use before you decide to buy. Easy terms of payment if you wish to keep it. Send for this offer and the Mears Booklet—Free. It tells you.

GOODWINS LIMITED Box 5C MONTREAL

The Good Wife

THE QUALITY A MAN MOST DESIRES IN HIS MATE

By JEAN BLEWETT

"I know a woman who can cure my grief,
And put to flight the petty cares that press,
A woman rich past telling or belief
In cheerful ways and whole-souled tenderness."

I REMARKED that the world and his wife are interested in weddings and the gray eyed girl, who is one of the Christmas brides, returned with gloomy fervour:—

"I don't know about the world, but I am sure that his wife is! The Eternal Feminine, I suppose, but I feel inclined to tell the women who are so prodigal with their advice what your late gardener's son told the other little 'culled kid,' who cried out loud when the gardener was being buried, 'Say, you fellerh, w'at foh you makin' all dat racket? Dis ain't none of your funeral, I'll let you know!'"

"I wonder how it is that so many of my relatives are women who are married, have been or hope to be! They trust I'll be happy, but they fear the worst—their tones betray them. It is always 'Are you two suited to each other,' never 'Do you two love each other,'" protested the bride-to-be. Silence for awhile, then the gray eyed girl, with a half wistful laugh went on,—

"What constitutes a perfectly good, first class wife, I wonder? The kind a man keeps right on loving? What virtue endears her to him first, last and always?"

"You mean what quality a man desires most in a wife? Give a guess"

"Constancy," returned the bride-to-be, who is very sweet and loving.

"No, not constancy." I contradicted, "Many a constant wife is not 'Witty to talk with, pretty to walk with or pleasant to live with.'"

It is not constancy or any of the great virtues that appeal most to a man. He wants these also—being a man he wants all that is coming to him; but the thing he desires most of all in a woman—the woman of his choice—the thing over which he will rejoice through all his married life is a cheerful disposition. That sounds commonplace, I know, but don't elevate your pretty eyebrows in scorn. We must remember that a man wants—I do not say needs—cheering ten times more often than he wants—again I do not say needs—advising or lecturing, call it what you will. He wants a happy home and worthy or unworthy, he has a right to it. If he be worthy he deserves it and if he be unworthy, certainly an unhappy home will not make him better. And it takes a cheery woman to make a happy home. I do not care how beautiful a home is or how well kept, it isn't a homey, livable spot if a pessimist happens to be in charge. A man may get used to a doleful, complaining woman, but no one knows what "the getting used to it" means to him. From the woman whose lips turn down at the corners and whose tongue drips complainings—may the good Lord deliver us and all worth while husbands!

A HOUSE without cheer is a gruesome place, a garden without sunshine could not be more lifeless. And flowers cannot grow in a sunless garden, nor virtues in a cheerless home.

A disposition is an important thing when one has to live with it. Cheerfulness conduces to peace, and peace is dear to the heart of man. No matter how warlike a man may be abroad in the world, he is all for peace at his own fireside. That phrase "Peace at any price" applies to the benedict. If you doubt it, watch him. In business life he may be bold as a lion, fighting a company, syndicate or even a government, may be fine to him, but when it comes to the five-foot-three slip of a woman who runs his house at her own discretion, he throws down his weapons. This if he is merely an ordinary, every day sort of husband. Of course there are heroes in married life as well as in other professions, bold, obstreperous fellows who retort—"please attend to your own affairs and I'll attend to mine"; "don't try making a fool of me," "live and let live," etc., but these are few and far between.

A splendid dower for a wife to bring a husband is the cheerful nature which ensures his comfort and gives him that sense of well being which all deserve, "Many men of many minds," you say; but in this matter, the many men are mostly of one mind.

"Love will go where it is sent" quoted the grey eyed girl. "It seems absurd to argue that a man should choose this or that kind of a wife. He must follow his heart, musn't he? His chief concern is to get the girl he loves if he can—what's a disposition in a time like this? He isn't worrying about it. He's in love and temper is called temperament during courtship days. Cheeriness is a lovely thing, but you wouldn't have a man marry for that would you—without being in love?"

No, but the cheery girl is generally charming enough to win his heart outright. You remember Tennyson's old farmer's advice, "Don't 'e marry for money, but go where money is."

That's the principle. Let the young man in search of some one to love and cherish go where sunshine is; nature will likely do the rest.

Nothing makes up for the lack of brightness. Beauty, wit, tact, help out but do not compensate. A solemn woman may be a good woman but it's difficult for her to make a good wife. She hasn't the requisites. A man may like a psalm for Sunday, but for week days he wants a song with a laugh to the lilt of it. Give us the soul radiant woman who can lift a man as high as his ideals, give him infinite faith in the future and what is better still, perhaps, a glorious happiness in the present.

"My love is like a red, red rose," sang the bard. Oh! they could write those poets of long ago; yet we find a homely beauty, if one may use the expression, in the modern verse that hasn't a frill or a flower. Hark to the miller boy singing the rose red song to a different setting,—

"I work every day in the old gray mill,
Though the dollars I earn are few,
The sun is ashining for me still
In my Mary's eyes of blue."

THE happy wife is a helpful wife; her thought and care are for others, hence her content. She does not crave the excitement of society nor need the entertainment of theatre or concert hall, yet, when these things come her way she enjoys them in a rational manner. She is not only sufficient to her husband, to the children who call her mother and the neighbourhood, that large home circle that lies outside the four walls, but she is sufficient to herself—which means more. Women would not run after fads and fashions if they had happy hearts to keep them company at home. The Book says: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." I love the words—they light up the sphere of service. The passing years teach us more of their meaning. It would seem that the Father of us all, taking into account the dark days, the shadowed places, the discouragements and hope deferred, the hurts of life and the losses, out of the kindness of His heart put a premium, the highest premium of all, upon cheerfulness—the Lord loveth. It is as though the message runs—Tell it to all people, shout it from the housetops, sing it to the winds of heaven, that the man, woman or child who gives love and gladness without stint or measure has for recompense the love of God which passeth knowledge.

The soft laugh of a contented wife is something worth while. Beginning in the home circle it goes ringing out through the aisles of a busy old world like silver bells; we pause to listen and go on the better for having heard. If it means this much to us, mere fellow creatures of this wife, what must it mean to the husband; "She is happy. I make her happy," he tells himself. Or maybe his thoughts are all of his share in the transaction, and he says: "I make her happy," and lets it go at that. What matter. The glow in his bosom is a sort of moral exaltation that does him good, and if a few—very few— make fun of his sentimental pride, they also envy him its cause.

Once upon a time there was a wise being, called Olaf the Fair, who sent his son forth to seek a wife. His words of counsel were few, but to the point. "Go, seek until ye find a sunny heart."

Just so, and with a royal example before us we would say to the would-be married man of to day, "Find the sunny heart—get the smile. You'll need it before you come to the end of the road."

A Merry Christmas to all good husbands and happy wives.

HUSBANDS, WIVES, AND HOMES

- A house without cheer is a gruesome place.
- A disposition is an important thing when one has to live with it.
- There are heroes in married life as well as in any other profession.
- A solemn woman may be a good woman, but it is hard for her to make a good wife.
- The soft laugh of a contented wife is something worth while

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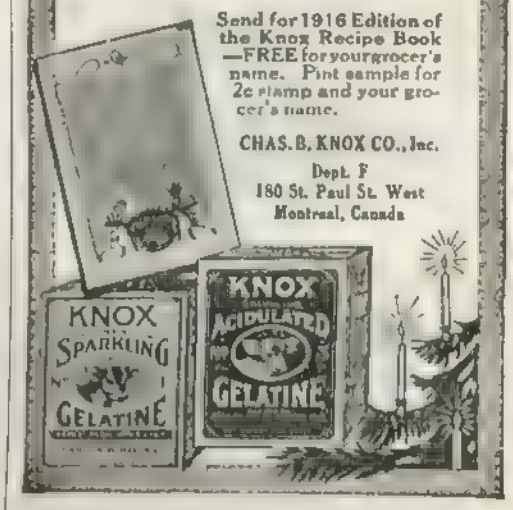

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* * *

"K"

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

(Copp Clark & Co.)

THOSE who enjoy a story with a sound plot, a mystery and a good deal of sentiment, should read Mrs. Rinehart's latest book—"K." When the story opens, the hero K. Le Moyne, who works in a gas office, comes as a roomer to the home of Sidney Page. He is a tall, lean, quiet, shabbily dressed person with little to say about himself, but soon feels at home in the Page family which includes Sidney's Mother, her Aunt Harriet—the "Street" dressmaker, and the "squirrel," and he is even accepted as one of them by the "street" who "are not quick as a rule in taking up new people."

Just as K. is nicely settled, he learns that Dr. Max Wilson, an erstwhile acquaintance and a man he does not wish to meet, lives directly opposite, and immediately resolves to move again, but is prevented by an appeal from Sidney, who urges him to stay with her Mother while she enters the hospital to train for a nurse. K. is in love with Sidney and agrees to stay, thinking he will see more of her, but rather regrets his decision later, when he finds that she in in love with Max Wilson, the handsome surgeon at the hospital, whose wonderful success in doing the "Edwards" operations has made him the idol of all the nurses. K. knows of Max's intrigues with other women, but does not feel that he is in a position to warn Sidney. She finds it out for herself later, however, when Max is shot at a road house, where he has gone with Carlotta Harrison, another nurse. K. happens to be present when the shooting occurs and immediately takes charge of the case and by performing a very difficult operation, saves Max's life. It is then discovered that K. is the famous Dr. Edwards, whose mysterious disappearance caused such a stir in medical circles some time before, after the third patient had died as the result of an apparently successful operation. In explaining his loss of nerve and flight later he says "a series of things happened and I decided I was in the wrong business."

The story ends satisfactorily with Carlotta Harrison's confession that she was the cause of the "accidents" and Sidney's realization that she loves K. and was simply infatuated with the man Max seemed to be.

Although verging on the melodramatic, "K" is a book with a high moral tone, which mothers need have no hesitation in allowing their daughters to read.

* * *

"Pegeen"

ELEANOR HOYT BRAINERD

(Century Company)

AT the time the story opens Pegeen O'Neil, who is a friend to everybody in need, has assumed the care of John Archibald, a despondent and untidy artist, who is trying to seek refuge from a disappointment in love in a small rural community. Pegeen, small for her years, but very wise for a child, decides to cure him, and finally succeeds with some assistance from the "Smiling Lady" who is also slightly melancholy over complications of love.

Pegeen is a veritable sunbeam to the people of the "Valley." In her lovable Irish way she is continually "seeing to somebody who needs her ministrations," and almost everybody did need her in some capacity or other. It was a great day in the valley when Pegeen came home with the new clothes which Archibald had bought her, and the pink parasol which she "had always been crazy for" but which of course wasn't really a necessity. Altogether a charming story showing how much happiness a child can bring into the lives of those with whom she is associated.

* * *

In Times Like These

NELLIE L. McCLUNG

(McLeod and Allen.)

"THE woman's movement, which has been scoffed and jeered at and misunderstood most of all by the people whom it is destined to help," says Mrs. McClung, in her latest book, "is a spiritual revival of the best instincts of womanhood—the instinct to serve and save the race."

Mrs. McClung covers the ground of woman's rights and woman's wrongs very thoroughly. She gives her opinions on vital topics of the day—in a straightforward, right from the shoulder manner which carries conviction to the reader. Most of Mrs. McClung's opinions are based upon her broad experience in fighting for decency and the safety of the home and the many humorous and pathetic incidents and anecdotes which she uses to illustrate her points throughout the book were collected by her while assisting as a leader in the cause of woman.

In her book, as in her lectures, Mrs. McClung condemns snobbishness, meanness and the petty jealousy which she believes to be the reason why many women are kept down. She makes strong protests against the liquor traffic, white slave trade, ignorance and the indifference of the happily married woman, but she believes that the man or woman born with a sense of fair play, no matter how obscure it has become by training, prejudice or unhappy experience, will ultimately see the light and do the square thing.

Those who have heard Mrs. McClung lecture will be interested in reading her book and those who have not heard her speak should read what she has to say on the woman question even though they may not agree with all her arguments.

Mrs. McClung believes in "fair play" for the woman, but she would give a square deal to all, men and women alike.

Mary Roberts Rinehart, writer of "K," off for a morning's horseback ride.
PHOTO COURTESY "VANITY FAIR"

* * *

A Young Man's Year

ANTHONY HOPE

(McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart.)

ALL the reasons why Arthur Lisle ought to call on his cousin Godfrey Lisle, the head of the house, squire of Helsey Manor the old family place, and a man of considerable wealth, were reasons why he could not do it. He was a "poor relation," a tiresome duty, a country cousin, a raw youth—oh, in fine and in the end, a bore of purest quality and great magnitude—that and nothing else the Godfrey Lisles would think him. So he contented himself with waiting for clients and making mild love to Marie Sarradet., Morton Ward's invitation to dinner changed everything. It brought his existence to the attention of his cousin's wife, Bernadette Lisle and from that on he is much in her society. He adores Bernadette and hopelessly idealizes her, so it is a very great blow to him when she finally runs off with Sir Oliver Wyse. In the meantime Arthur has had his chance at the bar, and is making good, and before the year is out he has forgotten and forgiven Bernadette, and is really in love with Judith Godfrey, Lisles' niece and a member of the household at Helsey Manor. The book is a little long, but the dialogue is bright and entertaining.

* * *

A Help to Housekeepers

LOUISE WETHERALL'S "Practical Laundry Work" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) gives straightforward, definite and practical directions for all kinds of laundry work. It is very valuable to the housewife who does her own work, and to the laundress who would be a first class worker. The home method and methods to follow for those who make laundry work a business are found side by side and illustrated in such a way as to make all points of the text easily understood.

OTHER BOOKS PEOPLE ARE READING

The Research Magnificent, H. G. Wells (MacMillan); The Story of Julia Page, Katheleen Norris (William Briggs), The Lovable Meddler, Leona Dalyrimple (Copp, Clark & Co.); Rambles of a Canadian Naturalist, S. T. Wood (J. M. Dent & Sons), The Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, edited by Beckles Willson (Cassel & Co.); The Little Iliad, Maurice Hewlett (S. B. Gundy); The Testing of Janice Day, Helen Beecher Long (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart); Flower of the Gorse, Louis Tracy (McLeod & Allen); Penelope's Postscripts, Kate Douglas Wiggin (Wm. Briggs).

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

The Jolly Book for Boys and Girls (Thomas Nelson & Sons); The Chummy Book (Thomas Nelson & Sons), Child's Garden of Verses (Stevenson), The Scarecrow of Oz, L. Frank Baum (Copp, Clark & Co.) Santa Claus in Toyland, Chester H. Lawrence (Copp, Clark & Co.); Child's Own (Jm. Dent & Sons.)

Look at the Authors Names

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Mother and Dad were in despair,
They had not even a copper.

Poor Dad had tried with might and main
To get work in the city
For weeks he'd tramped the streets in vain.
It was an awful pity!

So Dad sat down and bowed his head
Upon his hands, in sorrow.
To get his little ones some bread,
He'd have to beg or borrow.

But hark! they heard a funny noise
Like some woodpecker tapping.
Said Mother, "That's the neighbour's boys
At tricks of window-rapping."

Dad threw the window open wide,
To see what was the trouble,
And all at once, there blew inside,
Astride upon a bubble,

He whistled thrice, this manikin
Says Dad, "I must be dreaming."
The Jollikens came laughing in,
Their crystal bubbles gleaming.

Then suddenly, the light went out,
There was a sound like Babel,
And little Tom was heard to shout
"What's all this on the table?"

Dad found the matches, struck a light.
The Jollikens, uproarious,
Had vanished far into the night,
But, oh! the sight was glorious!

Roast turkey, beef and pumpkin pies,
And every kind of pastry,
Fruit cake and shortbread met their eyes
And puddings rich and tasty.

The kitchen bin was full of flour,
Fresh tea was in the caddy,
And, slipped beneath the kitchen door,
There lay a note for Daddy.

A funny little oddity,
Who looked so queer and happy,
The children clapped their hands in glee,
To see this cheerful chappie.

"A Merry Christmas all!" it ran,
"We spoke to Wilson's waiter;
"He says the boss requires a man
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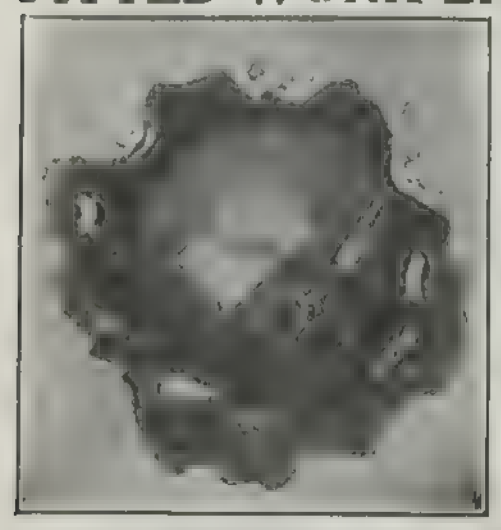

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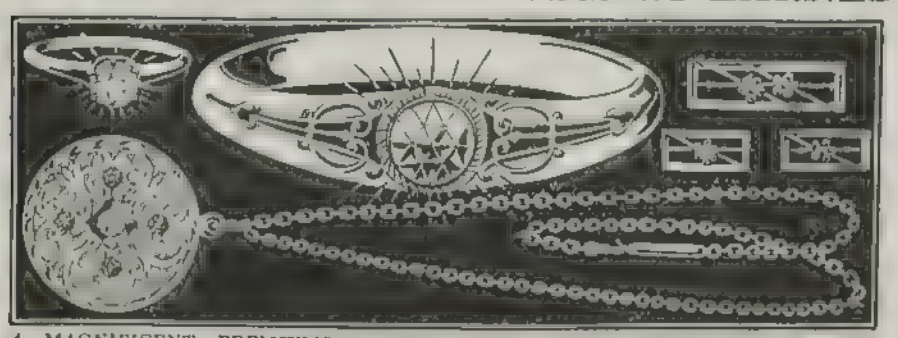

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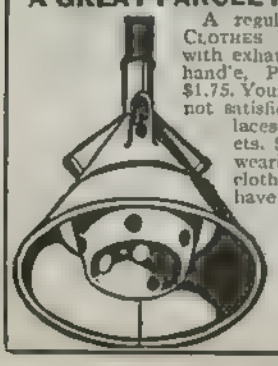

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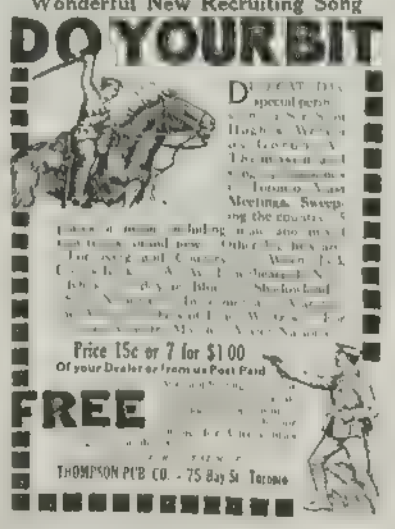

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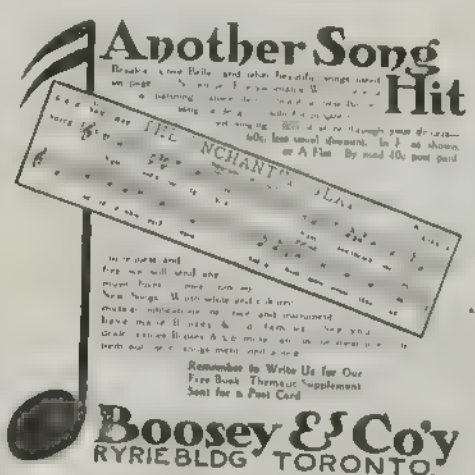

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Letters of an Old Housekeeper to Her Pretty Married Daughter

(*Continued from page 12*)

"homey" feeling come over her, and thought of the bright fire in the sitting room, "And you, dear, she said," putting her arm about my shoulders.

"I am afraid, Elizabeth," I said, "that I have a very demoralizing influence upon your professional career. You see, I am such a home-body, and I am bound to be just a home woman always."

Elizabeth sighed as she slipped into an easy chair. I insisted upon taking off her heavy boots and getting her her slippers. She protested, saying she would ring for her maid to perform this service, but I reminded her that I had taken off her boots many times when she was a sleepy little girl, and then we fell to talking about Elizabeth the First, her mother.

Presently Elizabeth went from the room, and in a little while returned. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes shining like stars. I do not know what worked the transformation in an instant—I will know some day. I do not believe Elizabeth herself knew what it was at the moment. But her whole being seemed bathed in tenderness. It was as though her wings had brushed the sky. I lifted my eyes from the book I had taken up. There stood Elizabeth before me, clad all in the most wonderful little gown, just like a violet-coloured cloud. The violet shade brought out all the gold in her hair by contrast, and deepened the blue of her eyes.

"I am going down stairs to Harold," she said, and blushed like a schoolgirl. "I feel that the dear old fellow has an idea I have neglected him lately. Of course I love him just the same—I could never love him less. He is, really, a grand fellow, isn't he?"

I nodded my head. "I am very fond of Harold," I said.

Elizabeth held out her hand to me.

"Will you come, too?" she said.

I declined, and she tripped down the stairs, humming a little tune. I heard the greeting in the library. There was a note of surprise in Harold's tone of greeting. And presently I heard Elizabeth playing.

The moon was shining, and I meant to walk home alone. I rang for Elizabeth's maid, who helped me on with my wraps, and I instructed her to tell her mistress that I had not wished to disturb her to say good-bye. I felt that Elizabeth would understand. I had 'phoned that no one was to call for me.

Elizabeth had told me of her Christmas plans. While they include some public duties that she has undertaken for hospitals and schools—which seem enough in themselves to crowd her every hour—she will have quite a little house party over the holidays. The new addition to her little home—a wing thrown out to the East—has given several guest rooms, both upstairs and down, so that she can now entertain without being crowded. One of her guests she especially mentioned, a girl who has been left quite alone in the world with income sufficient to keep her from knowing dependence upon well-to-do relatives, but who, Elizabeth thinks, must feel the lack of near kin to really take an interest in her. As Elizabeth has not seen her since she was very young, she is not sure that such an arrangement will be agreeable, but she is going to have her extend her visit beyond the holiday, to Easter, at any rate, if it seems a happy thing for all concerned. She showed me her picture, a girl of the flower like type—one could never for a moment think of her as having the self reliance that Elizabeth possesses, and I feel it will be rather a good thing for Elizabeth to have such a companion for a while at least. She is a few years Elizabeth's junior, but then, Elizabeth is so ridiculously young herself—that is, young to shoulder what she has, young to put aside traditions and to declare that she is strong enough, and wise enough to stand alone, if need be.

And now, my dear child, have I not, your gossipy mother, given you quite an insight into why I am watching Elizabeth with concern these days, and wondering what the hanging out of the "shingle" will all lead to? I wonder which of us is right, Elizabeth or I. Women are surely being widely divided by their views nowadays, and I am wondering if a house divided against itself can stand.

Write me soon and tell me of all your plans and doings. Your busy and happy life is of interest to me in every detail.

Devotedly,
MOTHER.

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WILL you name ten trade marked products which you think should be given preference in our trade mark special feature of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD on page 4? You may or may not give trade marks of goods that you know to be best from your own actual experience or which have been highly recommended to you by your friends. They may or may not be products or trade marks already appearing on that page.

We very much desire to have you cast your vote, and thus let us know the goods that have become most popular. Simply make a list of ten from those out of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, or those in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD or some of each, and send to us.

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Just a last word: We shall have an extra and unnamed prize—one well worth while—to award to some one—to be selected by ourselves, a "mystery" prize, so be sure to take part in our voting game. "Nothing venture, nothing win!" you know, and your reply will help us to make EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD just so much better than it is now.

Pick out your ten trade marks for goods, which you favor and send them in to-day and may the best of good luck be yours to win one of the splendid prizes. Send your list to F. M. Chapman, Desk No. 8, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ont.

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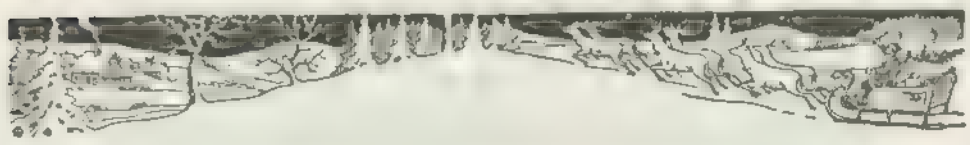

Affairs of the Hostess

ENTERTAINING AT CHRISTMAS

By KATHERINE WYNNE

AT this time of year our thoughts turn to entertaining and the hospitality which marks the season. Without our friends, Christmas would be barren indeed; but the old-time custom when a hostess put all her energies into providing a heavy and substantial Christmas dinner is past. That dinner was all that was necessary—and a little more—and left but small inclination for conversation or any other form of exercise. To-day the dinner is the least part of the feast; and the hostess grows wrinkles between her brows trying to think up new ways of entertaining.

One hostess, whose grounds contained a small lake encircled by a miniature wood, solved the problem to her own satisfaction and the delight of her guests. Being a wise woman, and knowing that mystery adds zest and charm to anything, she kept her plans to herself. The guests expected something, but were surprised when she announced a sleigh drive after the late dinner. That was tame and a disappointment—when they had looked for—at least—a dance. But—being well bred people—they obediently wrapped up and bundled into the sleighs which were waiting. It was a typical Canadian night—clear, still and frosty.

Not wishing to reach the lake in five minutes, the hostess ordered that they be driven a round about way which involved three or four miles, so that they came upon it from an unexpected direction, and swinging round the last curve, suddenly beheld a scene that looked little short of fairyland. The ice was clear as a mirror, with no light but the moon, which it reflected as a great golden ball, but every tree that fringed the banks had its burden of lighted candles, which swayed gently in the still air; while from the farther end a small band of musicians broke into a merry dance. It did not take the guests many seconds to understand what it meant and amid shouts of delight, they caught on to the idea of an open air dance. The musicians, as they played, slowly circled the lake, the music rising and falling as they and the dancers advanced and retreated, thus adding a distinct touch of weirdness to the scene. When the fun was at its height, a sudden loud jingling of bells was heard and a small sleigh drawn by a small horse and driven by a forest sprite dressed in green, his suit and cap both trimmed with fur, came furiously around the last curve. Scattering the guests in all directions, he drew up in the middle of the lake and flourishing his long whip demanded:—

> What do ye here in my domain
> On this my starless night?
> My prisoners all! you sue in vain—
> Come, follow ye, the Yule Log's light.

Then the sleighs drove up and the guests stampeded in, wondering what might next be in store for them. They were rapidly driven into the heart of the forest—which was not very far—in the wake of the forest sprite, and there deposited on a thick carpet of evergreen boughs, in the centre of which burned a huge fire, with the Yule Log in front. As at the lake, the trees were hung with candles—these and the fire being the only light, and never had chicken and salad and coffee tasted better than at that midnight supper in front of the Yule Log in the midst of the wood, and not the least of the charms of this novel entertainment was the surprise.

A MOTHER GOOSE Supper is as ridiculous and merry as anything ever invented, and is suited to both grown ups and children. The invitations should be square and of heavy red paper, at the left of the card is a pen and ink drawing of the character assigned to each guest, and underneath the couplet:—

> "Bread and butter
> Come to supper."

on the right of the cards is the invitation to "A Mother Goose Supper" the date, hour and a request to come in a crepe paper costume representing the pen and ink drawing. Upon arrival, Mother Goose gives each guest their instructions, which must be kept secret; then takes her place, in her tall church steeple hat, at the long table, which is entirely without decorations. After the guests are seated—in whatever order they please—she asks:—

> "Mary, Mary quite contrary
> How does your garden grow?"

Leaving the room Mary quickly returns with her arms full of bouquets of many coloured paper flowers, which she arranges in a row down the centre of the table, with the stems pointing up and the flowers down in her own contrary way Little Tommy Tucker now "sings for his supper," either a Christmas carol or a Christmas grace. Next Jack and Jill with their "pail of water" fill the glasses and then Mother Goose calls for "Pease pudding hot, Pease pudding cold," and the cook in white cap and apron brings in quaint little bowls of soup and wooden spoons which he places before each guest. In this way Mother Goose calls on each guest to serve one dish. Jack Sprat who could "eat no fat" and his wife who could "eat no lean," serve the turkey. The "Old Man of Tobago" carves a leg of mutton or other meat, Mother Hubbard cuts the bread, Bobby Shafto brings comfits and fruits—cranberry sauce and jellies—and Jack and his beanstalk furnish vegetables. Little Red Riding Hood uncovers her basket and contributes olives and pickles—the bears are better without them. Simple Simon extols his pies and the baker's boy brings hot buns. The little boy and girl who have "waited at the gate" pass a "golden butter cake" and the Queen praises her bread and honey. Little Miss Moffat has her curds and whey and Polly is asked to put the kettle on when "My Sister Mollie and I serve tea." But the crowning delight is when Little Jack Horner brings in his "Christmas Pie"—which is the Christmas Pudding. After that the King cuts his pie of "four and twenty black birds" and distributes the favors with which it is filled. Then Old King Cole, that "Merry Old Soul" calls for his "fiddlers three" and Tom the Piper's son begins a lively tune. This may be the signal for an impromptu dance or silhouette pantomines may be given. Divide the company hap-hazard into two groups, one group in each of two rooms, which are connected by an arch or wide door. Stretch a white sheet on this opening, and have one room almost dark. In the other, place a bright, strong light directly behind the curtain, but with sufficient space between for the actors. Each actor acts out his own rhyme. Old Mother Hubbard "goes to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone" and if you can coax a dog to follow her so much the better. If he does unexpected things don't worry—'tis the unexpected that gets the laugh. When all this group of actors have had their turn the other group take their place. All the nursery jingles can be easily acted and they furnish a large variety. A pretty little act can be given by a Mother and Child. He hangs his stocking up before the chimney, then the mother puts him to bed. Santa Claus comes down the chimney and fills the stocking, letting the sharp shadow of each gift fall on the curtain. He puts in nothing but small, square, hard packages, securely tied with string, then disappears up the chimney. The boy wakes and goes directly to the stocking, holding up each gift as he takes it out—and he takes out a live puppy, a very much alive kitten, a pair of skates, a ball, a knife, an aeroplane, a kite and several other things. These are handed to him from beside the stocking in such a way that it looks as though they were coming out of it. The unexpected contents of the stocking cannot fail but bring down the house. Let the kitten's head appear over the top of the stocking before the boy wakes. These are only suggestions, but any clever hostess can work up the Mother Goose idea into any number of attractive amusements.

A MYSTERY Dinner provokes much merriment and is easily prepared. Beside each plate place a menu card on which are numbers from 1 to 10. Each order is limited to five courses and the guest places a cross after those courses which he wishes served. Suppose you order 1, 3, 5, 9, 10, you are brought a glass of water, an egg shell, a nut, a cup of coffee and a toothpick. If your guests are all close friends—as they should be for this—it is more than likely that presently they will raid the kitchen, from which appetising odours are coming. Don't let them into the kitchen, but surrender the menu card on which they will find something like this—1, a glass of water; 2, a sardine; 3, an egg shell; 4, an olive; 5, a nut; 6, a chocolate; 7, a grape; 8, a lump of sugar; 9, a cup of coffee; 10, a toothpick. Re-arrange the table, and persuade them to sit down again, passing around new menu cards on which are drawn ten pictures—each numbered—a glass of water, an eggshell, a sheaf of wheat, a potato masher, a jelly mould, a pie, a raisin and currant, a date, a cracker, and a bean. Being interpreted, this produces the usual Christmas dinner, though the guests are loath to order an egg shell until some one brightly guesses that it means turkey. No orders are brought in until all lists are marked. Six courses are permitted and when the first wave of fun is over the missing portions of the dinner are supplied. The wise hostess never waits for the merriment to wane. She takes time and—the laugh—by the forelock.

THE Cent Game furnishes a pleasant amusement for a small party. Give each a sheet of paper, a pencil and a Canadian cent, then ask them to write down as many of the following articles as they can find on both sides of the cent. Part of a needle, connecting piece of land, what burglars' pick, what slaves often received, two flowers, place of worship, a small animal, part of a hill, part of a river, part of a Chinaman's name, what the mail contains, what are used on letters, part of a nail, a numeral, what is used in a rifle, what a bald man lacks, a mineral product, a great country, an emblem of Canada, one form of Christmas decorations, something that has no end, a preserved fruit, insignia of rank, a kind of drum, what we are when we spend out last cent, what sashes are made of, and a number of other things which you may pick out for yourself. The answer to the first is "the eye."

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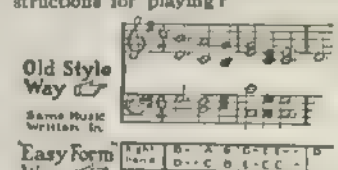
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We will then send you complete instructions, together with 100 of the world's most beautiful pieces of music. If you find you can play at once, send us $1.50 in 5 days after you receive the music, and $1.00 a month until $6.50 in all is paid. If you are not delighted with the music, mail it to us in 5 days and owe us nothing. Isn't that fair enough?

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852 Clarkson Bldg., Chicago.

Shattered NERVES

The Nervous Strain of Recent Months

Has Ruined the Health of Many a Business Man.

Sleeplessness, Headache, Nervous Indigestion, Irritability and Depression Tell of Exhausted Nerve Force.

Never before has the strain on the nerves of the business man been so great as since the beginning of the war. With some it has been a question of lessened profits, while others have been thrown out of employment or seen their business go down with a crash.

Worry and anxiety are the most frequent causes of nervous disorders. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that in many cases the depression in business has resulted in shattered nerves and ruined health.

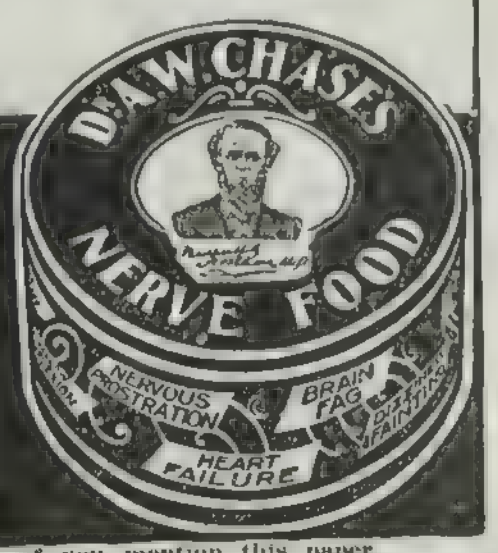
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proven itself the greatest of nerve restoratives. It is no miracle-worker, but supplies to the human body, in condensed and easily assimilated form, the ingredients from which Nature forms new, rich blood and new nerve force.

When the nervous system is greatly exhausted it requires patient treatment to revitalize the wasted and depleted nerve cells. Since cure is brought about by the building-up process, you can be sure that each dose of this great food cure is at least doing you some good, and that the results are bound to be beneficial.

By the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food the vital organs of the body are quickened into action. Digestion improves, the heart's action is strengthened, the liver, kidneys and bowels resume their natural functions, and the system is benefited in every way. Gloom and discouragement give place to new hope and courage, and you are helped on the way to health and success.

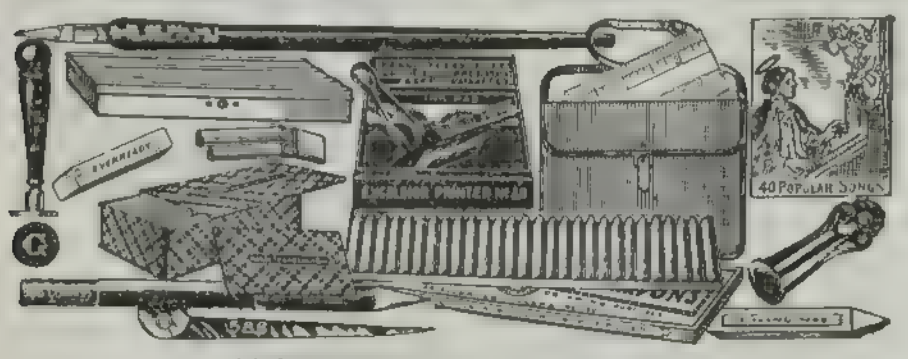
Fifty cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Insist on getting what you ask for.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food



Dr. Chase's Recipe Book, 1,000 selected recipes, sent free, if you mention this paper.

BIG SCHOOL OUTFIT EASILY EARNED



14 PREMIUMS - 43 PIECES

Dandy Big School Bag, Leading Metal Lunch Box, Pencil Box with Lock and Key, Drawing Pencil with Compass, Pencil Sharpener, Pen with Fountain Nib, Ink and Pencil Eraser, Good Ruler, 28 Colored Crayons, Letter Seal engraved with your Initial, Sealing Wax, Excelsior Printer with Rubber Type, Holder, Ink, etc., Two-tone Scout Whistle, and Big Song Book—14 Splendid Premiums—43 Pieces—the whole lot easily earned in an hour by selling only 30 Sets of magnificent cards; exquisite Christmas Booklets at 4 for 10c.; charming Christmas, War, and Fancy Postcards at 6 for 10c., and Sets of 44 Christmas Tags, Cards, Seals and Stamps, at 10c. THE POSTAGE ON FANCY CARDS IS STILL ONLY 1c. (full explanation sent with order), so they are selling faster than ever. Everybody wants cards; besides, we send with every order prize coupons for A BIG MUSIC BOOK OF 40 POPULAR SONGS, FREE to everyone who buys 10c. worth or more from you. You run no risk, we pay all charges; we even send extra cards to pay your postage. We exchange cards, if necessary. Just say you will do your best; we know you will succeed. ORDER TO-DAY—A POSTCARD WILL DO—sell; return the money, and in next to no time you will be the delighted owner of the grandest combination of premiums ever offered to the Boys and Girls of Canada.

THE GOLD MEDAL CO., DEPT. E631 TORONTO, ONTARIO.

What Did Little Mary Buy?

You can win a 1916 5-Passenger Ford Touring Car by sending the best answer to this question. More than $1000.00 in other fine prizes are given. Elsewhere in this issue will be found the announcement of this great Contest. Send your answers today.

EGG RECORD

Wherever they keep EGG records

—you will find Pratts Poultry Regulator highly valued. At one cent a month per bird, it greatly increases the egg yield, makes the hens healthier because it helps digest their food. Sold on our Money Back Guarantee

Pratts POULTRY REGULATOR

Sold by all dealers.

160-page Poultryman's Handbook worth $1.00. Send 10c. for a copy.

Pratt Food Co. of Can. Limited

68D Claremont Street, Toronto

A SPECIAL OFFER

Of British Manufactured

CHRISTMAS CARDS

WE will send you beautifully illustrated cards worth from 2 to 50 cents each, in assorted packages of 9 for $1.00, or 50 for $5.00. This is an unusual offer—made to sell off surplus stock. Send cash for packet to-day.

Mail Order Dept., 72 Bay St., Toronto

THE HOUSEHOLD ECONOMIES

Contributed by Our Readers

I TOOK dinner with a friend of mine one day last week, a minister's wife, who, to my mind, has struck a good blow at the high cost of living, in the cutting out the expense of running a constant fire in the kitchen range in winter. Her dinner consisted of a broiled steak, baked sweet potatoes, escalloped tomatoes, cabbage salad and delicious baked apples for dessert. She proudly told me she had cooked the entire dinner in the furnace in the cellar, excepting the steak, which she broiled over the gasoline stove ten minutes before serving her dinner.

Her furnace is a hot air one—a very fine one—and has a ledge inside where she can place at least three baking pans or dishes, and can thus cook almost any food that is not to be broiled or fried. The heat is so regular that she can tell to a dot just how long it will take to cook any food.

COMBAT INCREASING COST OF LIVING BY UTILIZING LEFT-OVERS

I WAS surprised the other day to see a friend throw away the legs of a fowl. "Why didn't you use them for soup?" I asked her. "Oh, it's so much bother," she replied, which is often the answer to many other questions.

Now there is no use denying the fact, that the times are somewhat harder and that the cost of many foods and furnishings is very high. The only thing that the housewife can do to combat these two facts is to use better management and more thrift.

How often we throw away paraffin paper from cracker boxes—just the paper that we pay 5 cents for at a store, and something needed often in pantry and ice box. Again, how careless we are with "left-overs" refusing to see in them the possibilities of a delightful meal, if properly prepared.

How many have standardized the amounts needed of certain articles—how much soap, flour, sugar or flavoring will be used in a given time? Do many of us compare our "operating expenses" of one month with another; and are we actually able to put a finger on the exact place where our finances are leaking? We are apt to have a "happy-go-lucky" attitude toward it all, a "come-what-may" feeling that does not make for saving nor business like management.

A STEAM COOKER FOR ECONOMY

ONE of the simplest methods of reducing the cost of living is the use of a steamer in cooking. I mean the large, round utensil, of tin, with perforated bottom and tight fitting cover; they can be bought for 10 cents nowadays. I use mine over a kettle whenever a kettle is on the stove—when making soups, stews or boiling potatoes even. To-day I steamed a loaf of brown bread over a chicken I was boiling. Thus the fuel used for one purpose will serve two purposes. A small pudding of batter (with plums or berries), can be steamed while potatoes are boiling; if one is to be using a kettle three or four hours, brown bread or an English plum pudding can be steamed, or individual puddings in cups.—*E. R. R., Quebec, Que.*

A WATERPROOF BATHROOM

OUR bathroom wall was not tiled and, as a result, the paper above the wash bowl became spotted and very badly stained by the water that splashed on to it. The room was recently papered and we had the hangers run the paper to the top of the wall as usual. Before the room was used we painted above the bowl with clear white shellac, making it waterproof. The shellac dried quickly and made a paper that could be washed and kept clean, always having a fresh appearance.—*R. H. B.*

ONE hears constantly of the "high cost of living," yet this morning on my way home from market I met the garbage collector on his rounds, and was simply amazed at the waste I saw in some of those pails. Such quantities of bread! I remarked it to my neighbor and she said, "Oh, well, we don't care much for toast," as if this were all the uses for stale bread.

The following recipe is so delicious, one would never think it was just stale bread dressed up: 1 quart of milk, 2 cups of fine bread crumbs, stale and dry; 4 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls melted butter, nutmeg to taste, 1 tablespoonful sugar. Beat yolks very light and, having soaked the crumbs well in the milk, stir these together; then butter and seasoning; lastly whites. Bake to a fine brown and eat hot with pudding sauce. The pudding sauce may be flavored with wine or any flavoring desired.

Brown Betty is another toothsome pudding: stale bread cut in slices dipped in egg and milk and fried; then sprinkle sugar and cinnamon over or eat with jelly, makes another excellent dessert called French toast. Hot buttered toast for breakfast, or spread with jam and served with afternoon tea. The wholesome dish of milk toast. Toast served under hash, creamed chicken, poached eggs, broiled oysters, asparagus with cream sauce, welsh rarebit, toast spread with anchovy paste and scrambled eggs on top make a delicious luncheon dish, and the many appetizers with toast as a foundation, add considerably to the dishes and make them go farther. Croutons for soup and chicken made of stale bread cut in small squares and fried and put in the soup just before serving, also use as garnish for fricassee chicken, for chicken cut in diamond shape and fry. Bread filing for poultry, etc.—*E. A. J., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.*

THE USEFUL DUSTER

USE the dry dustless duster on your windows occasionally; it will remove the film of light gray dust and polish the glass. When the duster begins to wear out, do not discard it; rub your stove with it, it will save the labor of frequent blacking.—*A. N. W.*

POULTRY

EGGS AND EGGS AND MARKETS

Some new things concerning us all and a few practical pointers in getting a desirable market

By N. C. CAMPBELL, B.S.A.

BEFORE I write very much as promised for this month about marketing and getting a good price for select fresh eggs to private customers, I want to give a few facts, which customers ought to know, and possibly do know about eggs.

The patient, long suffering, consuming public throughout Canada have recently had good news of a new movement or development, which is under way to improve the eggs that are served up to them through the ordinary channels of trade. Some day, when each and every consumer rises in his or her might, he or she will be protected by the standards that have been set as to grades of eggs.

I never could see the justice, from the consumer's standpoint, of buying a general mixture of eggs including wee small ones, broken ones, ill-formed and dirty eggs along with a few good ones altogether in the dozen or dozens bought like apples might be in a barrel that had not been properly graded and inspected. Years ago I learned to my advantage that customers are pleased to get uniform eggs all of one color and all of one size. I always endeavored to grade the eggs so as to have each lot uniform and this little attention paid well. The cracked eggs, the overly small and the overly large eggs, as well as any ill-formed specimens, can always be used at home for cooking; and it is good policy to keep these culls off of the special fancy markets. It is bad business even to pass them off to the grocers, although the ill effects of the transaction in this case is not so immediately apparent.

* * *

SOME day eggs will be sold by weight in this country, even as they are sold by weight in some other countries where people, and their public opinions, have advanced to the point of demanding their rights when buying produce. A big step towards this happy-day-to-come was taken last winter by the Canadian Produce Association at their third annual convention in Guelph, when they adopted definite standards for Canadian eggs. Consumers have since been advised through the columns of the Press that only by creating the demand for certain high grades of eggs will the supply be forthcoming. The demand can come only with a thorough knowledge on the part of the consumer as to what constitutes good eggs and the various grades of eggs. It has been frequently suggested that consumers generally, in order to safeguard themselves, would do well to insist that all eggs offered for sale be labelled with their proper grades.

Now when the consumers begin to act on this advice, and begin to demand their rights, we producers will do very well indeed to more systematically grade all eggs before marketing. We will do well to grade the eggs and put them up in a fancy way even before the consumers make this demand. And when we know definitely and exactly what we have in hand to offer, we shall be in a position to demand the extra or fancy price commensurate with the quality we supply.

* * *

THERE are three general classes for eggs provided under the standards that have been adopted. These are "Fresh Gathered," "Storage," and "Cracked and Dirties." Four grades are provided in the first class, three in the second, and two in the third.

The grades in the "Fresh Gathered" class are "Specials," "Extras," "No. 1's," and "No. 2's." The grade "Specials" is omitted from the "Storage" class, and both specials and extras are omitted from the class for "Cracked and Dirties."

"Specials" according to the standards are eggs of uniform size weighing over 24 ounces to the dozen or over 45 pounds net to the 30 dozen case; absolutely clean, strong and sound in shell; air cell small, not over 3-16 of an inch in depth; white of egg firm and clear and yolk dimly visible; free from blood clots.

"Extras" are eggs of good size, weighing at least 24 ounces to the dozen or 45 pounds net to the 30 dozen case; clean, sound in shell; air cell less than 3-8 of an inch in depth; with white of egg firm, and yolk slightly visible.

"No. 1's" are eggs weighing at least 23 ounces to the dozen or 43 pounds net to the 30 dozen case; clean, sound in shell; air cell less than ⅝ inch in depth; white of egg reasonbly firm; yolk visible but mobile, not stuck to the shell or seriously out of place.

"No. 2's" are eggs clean; sound in shell; may contain weak watery eggs, and eggs with heavy yolks, and all other eggs sound in shell and fit for food

* * *

IN order to determine the air cell a testing device will be required. A suitable one can be had free upon application to the Live Stock Commissioner's at Ottawa. It is absolutely free, and in writing for it you do not even need to place a postage stamp nor a war stamp upon your envelope. Simply mark it "O.H.M.S." These egg testing devices are of cardboard and [full directions and illustrations accompany them. One is for a small coal oil lamp and the other is for use on the incandescent bulb of the common electric light.

Every consumer, as well as every producer, ought to have one of these contrivances and use it regularly—thereby saving one's liking for good fresh eggs, and on the other hand for the producer to avoid possible trouble with customers—for it is always a most unfortunate affair when a particular person breaks into a bad egg at the breakfast table. A simple candling of the eggs, taking but a few moments of time before they are sold, and again before they are used, will avoid any possible trouble

* * *

EGGS are extremely high in price again right now. They invariably go up to high prices at this season of the year in the larger centres. More moderate prices, though still fairly high, prevail in the towns and villages and at cross road centres. Hens, in general, in this country, have not as yet been instilled into the habit of producing eggs abundantly after late summer until well on into the late winter. Those who have, or will have, eggs to sell now or soon, may find some points of value from the following suggestions·

Quite the choicest market for the individual producer is a private fancy trade to special customers—particular people and people of ready means, who will pay almost any price to ensure getting strictly new, fresh laid eggs regularly, and as they want them. Such customers can be secured by personally canvassing for them, at the market or from house to house on the street in the better sections of some nearby large town or city. A better way is to invest in a little classified advertisement in the columns of the evening daily paper or papers of that town or city. A ten-word ad. like this will perhaps meet your need and get you the customers you desire:—

"Strictly fresh new laid eggs,
direct from our farm, apply:"

The rate will probably be only one cent per word; and if you wish the ad. to appear for several times, you may, in some cases, get six insertions for the price of four, or in any case you will probably be given some attractive discount for the longer time order.

You may care to be a little more selective of the kind of customers you desire and an advertisement like the following may fit in better with your needs :—

"Strictly fresh new laid eggs, large in size, white or brown as desired, supplied direct from our farm, to particular people absolutely guaranteed. Price only slightly above regular market. Deliveries as wanted. Try them. Write."

* * *

IN the larger centres especially, people in the better homes are simply hungry for the best class of eggs, and also for other forms of produce, which they can get direct from the producer on the farm. The little classified ad. will seek out for you these people and in all probability bring to you good friends who, if you use them well, will be exceedingly good customers over many months and years to come.

* * *

I HAVE never favored the open public market, especially for our women folks. There always seemed to be far too much hardship about getting to it early. The profits forthcoming were not in my estimation sufficient to cover the trials and the expenditure of valuable energy. I always like the strictly private market from which the orders are assured in advance, and which do not require so much waste of time.

When I have larger quantities of fresh eggs to dispose of and I do not care to bother with the smaller customers, I go after a market from a leading hotel, or restaurant, or quick lunch counter. Here, however, it is necessary to always keep the quantities up to contract and this involves some real business foresight and careful handling. I establish a market for my eggs in places like these by personal canvass while in the city, or by letter written to the Commissary department of such places that attract me as being desirable to which to cater.

Next to foregoing outlets I favor a reliable commission merchant; and, if I can get him handily, a grocer who is catering to high class trade.

In any case, careful estimates must always be made covering the cost of packing, carriage or transportation, and prices must be secured sufficiently high enough to cover all of these incidental expenses and leave a satisfactory margin over, and above all, to pay for the extra trouble and the risk of investment, time and ability.

* * *

IF any of the readers of this column in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD should have special selling problems on which I can help them in any way, I shall be only too glad to answer as best I can any and all enquiries. When writing, at any time, be sure to enclose a two cent stamp and also the extra war stamp required to mail a reply.

MAKES THEM LAY.

International Poultry Food Tonic so stimulates the hen's system that she simply has to lay eggs.

INTERNATIONAL POULTRY FOOD TONIC

MADE IN CANADA

is a mixture of roots, herbs and spices supplying to the fowl elements not contained in the grain feed, and it makes hens lay more eggs by stimulating and strengthening the egg producing organs, as indisputably proven by the sale of over five million boxes. Also keeps poultry healthy and vigorous and makes young chickens grow rapidly

Its use is cheap, one extra egg in two months will cover its cost for each hen. Its effects are immediately apparent in increased egg production and better health in all the flock.

It is sold in 25c. 50c. and $1.00 packages, under a "spot cash money back" guarantee, by dealers everywhere.

FREE—Write for our free book, the "International Poultry Guide", a complete compendium of poultry knowledge.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO. LIMITED
172 TORONTO, ONTARIO

This Ad. Will Save You $100

We have been before the Canadian public for many years with a straight offer of $100 saving on the purchase of a piano, because of factory-to-user methods and prices.

Thousands have profited. The outcome of business methods and a strict fulfilment of every advertised promise has built up a great modern plant for the exclusive manufacture of the

Colonial—Style 70

Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano

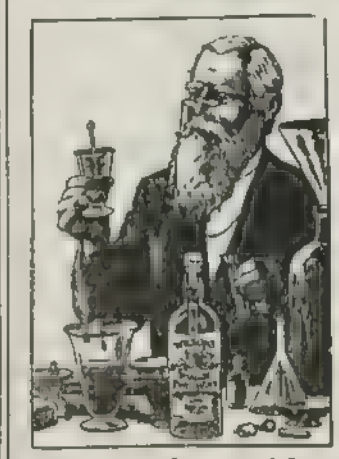
"CANADA'S BIGGEST PIANO VALUE"

The action, hammers, and strings we use are the finest money can buy. The Sherlock-Manning represents the best in case, tone, workmanship or durability. We give you a guarantee for ten years.

Dept. 22 will forward our handsome Art Catalogue Z on request. Write for it and read the plain facts.

The Sherlock-Manning Piano Co.
LONDON (No street address necessary) CANADA 76

The Man Behind the Product



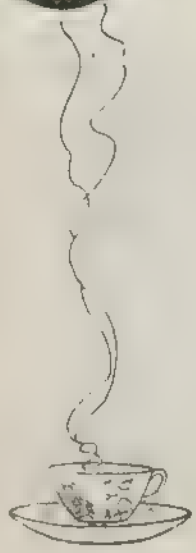
IT took years of researches and careful experimentation before the combination of rich Oporto wine with Extractum Cinchonae Liquidum (B.P.) could be perfected so as to be borne by the most delicate stomach. Owing to its perfection

Wilson's INVALIDS' PORT
la Quina du Pérou

has won the confidence of the **Canadian** Medical Profession by reason of the high standard of excellence of this tonic-reconstituant. Beware of tonic wines with similar sounding names—look for the facsimile of the proprietors' signature on every label.

Big Bottle **Ask YOUR Doctor** **All Druggists**

JAPAN TEA



A cup of good tea is the best natural stimulant for body or brain. The soldier in the trenches, the worker in the fields and woods drinks it in great quantities. The brain-worker in the cities finds grateful comfort in its use. Physicians the world over recommend it.

Japan Tea is preferred to all others because of its unequaled delicacy and its full-flavored strength.

The Japanese Government prohibits adulteration and coloring of Tea.

YOUR dealer sells it. Ask HIM.

10 Days' FREE TRIAL

Charges Prepaid
Send No Money

Twice the Light
Half the Oil

NEW COAL OIL LIGHT

Beats Electric or Gasoline

Government Bureau of Standards and Scientists at 35 Universities tested and endorsed the Aladdin.

Don't Pay Us a Cent

until you have used this wonderful new modern incandescent light in your home for ***10 days,*** putting it to every possible test and then if you don't say it is the greatest oil light that you have ever seen, or you are not thoroughly satisfied, ***you may send it back at our expense.*** You can't lose a penny. We want you to prove for yourself, as thousands upon thousands of others have, that the Aladdin has no equal; that it makes the ordinary oil lamp look like a candle; that it ***saves one-half on oil;*** that it beats electric, gasoline or acetylene; lights and is put out like old style oil lamp; burns common kerosene (coal oil) without odor, smoke or noise; is clean, safe. GUARANTEED.

Men With Rigs Make Big Money

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

Practically every farm or small town home needs it and will buy after trying. One farmer who had never sold anything in his life before, writes: "I sold 57 lamps the first 7 days." Another who ordered over 200 in 30 days says: "I consider the Aladdin the best agency proposition I have ever had, and I have done agency work for 10 years." Another says: "I disposed of 34 lamps out of 31 calls." Thousands of others who are coining money endorse it just as strongly.

THOUSANDS NOW ENJOYING ITS BRILLIANT WHITE LIGHT

The Aladdin is not an experiment but has been on the market seven years, tested in thousands of homes and every mail brings hundreds of enthusiastic letters from satisfied users endorsing the Aladdin as the most wonderful light they have ever seen.

Such comments as, "You have solved the problem of rural home lighting;" "I could not think of parting with my Aladdin;" "The grandest thing on earth;" "You could not buy it back at any price;" "Beats any light I have ever seen," "A blessing to any household;" "It is the acme of perfection;" "Better than I ever dreamed possible;" "Wouldn't have believed it 'til I saw it," etc., pour into our office every day.

Style No. 101
Aladdin Table Lamp
We also have Hanging Lamps and various other styles

TRY IT TEN DAYS FREE

We Will Give $1000.00 in Gold

to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the Aladdin (details of this Reward Offer given in our circular which will be sent you.) Would we dare invite such comparison with all other lights if there were any doubt about the superiority of the Aladdin?

SOLD 275 IN SIX WEEKS

Here is an exact copy of a letter written us recently by one of our enthusiastic farmer distributors who has made over $2,000 during spare time the past two winters:

"It is a pleasure to sell the Aladdin. It makes good on al your claims, and it is easy to convince people that it is the best lamp on the market I still use my first lamp as a demonstrator and it works perfect y a though it has had pretty rough usage for over a year and a half. Between Jan. 2 and Feb 20, I sold about 275 lamps. I never saw anything that would sell equal to the Aladdin."

NO MONEY NEEDED

WE FURNISH THE CAPITAL

The honest, ambitious man who wants to get into a business of his own and make not merely a living but have a nice income, does not need capital to get started with us because we furnish him with a stock of goods on time. Don't hesitate to tell us if you need this help and we will gladly assist you.

Send This 10-Day Free Trial Coupon NOW

Mail the coupon today to our nearest office, whether you are interested in a better light for your own use or in the great money-making Aladdin agency. You can't afford to be without this wonderful light, and if you wait until the territory is taken by someone else, you lose the opportunity to make splendid money delivering to your neighbors on our easy trial plan. Address nearest office.

Awarded Gold Medal at World's Exposition

The Aladdin has just been awarded the First prize Gold Medal at the World's Exposition at San Francisco, ***the very highest honor***—in competition with the best Coal Oil lamps in the world.

WE TRUST YOU

We know that in making this liberal and almost unheard of offer to you, we take no risk. ***We don't want you to take any risk*** and that's why we do not feel we have any right to ask you to send any money in advance. We just want to place one of these new Kerosene (Coal Oil) Mantle Lamps in your home to use for ***10 days absolutely free.*** That is the only way you can ever get an idea of the wonderful white powerful light it gives.

THE MANTLE LAMP COMPANY

Largest Coal Oil Mantle Lamp House in the World
260 Aladdin Building,
MONTREAL WINNIPEG

10-Day FREE TRIAL Coupon

Mantle Lamp Co., 260 Aladdin Bldg.

I would like to know more about the Aladdin and your Easy Delivery Plan, under which inexperienced men with rigs make big money without capital. This in no way obligates me.

Name.....

P. O. Address.....

Province.....

GRAND TALKING MACHINE GIVEN AWAY

PLAYS VICTOR, COLUMBIA OR ANY STANDARD DISC RECORD

THE HAPPIEST HOME OF ALL—THE HOME WITH A TALKING MACHINE. Everybody wants one, and now no home need be without one, for here is A DANDY FOR NOTHING. Heaps of fun, all the time—Bands, Songs, Dances, Ragtimes—whatever you like. This WONDERFUL HORNLESS TALKING MACHINE is run by hand, and is GUARANTEED AS FULLY AS A $ 00 00 MACHINE, for its construction is a triumph of simplicity. This is what makes it possible for us to give you one for selling only 4 lots of MAGNIFICENT CARDS—copies of Christmas Books at 4 for 10c, Greeting Cards, Water and Fancy Postcards at 6 for 10c, and Sets of 44 Christmas Tags, Cards, Seals and Stamps, at 10c. THE POSTAGE ON FANCY CARDS IS STILL ONLY 1c. (full explanation sent with order), so they are selling faster than ever. Everybody wants cards (we see we send with every order Prize Coupons for a BIG MUSIC BOOK OF 40 POPULAR SONGS, FREE to everyone who buys 10c. worth or more from you. You run no risk; we pay all charges, we even send extra cards to pay your postage. We exchange cards if necessary. Just say you will do your best, we know you will succeed. ORDER TO-DAY A POSTCARD WILL DO. Sell, return the money and see if you don't say OUR TALKING MACHINE IS THE GRANDEST PREMIUM EVER GIVEN AWAY.

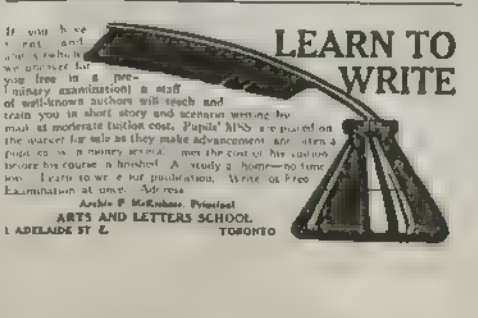
THE GOLD MEDAL CO., DEPT. E111 TORONTO, ONTARIO

FREE—BOYS—Here's as fine a set of tools as you would want known and we want to give them to you ABSOLUTELY FREE. These are not mere toys. They are fine high grade English made steel tools—11 big full size pieces all put up in a strong handsome tool box and we guarantee you will be delighted with them.

Write to day and get only 35 sets of the beautiful Regal Beauty Pins to sell among your friends at only 10c. per set. This is easy—no trouble at all. Every lady buys four or five sets as soon as she sees them. Just think how easy it will be to sell a pair of beautiful gold finished, engraved beauty pins on a card for only 10c per set. Lots of our boys have sold hundreds of sets. Return our $3 50 when your sales are made and we promptly send the complete set of tools in a fine box exactly as illustrated. We arrange to stand payment of all charges. 67

Address to-day Dept T.

REGAL MANUFACTURING CO., Toronto, Ont



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BEING KIND TO OUR EYES

By GERTRUDE GILRAY

HOW much would you take for your eyes—provided of course that they were a barterable commodity?

Would you part with one? Or would you in any way consciously destroy one or both eyes, or, by even the slightest degree impair your vision?

I'm sure you will answer in the negative! You consider your eyes above price. Sight is indeed most precious—next, perhaps, to life itself. And as for your eyes, so for the children's eyes, as well as for the eyes of other loved ones in your family and of people who live with you or who come to visit.

SOMETIMES I think we do not consider this question to be of any special importance. We are such creatures of habit that the old time coal oil lamps—no matter how small, or poor they be—are taken just for granted—"father had them," and we have always had them, and yes!—well we have never thought that there might be something better, which would cost but little and yet mean so much more in comfort and in safety to the eyes of everyone in the household.

I often wonder how much the general poor eyesight amongst people of to-day is due to the old candle dips and the pine knots like Strathcona used in his early career by which to see to read in the long winter evenings. Perhaps if better lighting had been common generations ago, many of us would not need to wear spectacles or glasses as we need them so generally to-day.

I REMEMBER well hearing my father tell of the first lamp my grandmother had. It was a nice, tiny oil lamp, which grandfather brought home from town one day as a little gift and surprise for her. He brought also a little quart can of coal oil.

How proud she was of that first lamp! She fondled it, lighted it oh! so—carefully, and while the wick was turned very low as she lighted it she warmed the glass chimney with her hands lest it might break with the heat. She used it only on special occasions—when company came for an evening, or when some special task of very fine sewing was to be done at night.

It does seem funny to think of it all now, in these modern days of electricity, of natural and artificial gas, of acetylene lighting systems and of modern small and big coal oil lamps, which have been designed to out class even the electric light, and for a few dollars can be had in every home—even in the most remote of rural places and in the humblest of dwellings!

ALL of my life, until recent years, was spent on a good old Ontario farm. We had many of the so called good things that make home comfortable. We had plenty of the common lamps that burn coal oil and we never thought but that they were quite all right.

But there came a time some years ago, when I left the old home for the business world to return home only for occasional week ends and for holidays.

Once having experienced the better light of electricity, it seemed as though I could not endure the weak, sickly yellow light of the old fashioned lamps at home. It was not inviting to read by and Father always complained at night of the "smallness of the print in papers and magazines these days." Yes, his eyes were failing, and he needed glasses—but, more than these he needed better light!

I HAD read in advertisements of a new lamp that would burn the cheapest of coal oil and yet, because of its mantle, produce the finest light imaginable—the advertisement said: "Better than electricity or gas." It was offered on free trial and sounded so much like just what we needed at our old home, that I promptly sent away for one.

That lamp has proved ever since to be a joy to everybody in our old home. It almost turned night into day. And it was so economical too. Several of the neighbors who saw it wanted one just like it, and they asked my sister to send for similar lamps for them. This she did, and acted as a distributing agent for the company that makes the lamps; without any trouble at all she soon earned in commissions more than our lamp cost me.

I HAVE written this because I like to pass on to others the good things I discover, and try out with satisfaction for our own home folks. When good light can be had so reasonably and when eyes and eyesight are so terribly precious why should every one not want and have suitable light in the home? Good light encourages better living. No normal human being can live happily and progress very far in the dark. Light is essential to life. It is essential to health and education. Many of the joys of living are derived from what we read. To the children and to the older folk good lighting is a thing most to be desired.

Now with Christmas time approaching, isn't it a good time to think about this very important matter, and perhaps pass on to Santa a tip that a better lamp would bring great joy as a general gift to all the family! Perhaps Santa will appreciate it if we all chip in generally on this special gift and help him out!

THE HOME IS YOUR GYMNASIUM

Housework provides a natural form of exercise that equals gymnasium work. Let us see how it works.

By MARY E. JACKSON

EVERY woman who does her own housework is getting the equivalent of a full gymnasium course,—and it does not cost her a cent! She does not have to set apart a time for her exercise as does the teacher, the writer, the doctor; her work is her exercise. Her gymnasium is her home, her apparatus is right at hand, and her reward is—or should be—a well-exercised body, a well-balanced mind, good digestion, and sound sleep.

In a regular gymnasium course the work is divided into three general groups:—(1) Exercises that develop the trunk. (2) Exercises that develop the limbs. (3) Exercises that develop the mind, that is, those which require skill, daring, quick co-ordination, etc.

For exercising the muscles of the trunk nothing is better than sweeping and dusting. The swinging stroke of the broom, the backward and forward motions of the carpet-sweeper, the stooping positions used in dusting the lower parts of the furniture, etc., bring the trunk muscles into full play. Tending the furnace is another splendid chance for trunk development. You can just feel the muscles swell and broaden about your waist as you toss the heavy shovelful of coal into the fire. Shake the grate vigorously and see how the back muscles respond! Washing windows is good exercise too, especially if one sits on the sill to clean the outside of the window. Clean the pantry; lift down all the dishes from the high shelves, and see if you do not consider that good exercise for the muscles of the trunk. In fact, there is hardly any form of active housework which does not in some way bring the trunk muscles into action.

Tending the furnace is another splendid chance for trunk development.

Kneading bread is one of the best exercises for the muscles of the arms and shoulders. No so-called "beauty course" could recommend anything more valuable for rounding out the arms, filling in the hollows of the neck, and making shapely hands. It is splendid exercise for the back muscles too. Washing and wringing clothes are good forms of arm exercise; one incidentally gets a Russian bath too from the steaming suds. Ironing is less valuable as an exercise as it develops one arm at the expense of the other and tires the feet by long standing.

Eat regular meals at the table, do not hurry.

WALKING is the best exercise for the leg muscles and most house keepers get plenty of it while doing their day's work. Mounting the stairs is another good exercise; it develops the leg muscles and reduces weight about the hips. The motion of the feet upon the machine treadle is good exercise for the ankle and leg muscles, but it is too monotonous to be recommended.

Rest is another thing which every wise woman should include in her daily program.

The woman with a sluggish liver should make the best of every opportunity her work affords to stimulate that organ into action. Right side bending motions are best for this, such as picking up pins, weeding the garden, dusting the mopboards, etc.

For the exercises that require skill and daring, the house-keeper's program gives endless opportunities. Notice the deftness which saves a precious bit of china from destruction; the quick hand which prevents the door from slamming; the alert eye which rescues the toast just at the right moment.

For all round exercise, nothing is better than gardening. It exercises all the muscles, it keeps one out of doors, and it freshens and invigorates the mind by bringing it in contact with living, growing things. A little patch of ground ten feet square can furnish exercise for the woman of sedentary occupation as well as rest for the overexercised housewife. A lawn well sprinkled with dandelion plants is a splendid gymnasium for a dyspeptic. Let her dig one hundred plants up before each meal and see what happens to her box of pepsin tablets before a week is out!

Mowing the lawn is an exercise vigorous enough to take the kinks out of a pessimist, and yet not too laborious to come well within the scope of the physical powers of an able-bodied woman. Mow the lawn on a summer morning an hour or so after sunrise while the dew is still on the grass, and see if you do not have a first class appetite for breakfast, and a sense of well-being suffused throughout the day.

Snow-shovelling is another form of playful work that is well calculated to stir the blood. Many a woman who is courageous enough to go out for a walk on a wintry day comes back looking pinched and blue. But let her wrap up well, and, snow-shovel in hand, clear a path to the front gate, and then see her eyes sparkle, see her cheeks glow!

Any form of exercise loses half its merit as an exercise if it seems to one mere drudgery. A woman who goes at her work as if she loved it will get more real development out of it than the one who does one duty after another in a listless, dispirited fashion. A gymnasium class must have music if they would go through their exercises with snap and vim, and a housekeeper must have a song in her heart and a smile on her lips if she would get joy out of her daily work.

IF a woman does not find joy in her work it is quite likely that her program either is too strenuous or it does not include some needful element. The thing which most housekeepers lack is out of door air, and it is within their power to remedy the lack in a large measure. At least, eight months of the year a part of the housework, such as preparing vegetables, sprinkling and folding clothes, cleaning the silver, mending, etc., may be done in the open air. The neighbors may stare, but perhaps common sense may teach them a lesson.

Rest is another thing which every wise woman should include in her daily program. Gymnasium periods are seldom more than thirty minutes in length, then the instructor gives his class a complete rest or a change from active exercise to some quiet recreation. A housekeeper should try to do the same. An hour's work should be followed by a ten minute rest period; spend it flat on the back in the hammock out of doors if possible, or at least seated in a comfortable chair in a quiet room, where the mind and body can relax.

After a vigorous morning, a woman should take an afternoon nap of at least twenty minutes; it is time well spent. And after the nap it is a good plan to change the clothes and go away from the house for an hour's relaxation.

HERE are a few items for the housekeeper's daily program:—

1. Have a definite plan for each day's work and try to carry it out.
2. Spend at least twenty minutes daily in the open air.
3. Take a daily bath.
4. Work but do not worry.
5. Read one chapter from some good book every day.
6. Drink plenty of water
7. Eat regular meals at the table; do not hurry.
8. Get eight hours of sleep.
9. Cultivate a hobby, or have daily intercourse with some friend who is *not* a housekeeper.

Saves Kitchen Waste

There will be no more throwing away of good food if you keep a bottle of Bovril in the kitchen. Bovril, with its fine flavour and ease of manipulation, helps you to make delightful dishes out of cold food. Better soup, better stews—less expense. But it must be Bovril.

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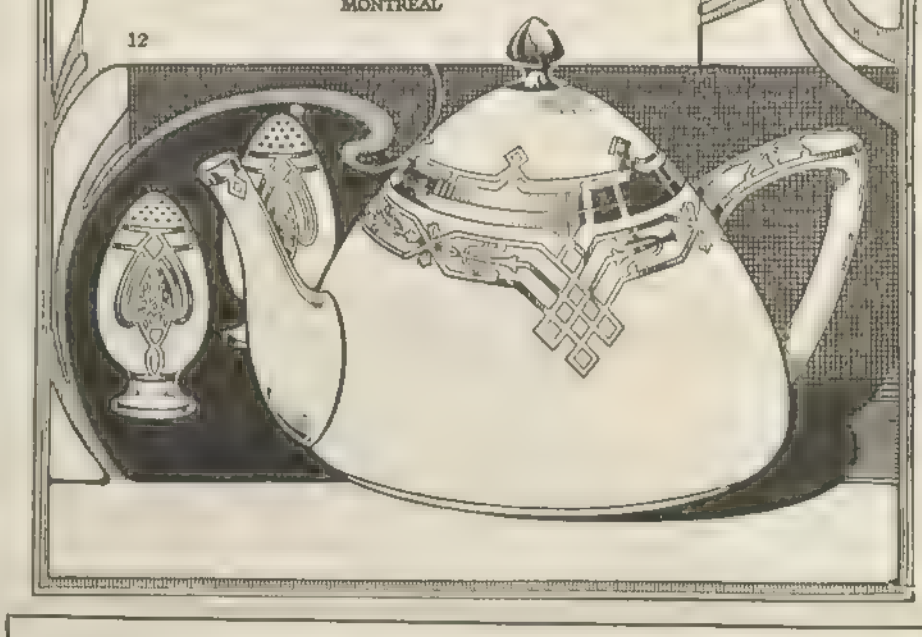


HECLA WARM AIR FURNACE Leads

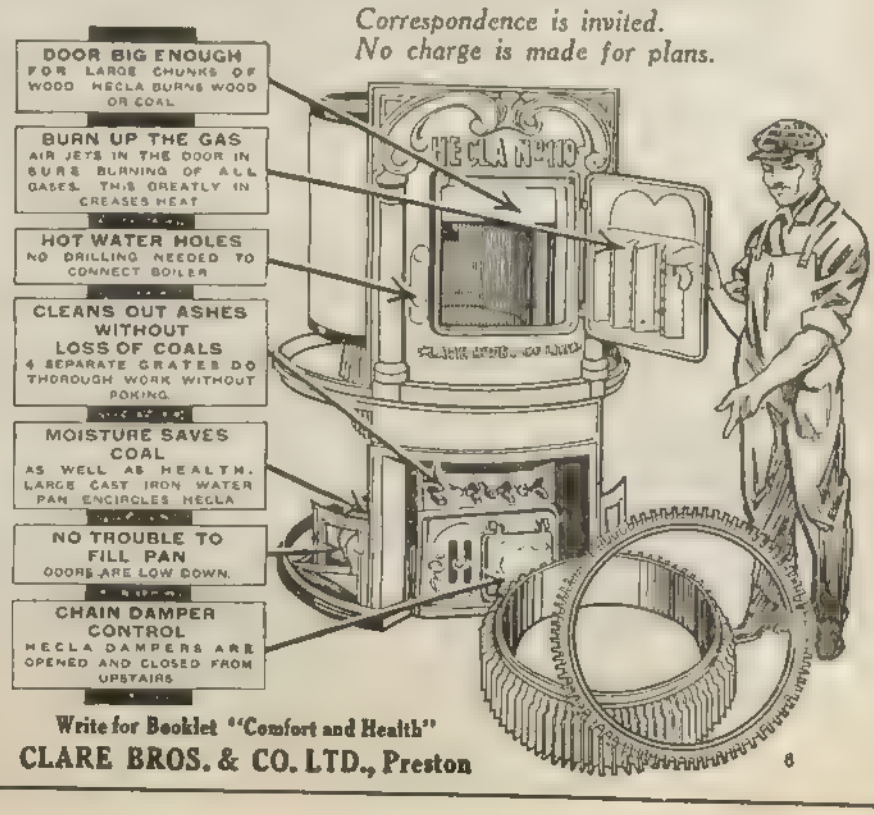
You may choose the Hecla because the Steel Ribbed Fire-pot promises a good yearly saving of coal.

—Or the proof against dust, soot and gas assured by the Hecla Fused Joints may decide you in favor of the Hecla.

But even without these two big features found only in the Hecla, what a furnace this Hecla is! Look at it closely. Some furnaces have *some* of the points shown. But to have them all will mean greater comfort, greater economy, greater convenience.

Can we be of help in planning a heating system for your home?

Correspondence is invited.
No charge is made for plans.


DOOR BIG ENOUGH
FOR LARGE CHUNKS OF WOOD HECLA BURNS WOOD OR COAL
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AIR JETS IN THE DOOR IN BURS BURNING OF ALL GASES. THIS GREATLY IN CREASES HEAT
HOT WATER HOLES
NO DRILLING NEEDED TO CONNECT BOILER
CLEANS OUT ASHES WITHOUT LOSS OF COALS
4 SEPARATE GRATES DO THOROUGH WORK WITHOUT POKING
MOISTURE SAVES COAL
AS WELL AS HEALTH. LARGE CAST IRON WATER PAN ENCIRCLES HECLA
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DOORS ARE LOW DOWN.
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HECLA DAMPERS ARE OPENED AND CLOSED FROM UPSTAIRS
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Man Who Never Slept

Dr. Cassell's Tablets, the All-British Remedy, effect most striking results.

Mr. Arthur O. Felton.

A RECENT letter from Mr. G. Arthur Felton, the man who never slept, recalls the story of a cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets which aroused great interest in Great Britain last year. Here was no ordinary insomnia, but almost unwinking wakefulness night after night, with no hope of relief, till in the end came Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and then blessed rest of natural and refreshing sleep.

NOW writing from 6 Chipstead Villas, Chipstead Road, Coulsdon, England, Mr. Felton says: "I am delighted to tell you I feel very fit—never better in my whole life." The story as originally given was so extraordinary, the cure so remarkable, that we feel justified in publishing it again for the benefit of our Canadian friends, that sufferers from sleeplessness and nerve failure may know how wonderful is the curative power of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Here is the story:—

"Dr. Cassell's Tablets freed me from the terrible affliction of sleeplessness and nerve failure," said Mr. Felton, "when nothing could give me even temporary relief. In 1905, as a result of an accident, an operation had to be performed, after which I suffered from neurasthenia, and ultimately nerve failure. I was taken into a special institution, only to be turned out after months of treatment as hopelessly incurable. I had claimed compensation for my accident, and even the Insurance Company declared that I should never work again. I could just get about with the greatest difficulty, dragging my right foot along the ground, and my right hand hung helpless. Then came sleeplessness. Do what I could, or take what I would, I hardly ever slept night or day. For five years altogether I never could have slept more than a few minutes at a time, for I heard every hour strike every night. Often I wished I could die. Sleeping draughts of opium, and injections of morphine had no effect whatever—I was always awake. No torture of the inquisition could equal mine; but somehow I lived through it. Relief came at last with Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and oh! how grateful I was—how blessed the man who could devise such a remedy! Almost from the first dose I improved. I began to get a little sleep, then to sleep right through the night, and that gift of sleep was more to me than all else that life can hold. That was only a year ago, and now I am a strong, healthy man again. Friends tell me it is a modern miracle, and I think it is."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

The absolute authenticity of the foregoing case is guaranteed, and no testimonial is ever published by the Dr. Cassell's Co. without full personal enquiry as to its genuineness. Purchasers of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in this country may rest assured that they are getting a really reliable and tested remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	**Neurasthenia**	**Kidney Trouble**	**Dyspepsia**
Nerve Failure	**Sleeplessness**	**Stomach Disorder**	**Wasting**
Infantile Weakness	**Anaemia**	**Malnutrition**	**Palpitation**

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are specially valuable for nursing mothers and young girls approaching motherhood. All Druggists and Storekeepers throughout the Dominion sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 50 cents. People in outlying districts should keep Dr. Cassell's Tablets by them in case of emergency.

SEND FOR A FREE BOX

A free sample box will be sent you on receipt of 5 cents, for mailing and packing, by the sole agents for Canada, H. F. Ritchie & Co., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Ont. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured solely by Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, England.

IS THE STRAIN OF BUSINESS LIFE DULLING THE HOME-MAKING INSTINCT?

(*Continued from page 13*)

her confidence in it was restored when a friend assured her that the hand was telling the exact truth, as the doctor's nearest friends knew.

Few maids can get on at all without constant supervision. Those that have brain enough to respond to the test of greater responsibility, usually enter some other occupation, supposedly giving more freedom, though less money. The domestic science courses in the schools do much to help the daughters of the homes but barely touch the servant problem, as so few of them have had the advantage of Canadian schools.

A woman of high ideals, entering public life with the desire to improve social conditions, particularly those affecting women and children, has to face problems unthought of by the woman who lives only in her home and in social recreation, and who has felt no call to help those less happily situated. Many a treasured illusion has to be dispelled in learning to help the world upward from what it is rather than from what we fondly thought it was. The serious side of our national life and the great difficulty of accomplishing the apparently simple reforms, is a matter of grave importance to this broad minded champion of her sex.

Mrs. Scott Raff

Believes that the real self, can be expressed only through the co-ordination of the three-fold nature. She loves to give mental stimulus to the woman whose time is largely occupied in domestic or business duties.

"Oh! no, the business woman who is making a large income is not turning her back on the home, but is turning back to the home for what she needs to make her business a real success. And the woman who is making a small income is trying to stretch it to compass as much of a home as she can finance."

Mrs. Scott Raff, the high priestess of the Greek Temple on North St., Toronto, better known to the general public as the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression, is a most interesting personality, whether in gown of classic Grecian folds, she passes down to mere modern femininity, the message of the gods of ancient Hellas, or whether in workaday garb, she discusses our present day housekeeping, its uses and abuses.

Women whose earnings are in the four figure class are not spending their money foolishly on mere show. They are spending it on homes and on motors, to help in their business, and on comforts which make them more capable women. It is only in the home that women can be recreated, using the word in its fullest sense. Nothing can compensate her for the loss she sustains if unable to have her own home.

Nor should a woman feel that in entering the business world she must shut love out of her life. A man does not. Why should a woman? Not only to the woman away from home at business, is the servant problem a serious one. The woman in the home constantly supervising and assisting, finds it almost as great.

Mrs. Scott Raff is a true exponent of her own theories, for she is so devoted to her own hearth stone as a refuge from public life, that she has a cozy apartment in the city during term, and a charming home in a small Canadian city to which she flies the moment "school is out." Her domestic problem is solved by having a woman attend to her apartments and prepare, serve and "desserve," to use the convenient French verb, the evening dinner.

Mrs Scott Raff suggests as an occupation for a gentlewoman, the care of two suites, preparing a noon meal in one and an evening meal in the other. It is soothing to tired nerves to do a reasonable amount of domestic work.

Mrs. Scott Raff enthuses over business women's home life, the majority having served a term in the hall bedroom of unblessed memory, and even its rectangular obtuseness having to yield to their home making instinct.

This popular teacher of literature is fully conversant with both the professional and the business woman's problems. She has for several years instructed classes of hundreds of business women, and in seeking to give them mental food and relaxation, she has been refreshed and stimulated by the contact with their keen and well trained minds.

Dr. Josephine Wells

Does the dental work of five institutions and of a private practice.

DR. WELLS, one of the busiest of professional women, is convinced that business women cling most tenaciously to the home, for she realizes it is absolutely essential to the welfare of all.

Dr Wells is the first woman dental graduate in Canada; taking her course under many difficulties, financial and otherwise, when her children were small. Her success in her profession and as the head of the household, have been an example and an encouragement to many. Some people are agitated about the business woman having a home when obliged to be out so many hours a day. Women need some outside interest, but some are away just as much and for social entertainment only; but the same verbal castigation is administered, whether the absenteeism is from choice or from necessity. With the doctor it was not a question of whether a woman could secure and maintain a home, but the home was an absolute necessity, as she had to place her children's welfare first. It was a going out of the home to get a home to be away from. Like many other householders of Toronto, she is much interested in the unfathomable mysteries of the business and income tax assessment, and while not a suffragette or anything of that sort, but simply as a business woman, she feels that to the public are due clearer statements and better management of civic affairs. Dr. Wells feels that women who have votes should look into the qualifications of candidates and vote intelligently

But the dentist of five public institutions and a private practice, the superintendent of her household and the mother of a family, albeit a grown up one, has no time for sighing over the inefficiencies of public officials. Her own position has given her the man's point of view to a greater degree than most women ever get it, and she has great sympathy for pater familias in general. She takes her relaxation from the strain of business in supervising the work of her household instead of attending many social functions.

As long as a business woman, in the intervals of appointments hastens to her kitchen to preserve fruit against the days when the winter of our discontent is upon us, there is no immediate danger of the home being forsaken for the joys of public life. After having to turn off the gas under the fruit, four or five times to attend to business demands, only a woman would persist in the good work, and still be able "to smile when evening comes." A mere man would say "Here, get some one to do this, I haven't time." The old bogey that the business woman will become a frump, is pretty thoroughly laid, for the majority are too wise to be anything less than neat and smart in appearance. Dr. Wells thinks the rock on which many women founder is lack of system. Some are born with systematic habits, others achieve them by business training, but that is the secret of many women's success in managing a business and a home. "The servant problem has never been a serious one with me, as I have always been fortunate in having one of my own people to take charge in my absence."

Miss Anderson

A rare combination of the artist and the financier.

"To make a success of business so that one may live as one wishes, is what women are in business for, not to get away from things domestic, or from the home, but to get back to it. Miss Anderson has made an outstanding success of that most difficult art, suiting women's appearance, their own preconceived idea of their appearance, their purse, the current and re-current demands of La Mode, and finance.

Her wise business instinct was not at fault in suggesting her removal from King Street to the newer business district of Bloor Street, Toronto, where her artistic creations show to great advantage in her commodious and tastefully appointed rooms.

She finds it to her interest to utterly divorce business and home life, and so lives in delightful fashion, in another part of the city. The domestic problem has no terrors for Miss Anderson, as her efficient housekeeper keeps the machinery so well oiled that there is no friction to rasp the nerves of her mistress, who finds that trusting one's help and placing responsibility upon them, develops trustworthiness.

The perfect restfulness of such a home life reacts on the business life in the best possible way. Not only is the attitude toward the client ideal, but the harmonious atmosphere of work rooms, is conducive to good results. This, no doubt, accounts to a certain degree, for the harmonious creations that emanate from this well known establishment.

That one may attain financial success in business, without losing those desirable qualities usually spoken of as womanly, is clearly proven in Miss Anderson's case. The quick sympathy, the ready helpfulness to any one in trouble, the protective interest in her large staff of young women, all show the union of business ability and kindliness, to be no idle dream, but a visible and practicable reality.

"Oh, to think of facing life, and the strain of a business life without the comfort and peace of one's own home, managed to suit one's own needs and tastes, I cannot think what it would mean to me," said the sweet faced, little gray-haired lady with a distressed look.

I do not think that the women who are making large incomes are spending their money foolishly, but are getting value for their money; some in comfort, some in other investments. The older ones have their own homes or are trying to reach that goal, and the greater number of the younger girls marry into homes of their own, so alarmists need not worry that business is dulling the love for the home. Miss Anderson grows most enthusiastic over the unqualified success that many of her own business assistants have been as home makers, not only in arranging and managing the house, but in preparing and serving beautiful meals, and carefully rearing their children.

DOES YOUR CHURCH NEED MONEY?

If so here are some ideas that may help you to fill its coffers.

By MARY DAWSON

WHEN such a point is reached in money-making entertainments that it seems as if human invention could go no further, then try a Little Gem Sale or Jewel Fair. All the booths, though without much particularization, are built to suggest the faceted sides of a jewel, and each stall is devoted to some familiar and favorite gem in name and color, though not in wares.

Crepe paper in many lovely shades and colors is now available everywhere, and it is this fact which makes the jewel idea a universally good one, for, thanks to the paper, trimming the booths becomes an easy matter, both in out of town places and in large towns and cities. The fair aides who serve the cause of good works in this instance should dress in the color of the gem whose booth they tend.

The Emerald Booth should be a pale and pretty green. Supplement the green tissue paper, if you can, with ferns or plants, and cover the counter with velvety moss. The wares for this booth are potted plants and green pottery intended for jardinieres and flower holders. The fair aides should be blondes. It would be charming to see them in quaint green cotton frocks and poke bonnets designed from the pictures of Kate Greenaway.

For the Garnet Booth use deep, warm red crepe paper and red roses or carnations. Select brunettes, to whom red is becoming, for the attendants. One suggestion for the wares would be to make this the book counter, and to have as many red bound books as possible among the stock. Collect the other books under a joking placard which reads: "These books ought to be re(a)d"

The Diamond Stall is, of course, all white. It might be devoted to The Bride, and might have a canopy of tulle arranged like a wedding veil. Or white crepe paper could be used The attendants are attired like bridesmaids, and orange blossoms, real or of paper, are the chosen flower. Here sell white gloves and stockings, engagement gifts, and lovers' tokens of various kinds

The delicate blue of the Turquoise might well mark baby's domain, the flowers used being artificial garlands of forget-me-nots, which sell at ten cents a pretty garland. Sell Bassinets, caps, bibs, socks, rattles, bath toys, toilet articles, baby books of linen, and everything else which can be gathered that relates to his small but potent Highness. Let the attendants dress as coquettish nursemaids.

Another white booth, the Pearl, should designate where the things appertaining to young girls are sold. If a flower is used, lilies-of the valley would be charming. Have the maidens at the stall costumed in white, of course, but in the style of the heroines of "Little Women."

Let the Tourmaline represent the nautical booth, arranging your green paper in long waves with slightly fringed edges to suggest the sea, and decorate with tiny toy boats (a supply of which could be kept for sale) with sponges (also on sale), shells, seaweed, etc. The aides could wear middy suits and jaunty naval caps, and either young girls or growing laddies might be chosen for the part. Baskets of shells, crabbing nets, fishing tackle, sand toys in season, deep sea romances, salt-water taffy, tortoise-shell combs and mirrors, abalone shell ornaments, or coral beads are among the many things available for a deep-sea booth.

Let the Opal or the Rock Crystal stall be devoted to glass of many kinds, and have a gorgeous Topaz Stall all in yellow, attended by boys dressed as Chinamen who sell Chinese wares. Among these are cushions in which the color of the Yellow Kingdom predominates, screens, Chinese house-gowns for women, vases, bowls, yellow china and porcelain, and Oriental perfumes.

In fruit season another idea for the Topaz Booth would be to trim it with yellow crepe paper and corn shucks, and to pile it high with yellow fruit and garden produce. Oranges, lemons, pumpkins, squash and many other fall products would contribute to the color scheme. The aides could dress as farmers and country maidens for a city bazaar, and in the country it would be attractive to have them attired as Minnehaha.

Devote the charming Amethyst Booth to the needs and comforts of the elderly. Shawls, rugs, wraps, slippers, footstools, and foot muffs, magnifying glasses and books in large type, and choice brands of tea.

A City Church Might Give a Fair Founded on the Popular Operas

THE story of the operas could be used for a bazaar in a fanciful and mirthful way. Blonde Marguerite in such case would have charge of the jewellery, while the booth might be decorated with little Mephistos in black and red. Juliet, having had experience in potions, presides over household remedies and other bottled goods of different sorts.

The Flower Maidens from Parsifal wear costumes representing flowers, and vend flowers, plants, and bulbs at the flower booth.

Among the Japanese goods, with a background of Oriental screens and fans, let guests find Madame Butterfly, while Martha, in her peasant disguise offers dairy products and delicacies.

There is a Spanish booth in Spanish colors, where Carmen is detailed to sell fans, lace headcoverings, books of travel in Spain, pictured scenes of Old Madrid, and fancy work in Spanish colorings.

Eva, from Die Meistersinger, because of her connection with prize songs, could preside over sheet music, particularly new vocal music, while the Gipsy mother of Il Trovatore reads palms or tells fortunes in some other approved fashion, as by crystal gazing.

It would be an attraction to have phonographs reproducing the voices of famous singers, to be enjoyed by all patrons who have paid an entrance fee.

Shakesperian characters may be used in the same way for a fair announced as a Shakesperean Sale. Here Desdemona would sell (sofa) pillows and handkerchiefs; Ophelia, flowers, particularly old fashioned ones; Hamlet, little skulls and copies of his own life. The Merry Wives of Windsor have charge of the refreshments, the heroine of The Tempest naturally appears surrounded with sea ornaments, marine views, long distance glasses, etc.

Portia's charge is college supplies and college novelties of every kind, while King Lear and Cordelia sell storm shoes, mackintoshes, and umbrellas

Lady Macbeth should have in stock all kinds of spot-removing liquids and other cleansers, because of her experience in spots difficult to remove.

A Plan That Will Make $100 00 Quickly

A COUPLE of years ago a reader wrote to the Editors of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD saying, "Our church needed money badly, so each of the members of an Auxiliary agreed to earn $5 00, the total proceeds of our earnings to be turned over to the church. I took my copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD around to the neighbors and secured enough subscriptions in an afternoon and evening, thereby making my $5 00 and spent an enjoyable time as well. I have turned the $5.00 over to the church and you will be pleased to learn that I was the first of our members to succeed in earning the sum each set out to get."

The idea hit upon by this bright woman has now been developed into that great financial assistance to churches, which is known as EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD "CHURCH AID PLAN."

Space will not permit of giving full details of this plan here, but a postal card addressed to the Church Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, will bring full particulars. Any church officer, or any layman can within a few days make $100.00 clear to turn over to the church on this plan, and few other means of raising money will be found as quick and easy.

A Novel Turkey Sale

ONE feature of a fair held just before Christmas was a Turkey Sale, which, owing to the originality of the idea and the very popular priced turkeys, made a great hit financially and otherwise.

One entire booth was given up to the fowls, which were represented in every phase of turkey existence—from strutting the barnyard in full feather to roasted upon a platter. Over the booth swung a placard reading:

Christmas Turkeys—25 cents each—Purchaser of The Lucky Turkey Wins a Christmas Dinner.

Needless to say the twenty-five cent fowls were of pasteboard and were filled with candy. In one of them, known only to the committee until after the fair closed, was a number which called for a real Christmas turkey from a neighbourhood poulterer. This was contributed by the dealer, who was himself interested in the good work, but where it is not possible to interest a member of the committee some arrangement can be made by which the merchant providing the turkey will receive advertisement in the programs and on the placards.

The little turkeys sold almost as rapidly as they could be wrapped up. Bought at wholesale, they cost but five cents apiece. The candy used in each, being of excellent quality, cost ten cents, so there was a clear profit on each bird of ten cents, while, contrary to the usual rule, the purchaser received a fair return for his money The lucky number was thrown upon a lantern screen toward the close of the fair after all turkeys were sold.

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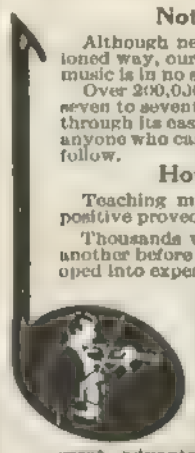
Our method has revolutionized old teaching standards. It enables any one to learn to play, and the only cost is the sheet music, averaging about 12½c weekly. For a limited time the instruction will be free.



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Although new, compared with the old-fashioned way, our marvelous method of teaching music is in no sense an experiment.

Over 200,000 students, ranging in age from seven to seventy, have become capable players through its easily understood teachings, which anyone who can read the English language can follow.

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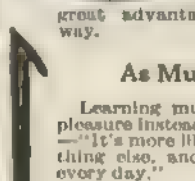
Teaching music successfully by mail is a positive proved fact.

Thousands who never knew one note from another before taking the lessons have developed into expert musicians—many have themselves become teachers and are earning their living instructing others. The average yearly enrollment for the past few years has been over 25,000 pupils, yet we rarely ever hear of a failure.

Teaching music successfully by mail is just as much an established fact as teaching it in person, and has many great advantages over the old-fashioned way.



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This is because each step is so clearly explained that you experience absolutely no difficulty even at the start.

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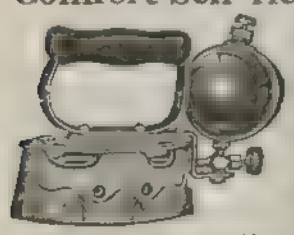

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The Girl Who is Engaged

THOSE MEDDLESOME TIFFS

By ELIZABETH BURTON

THE girl who is newly engaged will glance at the heading and exclaim, "Just to think of it! We should never dream of quarrelling." Six months hence, however, she may regard it thoughtfully and say: "I wonder how we ever came to quarrel." In the first delight of finding out what a unique and wonderful man George is, Emily would scoff at the possibility of his being wrong on any subject under the sun, while a quarrel is among the miracles which do not come to pass. However, on some sunny afternoon, or, it may be a rainy evening, Emily finds herself in tears as she murmurs to the carpet or the wall paper: "He was simply horrid and I won't stand it."

The next thing Emily knows, George will be telephoning frantically to say it was all his fault, while she will probably assert that it was really all her misunderstanding, and the next day the sun will be shining as brightly as ever, and Cupid will be dimpling as he watches the reconciliation

"Beware the second quarrel!" said a very wise grandmother, to whom two generations had gone for help and counsel.

"But why should there be a first quarrel?" asks the newly engaged girl in all sincerity. "Surely, when two people love each other, there is no possibility for misunderstanding or disagreement."

Now, this might sound very convincing to the elders, had they not seen many sad partings of those who once believed that love would prevent even an approach to bickering. There have been lovers' quarrels ever since we have any record; artists have depicted the temporarily estranged young persons, and we usually smile at the picture, knowing how brief such misunderstandings are likely to be. There is a Shakespearean saying, to the effect, "At lovers' perjuries, they say Jove laughs." When the girl, in her first warmth of angry surprise that her lover should not agree with her views, declares that "she never wants to see him again," there is a general incredulity, for we know that such a mood is as light and variable as the showers of an April afternoon. The young man is less likely to make a confidant concerning the quarrel, but he wonders in an injured fashion, why a woman, who is so sweet and charming, should also be so unreasonable.

We are not inclined to regard the lovers' quarrel seriously, dismissing it as a "tiff" and feeling sure that it means little in the course of the world's affairs. Yet it has been known to turn the tide of victory in a great strife, or to lurk behind a national catastrophe. Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote a poem on the portrait of a dignified and dainty ancestress, wondering how much of Dame Dorothy's virtues and failings had fallen to his inheritance. "A maiden's 'yes,'" he said, was the mightiest utterance in the world, fraught with meaning to all the generations. We seldom think so seriously as this of the significance of an engagement—yet the lovers' quarrel may mean thwarted lives and a failure to realize the utmost happiness and usefulness. A man who had once been engaged to a lovable but high spirited girl, who had quarrelled bitterly with him, and finally broken their engagement, is now "settled" in comparative comfort with a wife who regards him merely as a "good provider."

"Yet he seems happy enough," said a woman who has known him from childhood days.

"It was a great pity," replied a man who has been his chosen friend for a lifetime, "that he and Marjorie quarrelled. There are degrees of happiness and different kinds of success and he, I am sure, would have known greater happiness with Marjorie than with anyone else. They were really suited to each other—it was just a case of a moment's temper spoiling a lifetime."

"And how about Marjorie?"

"She has not married and, while her life has by no means, been wasted, I am sure she regrets that early quarrel. Pride and a hasty temper kept those two apart—and I say again, it was a great pity, for they were meant for each other."

* * * * *

BUT why, to go back to the newly engaged girl's query, should there be such a disturbing event as a lovers' quarrel? We are told that perfect love casts out fear. Should it not cast out, also, envy, malice and all the evil feelings which go to make a quarrel? The answer is, I suppose, that our love which admits of quarrels, is very imperfect and is consequently subject to the irritation which is incident to human relationships. After all, when we consider how complex one human being may be, inheriting a variety of tastes and habits, it is no wonder that jars will disturb even the happiness of the newly engaged. Each of us is possessed of eight great grandparents—to go back no further than four generations. Now, each of these eight has handed on to us an inheritance of likes and dislikes, predilections and antipathies. While it is impossible to believe that we are bound by the past, it is also quite absurd to say that we are not influenced by it. Hence, when two young lovers, determined to spend the rest of life together, in the bonds of matrimony, while they may be blissfully unconscious of the shadowy forms of ancestors hovering near, yet their first quarrel would be no surprise to the generations which have gone. When Emily, who, with all her sweetness, has a touch of that obstinacy which made one of her grandfathers a terror to the household, refuses to listen to George's reasonable request that she should look at that house on Pleasant Avenue, the old, old people, who lived long ago, near Great Grandfather Perkins, would understand that George is to have his moments of trial. Emily has no particular reason for disliking Pleasant Avenue—she just has taken a fancy against that part of the city, and will not be persuaded, even to look at the house which George desires

Fortunately, Emily has inherited but a touch of this obstinacy, and is capable, in most moments, of being reasoned with in an entirely amiable fashion. Now, George, whose maternal grandmother was a lady of severely puritanic ideas and training, has had bequeathed to him a strong dislike of too much adornment, or anything which appears to be merely artificial. Consequently Emily was not unreasonably surprised when he showed a sudden and violent dislike to a certain coiffure, and insisted that she should not wear her hair in that "abominable fashion." Had she known his grandmother, Mrs. Nathan Johnston, Emily might have understood George's being "fussy over a foolish little thing like that."

It is this mingling of ancestral traits, producing contradictions which sometimes seem to be caprice or sheer wilfulness which makes the assertion of personal tastes or distastes such a mystery to the other person. We all know the old Quaker's summing-up of the people he knew: "All the world is queer but me and thee—and sometimes I think thee is a little queer." No doubt his wife had her own opinion of the husband's normal mentality. Love, if it be strong enough, is a wonderful clearing agency, opening our eyes to the other's personality and helping to overcome the differences which must always exist.

Here is where the wisdom of silence must help so often—and it is difficult for youth to understand its solving power.

"I don't see how Hugh and you can get along at all," said a girl to her newly engaged cousin. "You think so differently about some things."

"I know we do," admitted Doris, "But they are not the most important things, and I made up my mind long ago that I would never get into discussion with Hugh about them. It's easy enough to avoid the subjects you don't agree about, unless you are looking for a quarrel."

There are few girls with the wisdom of Doris, yet hers is the one course of action if peace is to be preserved. Our ideas are not often changed by force of debate, and an atmosphere of argument is deadly for Cupid.

* * * * *

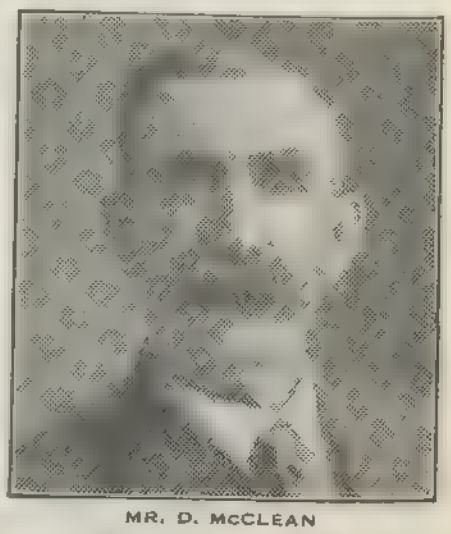
THERE is one variety of the lovers' quarrel which may be traced directly to a rather curious feminine weakness, frequently found in women who are otherwise both gentle and kindly. This is what is commonly known as the girl's fondness for "showing her power." Just as a generous and fine natured man may be spoiled by too much deference, until he begins to take subservience for granted, and may, on occasions, become a bully; so, the woman who has been treated with too flattering a devotion, may suddenly be seized with a desire to see how far she may carry a whim or a mood, with little thought for the discomfort to her lover. Usually, such a proceeding is but a fugitive trial of authority; and, if the man is wise and manages to remain firm, without losing his temper, the girl sees for herself how foolish she has been, and how unworthy such "tests" are of any place in love's experience. It is often more a bit of youthful folly than any malicious desire to abuse the power of feminine charm.

Jealousy, which is so often the cause of the lovers' quarrel, is, indeed, as a great poet tells us—"love's curse." There are natures which seem to suffer especially from this perversion of trust and affection—and there is no suffering greater than that known to the jealous friend or lover. The

(*Concluded on next page*)

Will We Ever Walk On Air?

Train Of Thought Inspired By a Letter About "Fruit-a-tives"



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A CHRISTMAS "LOST AND FOUND"

(Continued from page 9)

She sat up with the suddenness of a mechanical toy, "Oh! we can have nothing for to-morrow! And there is the rent to pay!"

"I have some money," said the girl, "and we must do the best we can."

"We'll go out and have another look for it. We shall get along somehow. And now, dear, you must 'buck up,' as Jimmy, our office boy says, or you will be 'all in.' Off with the bonnet, and have some good hot tea and toast!"

Mr. Dinglebury had gone out. The talk about the purse left him quite out in the cold So he had knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and muttering something about "business" and "money," had departed. The twins had been respectful—too much so; and over the tea and toast his wife and Annie discussed little bits of domestic affairs that at any other time would have bored him; but he had listened with a keen interest which surprised him and stirred something strangely within him. He had felt alien there; a cipher at the wrong end of a short but very important row of little figures.

As was not his custom, Mr. Dinglebury had no particular goal. He wanted to get into the cold, fresh air, and think; and he walked slowly toward the shopping district, with his head down, and it was due to this that in a street, just off the leading thoroughfare, his attention was attracted to a small dark object which he kicked from its quilt of sloppy snow.

It's touch as he picked it up, made him start. He peered at it before a shabby little shop, and his first glance told him what his instinct had whispered, that it was his wife's—lost by her, and—wonder of wonders—found by him

The little shop was a bakery, and Mr. Dinglebury discovered suddenly that he was hungry. He remembered that he had had but little tea. He slipped the purse into a pocket and entered the shop, where there was a little waiting crowd.

After a casual glance, no one paid any attention to him, and he took the bills from the purse and counted them. All the money was there—thirty-three dollars and sixty-eight cents; besides a pencilled list, in Mrs. Dinglebury's clear and delicate hand, of little Christmas gifts.

He dropped the purse into his pocket and squeezed his way out. He wanted air.

He had not had so much money for a very long time. After all, the money was his, he reflected, as he passed down the side street toward the bright lights, his right hand clutching the purse. His hand was very cold, and that reminded him that he really needed gloves. Likewise, his feet were damp. There could be no doubt about it; he certainly needed boots and rubbers, too. He had a right to a part of the money, if not all of it. He was head of the house. And—er—he had not been treated well at home for a long time. He had been ignored, and it was certainly galling to a man of his birth and pride, and all that sort of thing.

A glance into a haberdasher's window reminded him that his stock of neckties was low, especially for Christmas time. Shirts, too, and this window certainly showed some exclusive designs. Mr. Dinglebury sighed, and caressed the little purse. Ah, yes! Ascott's. He remembered Ascott's, an old firm, a small shop, but very exclusive, you know. Mr. Dinglebury had spent quite a bit in Ascott's in his time. But he shuffled on. Perhaps after all, it was an overcoat he needed most.

He came to another shop of men's wear, paused, looked in, and saw Dobson buying a tie as florid as his own nose. Mr. Dinglebury clutched the little purse tighter, and passed on. Somehow or other, he did not want to meet Dobson just then.

But he knew what he wanted. A drink.

He hurried, but his furtive glance was caught by the little window of a novelty shop. It was full of inexpensive gifts for Christmas. He took out the purse, and from it the little slip of Christmas gifts and held it close to the window.

"Shaving brush for Tom, and 'Cheerily Smile,' in frame, 25 cents."

This was the shop, then, and his eye discovered the brush with warm approval, except the price, which was one dollar. It was all in the handle, of course. You could get a perfectly good, reliable brush, with a wood handle, for thirty cents. Brushes seemed to haunt the Dinglebury brain on Christmas Eve. Then he searched the window for "Cheerily Smile." He quickly found it, two little verses under glass, in a plain little frame, with a card tucked in one corner marked "25 cents."

Mr. Dinglebury, whose eyes had been failing him of late, peered closer to the glass and read:

"Oh! cheerily smile, and wait awhile,
For soon the storm will be over
There's a bit of blue in the sky for you,
There's sweetness yet in the clover;
Trust and wait, though a burden great
On thy heavy heart is pressing;
For a hand of love will the cross remove
And leave in its stead a blessing."

Mr. Dinglebury stroked his stubby chin reflectively. He certainly needed a shave for Christmas. Then he read the verses again. He glanced up and down the long street, walked to a corner and turned into a less frequented thoroughfare. He wanted to think.

It was a quiet street, with fine old stone houses of the first families of the city's early days, and in the centre of the block was a fine old church. The outer doors were ajar, and the stained glass windows showed that the chancel was lighted.

Some one was playing on the big organ there, and Mr. Dinglebury, his face uplifted as the music came faintly to his ears, paused to listen. Without reasoning why, he passed through the heavy doors into the semi-darkness and quiet of the church.

It was empty, save for the organist and the unbidden audience of one. The chancel was bathed in a soft light, radiating from the electric lamps about the organ pipes. The crown of the organist's head was quite bald, but surrounded by a wealth of yellow hair, which caught the light, and seemed to create a halo about his head, which swayed rythmically as the strong, slender hands swept from the keys to the stops and back again.

Close to the very font where, he remembered with a strange thrill, he had been baptized, Mr. Dinglebury sank into a back seat in the dark, just to listen and think.

And he did listen. How tender and how strong that fluted music was! How like the gentle hand of sympathy upon a tired head it seemed! It made the listener recall his mother's hand, long, long ago, when he was just a little boy, and had run to her and she had laid her firm, cool hand upon his feverish head, and stroked his curls, until, against her knee, he fell asleep. Ah, that was years and years ago! But the music brought it back.

It grew faint and fainter now; but the wonderful tenderness and pathos of it seemed to drift down the dusk and dark of the church, and to whisper like unseen leaves from the great arches. It grew gradually louder again, carrying the listener with it, body and soul, as in a dream when one goes suddenly up! up—and then, as suddenly becomes becalmed in a great and luminous and boundless peace.

Then the organist played in a lower key, another theme,—Mendelssohn's "Consolation." It was a long time since Mr. Dinglebury had heard it, but he remembered it. It was glorious, soul-thrilling, heart-filling and wonderful; and it shook him. Then the organ wept; and a hundred spirits wept, too, up there in the great, shadowy rafters. And as they wept, in the darkness of his pilgrim seat, the listener yielded up his soul to the Divine influence of the music and the place; and with his grizzled head against the cool stone of the font, Mr. Dinglebury wept and prayed.

* * * * *

The cool air strengthened him when he reached the street and turned toward home; for suddenly he had felt very weak. He drew the fresh air deep into his lungs, and, as he exhaled, with tilted chin, he looked up, and all the stars were shining.

He walked swiftly home, or, rather, he half walked, half ran. He stumbled a little, and got out of breath; but it was a new step, for he was eager and anxious and glad. There was a lamp, turned low, burning for him as usual on the little table in the narrow hall.

The shabby dining-room was silent, but he heard the voices of his wife and daughter in the kitchen beyond. He took the little lamp in the hall, and stealthily went up the stairs, and found the twins asleep—Silas solemnly, but Thomas Theodore himself again, smiling in his dreams. He stared at them with misty eyes, then crossed the little hall into his wife's room, and the poorness of it made him start. He had never noticed it before. There were two little parcels on the bureau. One was labelled in a big, uneven hand, "For Mother," the other "For Father," and each bore the injunction, in the same hand, "Don't open till morning." Mr. Dinglebury felt that awkward something in his throat again, and stole awkwardly down the stairs, the old boards creaking all the way, as though to announce the coming of a strange, new Santa Claus.

He set the lamp on the table, and turned toward the little dining-room. His wife and Annie were standing there, the first with a white and anxious face, from which a look of fright had not yet fled; for she had thought poor soul, that a strange man had got into the house. And so there had; and they started when they saw his face, for to them it seemed transformed.

He could say nothing—nothing. All the blood had fled from his face, for his heart was beating furiously and awkwardly and shyly, but with an appealing look, he held out his arms. And staring, her own face suddenly transfigured and glorified, little Mrs. Dinglebury ran into the folds of the shabby ulster with a glad cry. It woke the twins and so they came tumbling down to wish everybody a Merry Christmas. For the bells were ringing, and it was the morning on which Christ came to earth.

THOSE MEDDLESOME TIFFS

(Continued from page 34)

girl who is engaged ought to try to realize, early in her new relationship, how dangerous it is to arouse this feeling, and how cruel it is to play with the sincere devotion of her lover, as if it were a subject for trial or experiment. There is no anger quite so bitter and fierce as that associated with love, and it does, in very truth, "work like madness in the brain." The womanly girl, who wishes to keep the freshness of the first affection, will not risk it for the cheap triumph of seeing another irritated or hurt. Only the girl who has a selfishly vain and shallow nature will persist in giving occasion for this kind of quarrel.

Does it sound as if the woman were to be held responsible for the lovers' quarrel? While it must be admitted that some men are constitutionally given to contention, it will be found that most men have a desire for peace at their own firesides, and have a decided horror of "scenes."

The conclusion of the matter is, that, while even the most devoted lovers may find that an occasional difference of opinion will find strong expression, frequent quarrels mean that love cannot survive. It is an ill augury for future happiness, when the lover, who has not yet won his bride, finds that association with her means storm clouds and tempests. There cannot be the homage which every true hearted man wishes to give the woman of his choice, when there are quarrels, which means loss of self control and eventually loss of respect. It is impossible to have many quarrels and to keep the gentler feelings uninjured and unspoiled. There is a beautiful old saying, which is true of love, as of other great emotions. "Toleration is the silken string which threads the pearl chain of all the virtues." Where each learns to regard the feelings and opinion of the other, there is little chance for a quarrel to enter.

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The Good Mother

THE BUSINESS OF BEING A MOTHER

It's Your Character That Counts

By KATHLEEN E. STEACY

VERY gently take up your wee baby's hand and look at the palm. Of what does it remind you? Of nothing so much as a crumbled, pink rose leaf. Dainty and sweet and delicate. Now, go back to the rose from which the leaf comes and back of that again to the bud, and then to the bud before it was a bud; and back once more to the stem and then to the root; and now tell me, why didn't that crumpled, pink rose leaf, happen to be the leaf of a violet? Or even a yellow rose leaf? Why? In that tightly packed bud were all the characteristics which distinguished it from any other flower, these characteristics being the result of the elements of character which lie concealed in the root of the plant, and these elements of character are so strong and so individual of the pink rose that nothing else could result; and in this the pink rose is a type of your baby. Folded away within him and deeply hidden are the elements of what he may become, and nothing but the enfolding can show what manner of man he may be.

There was at one time a belief that a child's nature at birth was a blank page, and that on this blank page experience and training might write as fate willed and luck happened. It was something of a toss up. Every one was interested in how the child "turned out" and if he "turned out" badly the mother folded her hands and bowed her head in meek submission. The father said nothing—the problem was beyond him—but all admitted that it was "the Lord's will," and wondered what the parents had done to merit such a chastisement. Then—as now—a good many evils were laid at the door of the Lord, then—as now—it was perfectly safe, since the Lord neither answers back nor justifies Himself. But not all parents left the child to fate or luck. Some were, very much awake to a sense of their duty and undertook to do that duty and to do it most thoroughly.

They brought up the child in "the way he should go," which happened to be in the way they thought he should go—which may be a vastly different thing. They made the mistake of thinking that the Lord gave them this little one to do with him as they thought best, and to make of him what they would, whereas the Lord did nothing of the kind. He loaned them the child as a sacred trust—not as a possession.. In both cases his individuality was ignored, but individuality is the determining factor; it makes for destiny both in the man and the race. Now of what is individuality composed?

Life—all human life— is like a web of many colours—warp and woof—some gay, some sombre, but all forming new combinations of bewildering variety. Life—individual life—is the warp of definite, relatively permanent strands that interweave, unite and separate, a given strand passing now into one individual, now into another; each individual presenting a new combination of strands—a new knot in the web; and the woof may very well be the environment in which we find ourselves and which changes—sometimes rough, sometimes smooth—as we pass on through life.

Thus it is that no two persons, of all the millions born since the days of Adam have been exactly alike; therefore, though many fundamental qualities are universal, each individual is a unit possessing within himself the essentials of character which are common to the whole human race, together with the numberless variations which are peculiarly his own. These essentials of character are those qualities which go to the making of man in the fullest and best sense, and, like all God's best and most priceless gifts, are free to all. It is right here that the business of being a mother begins since to her the largest part of the baby's training falls. He has within him the springs and impulses of honour, truth, love, industry, faith, courage, and to her it is given to watch and guard the wonderful unfolding of the baby character—to guide, direct, control. It is of vastly greater importance to recognize and help toward perfection, these qualities which are universal to the race—than to discover and cultivate the occasional talent for art or literature, oratory or music—valuable though these are. Yet, it often happens that these qualities are perverted through ignorance and bad management. Thus, truth may become deceit, and courage be turned into fear. To day no mother has a right to be ignorant. Education and information are within reach of all, but while instruction and information may be obtained from without, education must come from within. We can be taught, but we must learn ourselves.

"Doctor," asked the mother of a year old baby, "When should I begin to train my baby?" "Madam," replied the doctor; "you have already lost much valuable time. His training should have commenced twenty-five years ago," and this is undeniably true. The child's education must begin in the training of the parents.

Take the matter of temper—if a father cannot control or direct his own temper, how can he blame the child for giving way to bursts of passion? And if the mother is accustomed to allowing her emotions—whether these be of joy or sorrow, of hope or despair—to have full sway, how can she expect to stop her baby's cry or to encourage his smile? It is an absolute impossibility that we exercise any more control over another, than we are in the habit of exercising over ourselves; and if we would properly discipline the child we must have disciplined ourselves so long that it is now a habit. It is clear to all thinking persons that no one can teach or instruct up to the full extent of their own knowledge, and it is equally clear that in self control and discipline the mother must be years ahead of the baby. That which she is trying to teach him must already be a well formed habit with herself. Every mother thinks her baby wonderful—and he is. There is nothing in the whole, wide world half as wonderful—or as interesting—as the gradual unfolding of the baby's life.

Watch the opening of the rosebud—so gradual as to be imperceptible, but none the less sure and true to its promise of a pink rose. The mother must watch for the first signs of the baby's individuality and must make a study of that individuality. She must encourage him in this, and gently curb him in that. She must help him develop himself towards the best and greatest of which he is capable; pointing out the way, and suggesting that which is right, and always with a touch so light—but sure—that the baby follows at his own volition. It is a serious and delicate matter, this training a human soul. The baby's individuality claims himself and he must work out his own salvation. The wisest of fathers, the most loving of mothers, can guide and direct and only to a certain extent control, then stand aside with prayers—and it may be tears—because the soul's struggle and development is within itself.

It is well to talk this aspect of the matter over, as the mere putting it into words reduces a vague abstract intention into a very concrete resolution—or it should. The old time theory that a mother knows by instinct how to care for and train her baby is no longer held. It sounded very well in theory, but does not prove itself in fact. The only thing that is born with the baby is love—mother love—and the knowledge of how to train him must be learned largely by experience—experience lived through thoughtfully. Certainly much that is valuable may be acquired from books and otherwise, but the true essence of discipline must come from ourselves—since we grow from within, not from without.

Mother love and motherhood have been the theme of poets and writers of all ages and in all tongues. She has been lauded and extolled and worshipped—and she deserved it all. No one denies but that the business of being a mother is good, hard, exhausting, temper-wrecking work. It is no eight or ten hours a day task, but a steady, twenty-four hours a day engagement with neither Sundays nor holidays off. It is made up of endless detail, a mosaic monotony, wearying commonplace—as most supremely important matters are. No man would stand it for a week, and no woman—except for love. Every mother owes much to her baby, since he is the greatest disciplinarian and educator known. He develops all that is best in her deepens her nature and repays her devotion with a love that is found no where else. It is a beautiful and terrible thing that to the baby's dawning sense, the mother is the absolute pattern of perfection—and it means something to live up to that standard. How then can any mother turn the baby over to a nurse? True, some trained infants' nurses know more—that is to say, have more technical knowledge—about the proper care of a young baby, but the woman who can't learn or does not want to be taught, should not own a baby.

The nurse, however much she may know, cannot feel the same to the child, and many nurses and nurse maids know very little. A fall may cripple him for life. Sitting him up too early may cause spinal curvature. A baby is a born imitator—it is the only way they can learn—and a bad habit formed at this impressionable age clings as a habit formed later may not. Babies cared for by their own mothers are—taking the average—healthier and happier; her eye is far keener than even that of a doctor and were she given one-fifth of a doctor's training, she would be the ideal child specialist. The mother who does not care for her baby herself, loses the happiest and most delightful experience of her life. They need each other.

The greatest work man ever accomplished—whether it be a magnificent building or a great book—has its day, passes and is forgotten. The mother alone builds for posterity—she does more, she builds for eternity. She is of to-day, her baby is of to-morrow. He it is who must carry the torch of life through all the coming ages.

AN ECHO FROM DARWIN

(Continued from page 10)

house. Meanwhile, however, treasures were collected and laid away against the ripening of Sister's years.

"Claribel gimme this doll's purse," said Jimsie, at school, one morning," to leave her see Sister suckin' her thumb."

Jimsie had adopted a proprietary attitude ever since the night he had helped put the baby to bed and the morning he had helped give her a bath.

"That's pretty good." Johnsie looked the object over with the keen scrutiny of a second hand dealer. "But it ain't as nice as the painner that Lucy traded. It plays all right even with four keys gone."

"She'd oughter pay more to kiss her," his friend reminded him, "an' I say we don't trade no more kisses—for nothin'."

At last the great day dawned. At twelve o'clock Johnsie was to be allowed to attach himself to Sister's triumphal chariot and wheel her around an entire block.

With the instinct of the natural-born sleuth, Pastey sensed the coming event. He made himself particularly obnoxious.

"Hello, nurse," he hissed behind his speller. "How's the human concertina?"

Spartan control alone prevented Johnsie from making a fitting retort.

Presently, into the quiet of the room, a strange noise jangled. It was like an owl's cry mingled with that of a coyotte, a cat and the human young

"Who did that?" Teacher demanded.

"Pastey," accused a dozen voices. "He's allus makin' fun of Johnsie's baby. He's just full of bad manners—he is."

Pastey was dismissed, but he was not the boy one would like to picture. On the contrary! He loped up the street grinning and purposeful.

Arrived at the front door of his home, he made a bold entrance, knowing that custom demanded the presence of Milford's housewives in the kitchen at such an hour. He passed upstairs to the attic with no interruption and after a short search, he unearthed a tremendous brown woolly monkey.

Hiding it in the sitting room he made a noiseless escape and turned his face toward Johnsie's house. There, as he expected, Sister lay in her shining black perambulator, sleeping the untroubled slumber of unsuspicious baby hood.

Appetizing odors from the kitchen argued that the front of the house was deserted, so after a moment's delay, caused by a puzzling foot brake, the abductor made his second successful getaway, pushing the now rocking pram and its sleeping occupant as fast as possible to his home.

The school bell was ringing its mid day dismissal as he returned the carriage to its place in the front yard, and a troop of children headed by Johnsie and Jimsie turned the corner.

"Here, you!" admonished the former," "Clear out! I ain't goin' to have you haugin' round an' sneakin' no looks at my sister!"

"Who wants to look at your old baby, nurse?" returned Pastey, making an insulting jibe with the tip of his tongue. "I'd just as lief look at a monkey, I would. That's what a baby looks like, anyways. Come an' see the nice young monkey! What'll you give to have a look at a pretty brown monkey?" he jeeringly asked the crowd as he made discreetly for the corner.

Divided between a desire to do battle, avenging the libellous attack upon Sister's beauty, and hunger for the plaudits of the assembly, Johnsie hesitated. The advice of a little girl decided for him.

"Don't mind him," she urged. "We'll all stand close round, so he can't peep an' if he gets funny, I'll tell his father."

Eight little girls and boys surrounded the carriage, making a cordon of bright eyed faces into any of which Sister might have looked and seen a wealth of love. Every breath was held—that was an unwritten law when looking at something precious, like the inside of Father's watch.

"Ready?" asked Jimsie, holding the light flannel face covering on one side. Johnsie held it on the other.

"Go!" returned the brother, and they whisked down the cover to disclose the face of a hideous brown woolly monkey!

With a cry the like of which none of the horrified children had ever heard before, Johnsie turned a sickly green and dropped down beside the pram. He had fainted.

Out of the black which enveloped him, Jimsie saw two things—Pastey's mother running bareheaded up the street and carrying a small bundle which made lusty noises, and Pastey, himself, leering at the horror-stricken group from around a sheltering corner.

Armed with the courage of a righteous though unholy rage, Jimsie flew at the throat of the boy whose years and weight were considerably greater than his own. Through red-flecked atmosphere he lunged, meeting few obstructions with his fists, but many—alas—with his little face.

His passes grew feebler as a great weight bore him down to glorious defeat.

Pastey's father happening upon the scene, laid hold of his off-spring by the seat of his trousers, and having listened to a confused but indignant account of the abduction, he steered his son home in the uncomfortable manner known to pirates and small boys, as "walking Spanish."

Pastey did not appear that afternoon.

And Jimsie was excused from school. He was permitted to wheel the baby up and down the street until she opened her eyes and mouth and signified her desire for refreshment. Later, he was allowed to hold her on his lap.

She lay still a long time, looking up into his face and puzzling over the strangeness of his appearance. Then she stretched forth an investigating finger and smiled. Jimsie gulped and clutched her very, very close.

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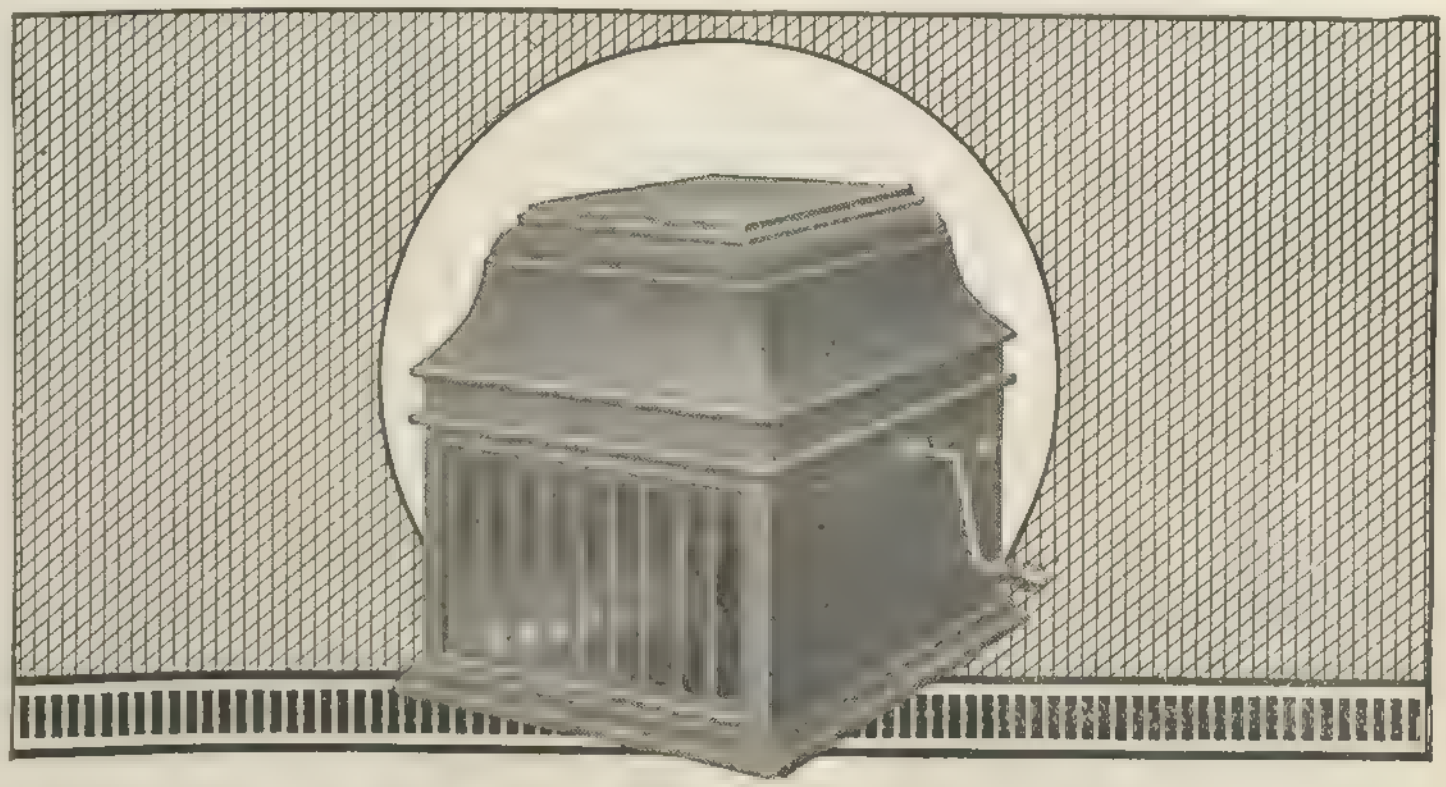

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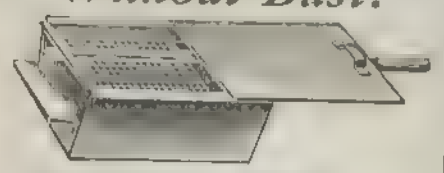

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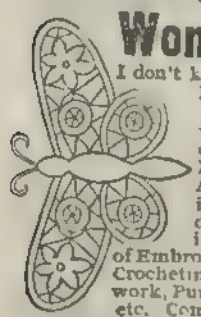
Women Will Say



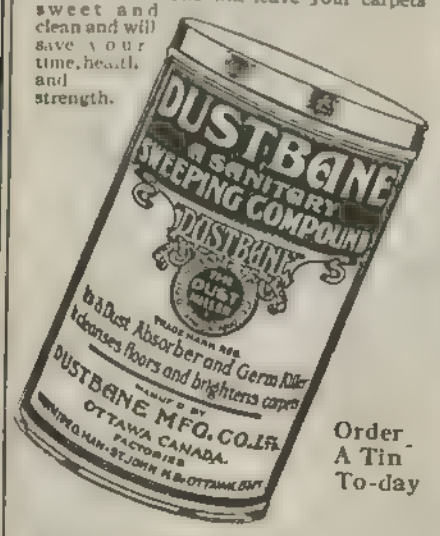
I don't know that stitch and I wish I knew this stitch. Our new book ART NEEDLEWORK with Over 100 illustrations teaches you to master every known Embroidery and Crochet stitch. A child can learn them by self instruction as we picture all difficult stitches. The lessons in nine parts include all kinds of Embroidery, Stamping, Lace making, Crocheting, Handpainting, Crazy patch work, Punch work, Cross stitch, Eyelets, etc. Complete book by mail, 10 cents.

ART PUB. CO., Desk 27 South Norwalk, Conn

Easier Housekeeping For You

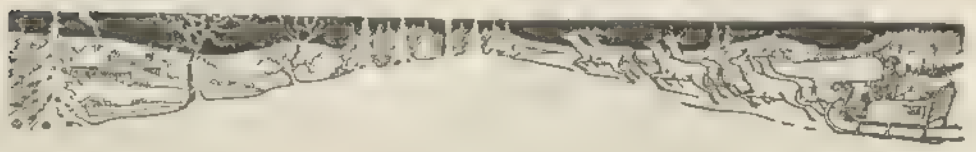
PLAN your work and do your sweeping the easy, simple way—letting DUSTBANE do all the hard work and you will not be tired or overworked.

Just sprinkle a handful or two of DUSTBANE at the starting point and sweep ahead. Dustbane will leave your carpets sweet and clean and will save your time, health and strength.



Order A Tin To-day

and try Dustbane yourself in your own home. You too, will be delighted at the splendid results!



How Clever Women Make Money

HER HOME AND FACTORY UNDER ONE ROOF

By ZOE BECKLEY

A DOZEN years ago, Jane Durand suddenly found herself right slam up against a high stone wall labelled "Self Support." There was no apparent way of scaling that wall, especially since she had a beloved little mother beside her. Neither Miss Jane nor her "motherkin" knew anything about earning livings. They were just quiet home folks who had been comfortably off till the crash came. But they did know how to cook and keep house and be thrifty.

Quite casually one day a friend mentioned that a pair of "dear old maids" of their acquaintance had made a bit of money out of four formulas for flavoring extracts which they had invented and used many years.

The gentle spinsters had come into a fortune and were giving up their work.

Miss Durand went straight to the little ladies and asked them if they would sell their recipes. They were glad to do so. They placed so small a price on them that Miss Durand found that the few dollars she was able to scrape together easily covered it.

The prospect of earning any sort of a decent living for two persons from four flavoring extracts—vanilla, lemon, orange and almond—seemed dubious. But Jane Durand had to do something, and do it quickly.

The little old ladies told her where and how to buy her fruit, almonds, vanilla beans, distilled water and alcohol, a small percentage of which was necessary to "fix" the essence.

Next morning she began gingerly to experiment in her kitchen. They lived in a small, unpretentious cottage at this time, and her work was on a tiny scale. After many trials, a few failures, but no real discouragements, Miss Jane succeeded in making what she considered a perfect product.

The task of building up a market for it was more difficult. She went to the nearest town and called on the manager of the largest and best grocery shop, showing samples and soliciting a trial order.

He gave her one, very small. He had been accustomed to buy his extracts from a factory. He was skeptical about a lone woman being able to make a satisfactory article of the kind. But she looked businesslike and earnest—and he took a chance.

Her next try was a handsome specialty shop, where they sold expensive candies, fruits, preserves and tinned goods. She got another order there. It was for half a dozen small bottles of each of her four flavors. Her day's tramp netted Miss Jane in all four orders. These she carefully filled and delivered personally.

Her labelling and packing were somewhat crude, but she soon learned to put up attractive packages. In less than a week every one of her four trial orders was repeated, two of them being for twice the original amount.

Miss Jane and her mother hugged each other with delight, and did a dance around the kitchen. They worked like beavers to get the bottles out.

Thus did the small beginning show promise.

WITH practice, the extract lady found her products were made quite easily. The lemon, orange and almond flavors were the simple ones. They can be prepared "over night," the chief labour being in pressing out the juices and grating the peel. The straining, bottling, labelling and packing for shipment require time and care.

The vanilla extract is the only one of the quartette which is at all troublesome, Miss Durand says. It takes time, skill, care and judgment. The vanilla beans have to be gradually "stewed out" in a sort of oven for sixteen days before the extract is ready for use.

After Miss Durand had worked at her extract making four years, she began to dream of building a home which should be house and laboratory in one. By this time she had several thousand dollars to her credit. She consulted a young architect who liked her idea and grew boyishly enthusiastic in planning a bungalow so uniquely.

The plot was soon bought and the building erected. There it stands to-day—the prettiest six-room bungalow you can possibly imagine! The cement cellar is the neatest, whitest, sunniest spot that ever masqueraded as a factory. Wide, low windows, are set on a level with the lawn without, framing pictures of hills, trees and flower beds.

Part of this cellar is stored with boxes and bottles, labels, a pasting table, paste pot and brushes. At the other end is the heating apparatus, kept at an even temperature by two bunsen gas burners. Inside this oven sit the big glass jars of vanilla beans, slowly "cooking." Each jar has a neat tag tied round its neck, saying how long it has been there, its general condition and the chances for a successful termination of its career.

Miss Durand's desk, her typewriter, her telephone, are in one of the charming, chintz hung, mahogany furnished chambers upstairs, and to walk through her simply but beautifully designed house, you would never dream the cellar harboured a remunerative business enterprise.

Miss Durand insists that her work is "as easy as pie, and any child could do it." You are almost inclined to believe her as you note her unhurried air, her crisp white linen frock, her spotless white pumps—and her cheery smile.

"I have been nearly thirteen years in the business now," she says, "and have all I can attend to. We are still a 'one-man concern,' although my mother helps me when rush orders come.

"My routine is so systematized that I can virtually run things with one hand and keep house with the other! That leaves my feet free for walking and dancing, both of which I love. We have no help in the business, and no housemaid; only a woman who comes by the day to wash and iron, sweep and clean.

"While competition in these days is very keen, I believe there is always a good living for the woman who specializes on some food commodity. Machine made, factory prepared foodstuffs are the order of the day. But there are many households and hotels only too glad to pay fair prices for materials made at home with care and purity.

"The secret of success in a small home business is in keeping your quality up and never disappointing in your deliveries. You must be able to work hard at a stretch and be careful not to contract for more of the product than you can properly produce.

"I used to go to town and shop round for my materials," goes on our brisk little extract artiste. "But now I have dealers from whom I can safely order by telephone.

"I purchase by the crate, of course. My busiest season is in the summer, because days are longer and the fruit extracts can be prepared in quantity and set aside, sealed, for use in the winter. Mine is not a seasonal trade, however, for oranges and lemons are in the market practically all the year. The raw materials are delivered and called for at my cellar door by the expressman.

"Unless a large order has to be gotten out, my day's work is usually only three or four hours long. I often think, as I work in my comfortable cellar, of the girls and women who are engaged in uncongenial tasks in factories and shops.

"I WISH more women would undertake home-manufactures. There is room for all sorts of home made products in the markets of to-day. Home made candy, for instance, is always in demand for children and grown ups who do not mind paying well for sweets that are pure and harmless.

"Cakes, bread, preserves and other specialties of the home kitchen are saleable. The idea is to stick to a few products—not try to make a little of everything.

"To come down to definite, concrete suggestions:

"If I had my problem to face again, I should start solving it somewhat in this fashion: I should go to a dozen of the most enterprising grocers, provision men, druggists, caterers and hotel keepers and ask, 'Have you in mind any article which could be made at home and for which there would be a market if it were given the special quality of goodness which the term 'home made' stands for?"

"Possibly some of these business men would not be prepared at first with the suggestion I wanted. Then I should go over his stock with him, item by item—or by myself—and ask the question whether that or any other article would find greater demand if it were 'home made.' Most persons' minds are more stimulated by activity, by definite, particular suggestions than by asking them questions in the abstract.

"Also many hotel men and restaurant proprietors are constantly on the look out for some special dish, side dish or specialty with which to popularize their menu. If such a thing were suggested to them by a woman—a capable housewife woman—they would, I believe, welcome it.

"At all events, this phase of my search might yield me a number of hints for home made articles. I should then interview some typical housekeepers, women of means, boarding house managers and the like.

"I should ask them whether they had thought of anything which they themselves could not or did not bother to make, but would be glad to buy if it were made at home with all the cleanliness, care and honesty of material which the home produced specialty is supposed to have. I should make suggestions to them also, as to what I thought I could successfully furnish, and at what price.

"ANYHOW, I should persist in my inquiries until I did get to some starting point. Then I should visit some friendly manufacturer of a similar article to the one I wished to make and get an idea of the make up, the cost and process.

"I should then go home and devote several weeks to analyzing, making, re-making, studying and experimenting generally, just as a chemist does, until I had a thoroughly satisfactory article. This I should try out on myself, my family and friends, noting their comments and making improvements until I felt I had a perfect product—a specialty that could not easily be duplicated. Then I should go over the same field I had already canvassed, distributing samples and soliciting orders. I should keep on plying them with my samples and trial orders until orders began to come by themselves. This logically follows when the field has been prepared and a really excellent article produced.

"Some things are better for being made in factories. But there is always a longing in the human palate for edibles and condiments prepared by woman's own hands, in woman's own home kitchen. And so long as women live, there will be lots of them to whom cooking and 'mixing' things for the nutriment of the human body, is always a pleasure—and can be made a profit."

About Baby

I.

WHEN feeding from the bottle hold Baby in the arm. The meal should last ten to fifteen minutes.

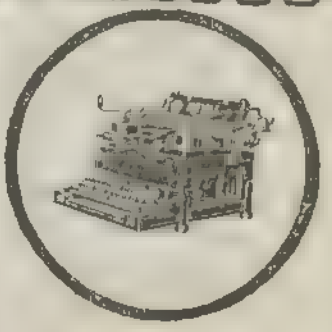
The first two months feed regularly every two hours during the day. If Baby is asleep rouse him. At night the last meal should be at 11 o'clock and if he will sleep do not feed again till 3 or 5 o'clock a.m.

When Baby cannot have his natural food give him

'Allenburys' Foods

Use the 'Allenburys' Feeder

77



The history of the typewriter culminated in the

ROYAL

The builders of the Royal clung to neither tradition nor precedent.

They had one aim and one idea—to produce a REAL typewriter, which should do all that a real typewriter must do, and do it better, do it easier and do more of it in the same time.

Simplification was the governing thought. To create a typewriter which would deliver the work from the finger tips of the operator to the paper itself in the quickest, most efficient, most accurate manner—that was the end to be attained.

Right away this called for the elimination of a thousand unnecessary working parts—and the Royal has one thousand less parts than the old fashioned typewriter.

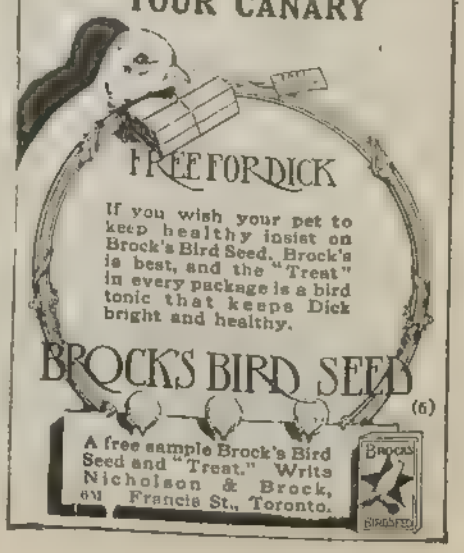
Think what this means—one thousand less chances for repairs. And that very advantage of a thousand fewer parts multiplies the excellence of every part in the Royal.

Get Our Facts. Write for descriptive catalogue E and full information.

Field, Love & House
41 Richmond St. West
TORONTO

Agents wanted in unrepresented Canadian towns

A FREE "TREAT" FOR YOUR CANARY


FREE FOR DICK
If you wish your pet to keep healthy insist on Brock's Bird Seed. Brock's is best, and the "Treat" in every package is a bird tonic that keeps Dick bright and healthy.
BROCK'S BIRD SEED
(6)
A free sample Brock's Bird Seed and "Treat." Write Nicholson & Brock, 6M Francis St., Toronto.
BROCKS
BIRDSEED

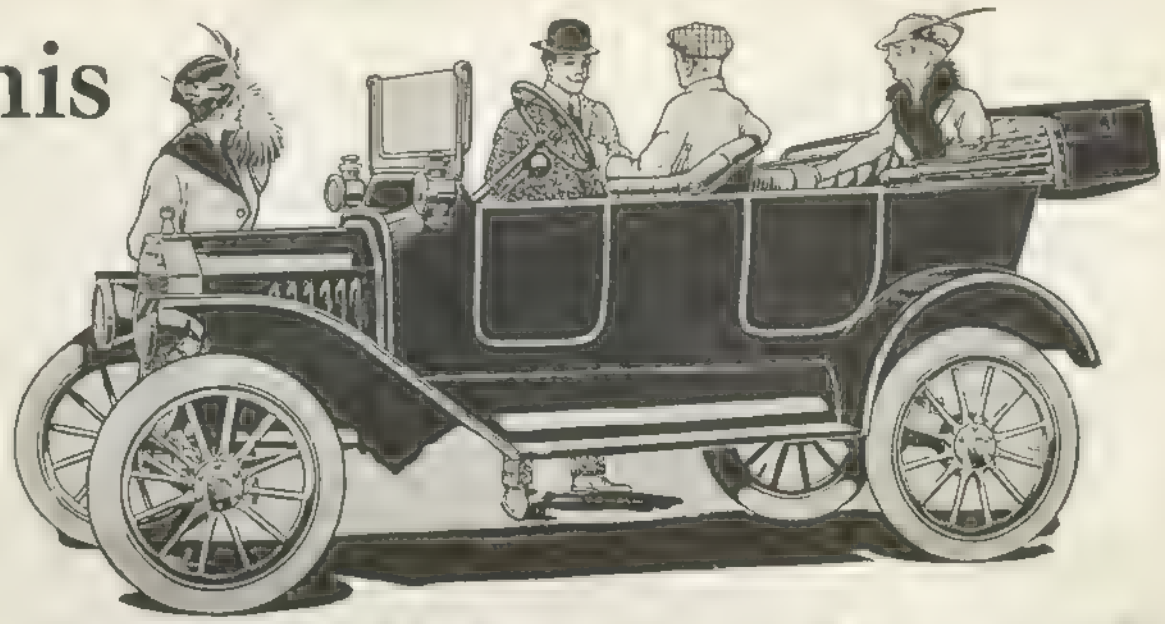
An Evenings Entertainment for Clever Readers of Everywoman's World

You Can Win This

1916 FORD TOURING CAR

$1,000.00

In Other Fine Prizes Also Given



What Did Little Mary Buy?

John Brown owns a prosperous grocery store in a thriving Canadian town. He is a live merchant and attributes much of his success to his novel methods of creating interest in his store.

Recently, he took several lines of his regular goods, put them under cover in boxes and barrels, and wrote the name of each article on the outside. Only he mixed up the letters in each name so that instead of spelling the right name of the article, it spelled something different altogether. For instance box 9 contains Raisins, but Mr. Brown jumbled the letters in the word Raisins until they read "Si Rains." Then he rubbed the word apples off the Apple barrel, and jumbled the letters in that name until they read "Ples Pa," as you on barrel 11.

Fourteen lines of goods in Mr. Brown's store were displayed this way, and a prize was given to any customer who could place an order for all fourteen and tell the number of the box each was in. Little Mary went to Brown's store to make her purchases, guessed all the names correctly and won the prize. Can you do as well?

Two of the names are already given to you to start you right. What are the other twelve?

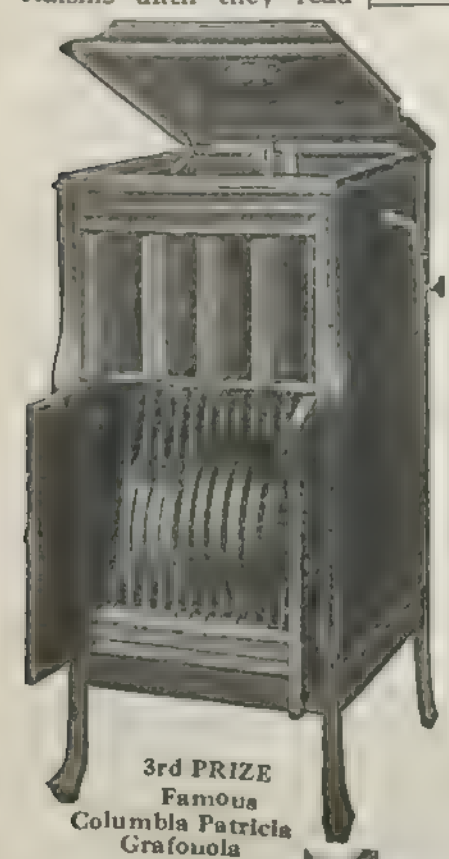
50 Magnificent Prizes 50

Will be Awarded for the Best Answers Received

They Include

this 1916 Ford Touring Car, $450.00 Upright Piano, $75.00 Columbia Grafonola, $50.00 Clare Bros. High Oven Range, 1916 Cleveland Bicycle, Genuine Singer Sewing Machine, $35.00 Kitchen Cabinet, Genuine Waltham Men's and Ladies' Watches, English dinner and Tea Sets, Roger's Silverware and a host of other grand prizes too numerous to mention here.

BIG COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED PRIZE LIST WILL BE MAILED FREE TO YOU, DIRECT



3rd PRIZE
Famous
Columbia Patricia
Grafonola

2nd PRIZE
Handsome Sherlock-Manning
Upright Piano. Value $450.00

A FEW HINTS.—The goods mentioned under each of the fourteen numbers are staple lines such as are to be found in every grocery store and in regular use in every home. No trade-mark names or products of any particular firm or manufacturer are given—just the regular name of each product or article. A good plan is to write down the names of all the things usually found in a grocery store and use the list as your guide. Be careful, because Mr. Brown was clever, and sometimes he made two or three words, and even more, out of a name.

If your answers gain 120 points you will win the First Prize

The judges will award the prizes in this contest, according to the points gained by each entry, and we will fully advise you of the method, when your answer is received. For instance 60 points can be gained by sending a correct answer to each of the twelve names you can guess, there are ten given for general neatness, ten for style, spelling, punctuation, etc., and when you qualify, 40 points additional can be gained. Take lots of time to puzzle our your answer, be neat and careful, and you can win a good prize.

THE OBJECT OF THE CONTEST.—Every loyal Canadian will approve of the object of this great contest. Frankly, it is to advertise and introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's greatest magazine, to hundreds of new homes, which should know that a magazine of such excellence and real worth is being published right here in Canada by Canadians for Canadians. You can help us to do this, when you enter the contest, but you do not have to be a subscriber nor are you asked or expected to take the magazine or spend a single penny in order to compete and win the touring car or one of the other magnificent prizes.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is now the established favorite in more than 50,000 of Canada's best homes. Though that is the greatest circulation ever attained by any Canadian magazine, it doesn't satisfy us. Our motto is "Everywoman's World in Everywoman's Home." Hundreds of Canadian homes which may not know it now will welcome this handsome, interesting, up-to-the-minute, all-Canadian magazine, and once it is introduced to them they will want it every month

If, therefore, when your answers are received, we find them to have gained sufficient points to merit standing for the judging and awarding of prizes, we will write and tell you so, and send without cost, a sample copy of the latest issue of this greatest, of Canada's magazines. Then, in order to qualify your entry, we will ask you to do us the small favor of introducing it to three or four friends and neighbors. We will even send you sample copies to leave with each of your friends, if you will tell us they would like to have them. State your willingness to accord this favor when you submit your answers. The company agrees to pay you in cash, or reward you with a handsome gift for your trouble, entirely in addition to any prize your answers may win in the contest.

Follow These Simple Rules Governing Entry to the Contest

1. Write you answers on one side of the paper only, and put your name and address on the upper right hand corner. Anything other than the answers and your name and address must be on a separate sheet

2. All letters must be fully prepaid in postage Do not forget the extra 1c stamp for war tax

3. Members and employees of Continental Publishing Co Limited and of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and the relations or friends, are not allowed to compete.

4. Boys or girls under fourteen years of age are not allowed to compete.

5. Contestants will be permitted to submit as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set can be awarded a prize.

6. Different members of a family may compete, but only one prize will be awarded in any one family or household.

7. Judging will be done by three Toronto gentlemen, having no connection whatever with this firm. Prizes will be awarded according to the number of points gained on each entry; 120 points, which is the maximum, will take first prize. Points will be awarded for each correct answer, also neatness, handwriting, punctuation, and fulfilling the conditions of the contest. Prizes will be awarded 31st day of March, 1916.

8. Each competitor will be required to show the copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD which will be sent without charge to three or four friends or neighbours who will want to subscribe For this service the Company agrees to reward you with a cash payment or a handsome gift Such rewards to be entirely in addition to any prize your answers may win in the contest.

9. This contest is absolutely free of expense. Contestants are not required to be subscribers or readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, nor are they asked to subscribe or buy anything. In awarding the prizes, the judges will have no knowledge of whether the entry comes from a subscriber or not.

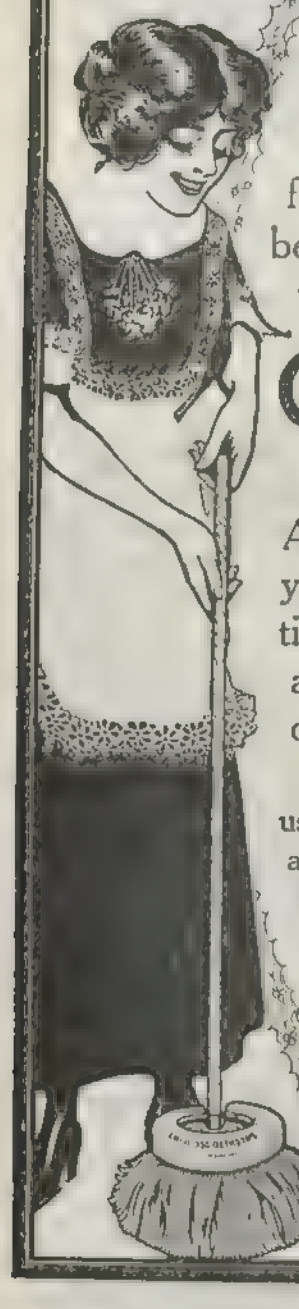
4th PRIZE.—Clare Bros. Famous "Lighter Day" High Oven Range (for either coal or wood)

7th PRIZE
Magnificent Ideal Kitchen Cabinet

Address your replies to the CONTEST EDITOR

Everywoman's World, 1 Continental Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

These Inexpensive Xmas Gifts Will Bring Comfort to Thousands of Housewives



TO the housekeeper—whether wife, mother, sister or friend—no Xmas gift could be more welcome than these time-saving, labor saving

O-Cedar Mops

MADE-IN-CANADA

$1.00 Polish Mop
$1.00 Dusting Mop
Combination $1.50

Ask your dealer to show you the new combinations—2 mops, polishing and dusting in the one can.

You could give nothing more useful, more welcome, more appreciated. "She" will bless you every time she uses them and she will use them every day.

75c Polish Mop
75c Dusting Mop
Combination $1.25

ASK YOUR DEALER

Channell Chemical Co., Limited
369 Sorauren Ave.
TORONTO

Stepping Stones to Beauty

The first and most important step toward beautifying and preserving your complexion and appearance for the coming Social Season, is the selection of only such creams, powders, lotions, skin foods, etc., as will beneficially impart a natural pink and white freshness and velvety smoothness to the skin. The

PRINCESS PREPARATIONS

are the result of scientific study by specialists in treating complexional blemishes and beautifying the hair and skin. You will find a dependable Princess requisite for your every need.

If you are unable to come to the Hiscott Institute for personal treatment, you may order some of the Princess famous beauty preparations, and administer treatment at home under our direction.

Any of the Princess beauty preparations would be an acceptable and useful Christmas gift.

The following is a partial list of the Princess lines:—

Princess Face Powder.—A fine smooth powder with a delightful dainty perfume. Ideal for moist or oily skins, and gives the much-desired soft, velvety appearance. White, Pink and Brunette. Price 50c. postpaid.

Princess White Rose Cream.—A superior liquid cream to soften and cleanse the skin. Always apply before powdering. Price 75c. postpaid.

Princess Skin Food.—Nourishes and tones the tissues and produces a smooth firm skin. It moderates and prevents lines, wrinkles, hollows, crowsfeet and similar defects, and will cause hair to grow. With each jar of Princess Skin Food we will send full directions for facial massage. Price $1.50 postpaid.

Princess Hair Rejuvenator.—Restores grey and fading hair to its original color in 10 days. Is not greasy or sticky. For brown or black hair, not more than one-half grey. Price $1.00 postpaid.

Princess Skin Tightener.—Hardens and smoothes loose and flabby tissues—reduces enlarged pores and overcomes coarseness and insufficient natural color. Price $1.00 postpaid.

Princess Creme Velour.—A boon to oily or greasy skins. It has a delightful fragrance. Can be used at any time, place and under any circumstances. Price 50c. postpaid.

Princess Complexion Purifier.—Removes moth patches, liver spots, freckles, tan, redness of the nose, scaly skin and other facial blemishes. Price only $1.50 postpaid.

With your order we will include a copy of our latest booklet on Beauty and how to obtain it. It lists the complete Princess line and describes fully our antiseptic method of Electrolysis for the removal of superfluous hair, moles, warts etc. This is the only safe cure for such blemishes. It is ethical and you live out of town come during the holidays for treatment. Satisfaction assured.

If you procure what is recommended for your case you will be surprised at the difference in your appearance after you have used them.

HISCOTT INSTITUTE, 63 College Street, Toronto, Canada

40 WORDS you can send in a message to 500,000 readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD at a cost of only $4.00 through our Classified Opportunity Page—through post cards the same service would cost you $5,875.00! Booklet "Big Returns" tells all about this service. If interested write,
EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto

Xmas Booklets and Postcards

AGENTS WANTED.—Here is your chance to win some splendid Xmas Prizes or Cash. Our Xmas Cards and Booklets in packages of six assorted and free coupon set, for 10c. Apply for 36 packets to sell. Return us our $3.60, and win a fine new model typewriter, doll, camera, watches, etc., mailed to you absolutely free. Get Catalogue describing these and other nice prizes. Write us at once.
COLONIAL ART CO., Desk HI, TORONTO, ONT.

WHAT DID LITTLE MARY BUY?

An evening's entertainment for all who like puzzles. Over $1500.00 in prizes offered by EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for the best answers to the above question. Announcement of the winners of the Geographical Contest is made below.

FOR an hour or more of solid fun, look up the page in this issue on which is asked the question "What did little Mary buy?" Can you answer it? Many a time, Madam, you have bought some "Wop a King Berd," and your little Mary has gone to the grocers to get you some "Sal Moses" or "Lorets Load."

Just what do these strange names stand for? That's the puzzle. You are probably using regularly all the articles in John Brown's store, the names of which have been jumbled by that enterprizing gentleman. Can you find the right names?

It will, indeed, be well worth while for you to put your thinking cap on and spend some thought on this entertaining little problem, because just see, the first prize which you may win is a five passenger Ford Touring Car, value $530.00. Then there is a $450.00 Sherlock-Manning piano, a famous Clare Bros. high oven range, a lovely kitchen cabinet, a Columbia Grafonola, a dandy Cleveland Bicycle, and a host of other big prizes that run to over $1,500.00 in value.

If there are any youngsters in your family—especially those bright little cherubs just about half way through school, read to them about John Brown's store, show them the picture and then give them a pencil and paper and let them try to figure out what little Mary bought there.

Tell them that if little Mary did it, they surely can—and watch the results.

Of course when you have decided on the names you think fit each number send your answers in yourself. The prizes in this contest are distinctly for the grown ups.

Everywoman's World Has Just Awarded an Indian Motor Cycle and $200.00 in Cash as Prizes in the Geographical Contest Recently Conducted

On September 30th the Geographical Contest conducted by EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD was concluded and the fine prizes were awarded, after the judging of the answers had been concluded by the committee appointed for that purpose.

Below is the list of the lucky winners. These people are many good dollars better off to-day, because they entered EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD previous contest and qualified their entries according to the simple conditions governing the contest. Any of these people will tell you how easy it will be for you to win a big prize.

1. A. Fraser, St. Ann's, Cape Breton.. The Indian Motor-Cycle
2. O. H. Peterson, Suite 23, Lenore Blk., Winnipeg, Man.....$50.00 Cash
3. F. E. Lane, 200 Dundas St., Toronto, Ont..... 25.00 cash
4. Miss. Amy E. Armstrong, Box 77, La Tuque, Que..... 15.00 cash
5. Mrs. Wesley Bates, 114 Chestnut St., Winnipeg, Man..... 10.00 cash
6. Mrs. W. J. Way, Box 129, Merlin, Ont. 8.00 cash
7. N. E. Austin, Tweed, Ont..... 5.00 cash
8. Mrs. C. J. Williams, 93 Favard St., Montreal, Que..... 5.00 cash
9. E. J. Fleetwood, Box 427, St. John, N.B..... 5.00 cash
10. Andrew Christiani, Box 395, Winnipeg, Man..... 5.00 cash
11. Arthur Wildbar, Muskoka Hospital, Gravenhurst, Ont..... 5.00 cash
12. R. Boner, Pine Cottage, Fairy River, Huntsville, Ont..... 3.00 cash
13. Peder Solbek, Amisk, Alta..... 3.00 cash
14. G. L. Barley, 162 Lake Ave., St. Catharines, Ont..... 3.00 cash
15. Miss Margaret Howley, 941 Queen St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont..... 3.00 cash
16. Mrs. Reuben Styan, Magog, Que., Box 482..... 3.00 cash
17. John McMurray, 78 Bertrand St., Norwood, Man..... 2.00 cash
18. Miss Minnie Miller, R.R. No. 2, Vasey, Ont..... 2.00 cash
19. L. R. Walker, Ragley, East Sooke, Mt. Victoria, B.C..... 2.00 cash

Each of the following contestants was awarded a cash prize of $1.00:

John Work, 32 Wright Ave., Toronto, Ont; Maurice Spidell, 109 Cunard St., Halifax, N.S.; W. H. MacKenzie, 37 North St., Halifax, N.S.; Andrew R. Ness, Canton, Ont.; Mrs. Frank McGillivray, Union St., Glace Bay, C.B.; Mrs. W. E. Noxel, Humberstone, Ont.; Miss Minnie L. Randles, Wardsville, Ont.; Grant G. McKenzie, Box 27, Lebanne Sta., B.C.; E. A. Craig, 136 Riverdale Ave., Toronto, Ont.; Grafton G. Cochrane, Sydenham, Ont.; Mrs. Wesley Conlin, Imperial, Sask.; J. W. Millar, 1 Edgewood Ave., Toronto, Ont.; Alfred E. Owens, 41 Gladstone Ave., Windsor, Ont.; Mrs. W. S. Emery, Upper Woodstock, Car Co., N.B.; E. J. B. Curon, Sunset Farm, Agincourt, Ont.; J. F. Smeltzer, 78 Blackfriars St., London, Ont.; W. H. Clark, 622 Sydenham Ave., Westmount, Que.; Miss Corinne A. Craig, Elgin, Ont.; Miss Katie Cook, Birch Hills, Sask.; Mrs. John S. Cavers, Fatehurst, Que.; Miss Mason, 51 Windsor St., Halifax, N.S.; Miss Mary Teague, 87 Concord St., Ottawa, Ont.; Miss Maud E. Chapman, 565 Brunswick St., Fredericton, N.B.; J. H. Jones, 446 Wellesley St., Toronto, Ont.; Harry Veitch, Ripley, Ont.; R. Berrington, 330 25th Ave. West, Calgary, Alta.; M. S. Dalntrey, Box 1508, Calgary, Alta.; Wilfrid Wall, Jr., 67 18th Ave., Lachine, Que.; L. Zilla LeBlanc, College Bridge, N.B.; John Duff, Mekiwin, Man.; Miss Frances Lloyd, 596 Church St., Toronto, Ont.; Miss Margaret R. Taylor, c/o J. E. Masters, 86 Botsford, Moncton, N.B.; Duncan McLellan, 47 Howard Park Ave., Toronto, Ont.; Leslie Barry, 229 Keary St., Sapperton, B.C.; C. A. Arnold, Lanark, Ont.; James MacKenzie, Box 275, Cumberland, B.C.; Willie Buckingham, Morrisburg, Ont.; S. B. Scott, 2048 Angus St., Regina, Sask.; F. C. Stewart, 701 28th Ave. E., Vancouver, B.C.; Mrs. J. E. Farrelly, R.R. No. 1, Alma, Ont.; Mrs. E. J. Burns, Rosser, Man.; Mrs. Rufus B. Wilson, Tofield, Alta.; Mrs. E. D. Langille, Box 175, Kelowna, B.C.; Ewing Munro, Inverness Town, C.B., N.S.; Walter H. Lovis, 33 Prize St., Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. Frank Dairs, Sintaluta, Sask.

So great an interest has been shown in these contests by our friends and readers, in all parts of Canada, and so numerous have been the requests to continue them, that the publishers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD have almost decided to make them a regular annual feature.

To give an equal opportunity to all competitors the winners of major prizes in each contest will be debarred from winning major prizes in each succeeding contest, thereby making it doubly

FLAXSEED NOW A WONDERFUL HUMAN FOOD

as deodorized and used in Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal. It's the most nourishing seed grown.

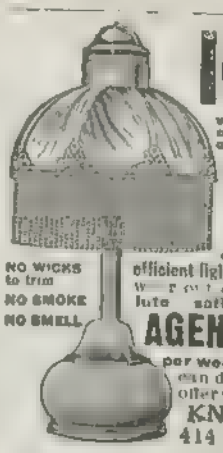
It has always been known as a wonderful food for stock, but since Dr. Jackson's discovery of a method of deodorizing it, it has become available as a delicious human food. Roman Meal is composed of whole berries of wheat, whole berries of rye (both granulated, not crushed) with 25 per cent. of the tasteless flaxseed and 10 per cent. bran.

This food is guaranteed to relieve constipation or "money back." It also nourishes better than meat and prevents indigestion. Ask your doctor.

Roman Meal makes delicious porridge, pancakes, gems, cakes and bread.

To make Roman Meal porridge, use a double boiler or set in a basin of boiling water. Have water boiling in both vessels, that in the inner one salted to taste. Slowly stir in one cup of Roman Meal to each two cups of water. Cover, set in outer vessel and never stir again even while serving. Stirring spoils this delicious food.

Roman Meal is sold by all live grocers at 10 and 25 cents. Any grocer in Canada can get it from his wholesaler.



10 Cents worth of common ordinary **KEROSENE** or Coal Oil will keep this lamp in operation for 60 HOURS and will produce **300 Candle Power** of the finest, whitest and most efficient light ever known. Nothing to wear, nothing to get out of order. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

NO WICKS to trim
NO SMOKE
NO SMELL

AGENTS MAKE $25 per week in their spare time. You can do the same. Send for our offer while your territory is open.

KNIGHT LIGHT CO.
414 Knight Bldg., CHICAGO

Peerless STEAM COOKER

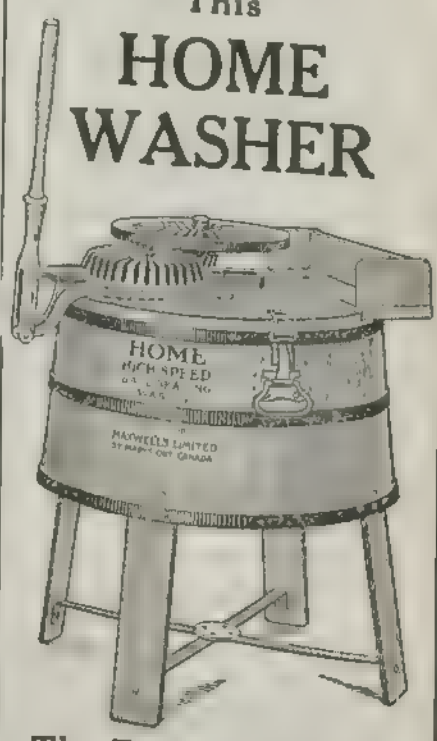
Your Christmas dinner will be perfect if cooked in the Peerless. You can entertain while your dinner is cooking. No attention required, whistles when water is needed. No steam or odor, no heavy kettles, no burned food, no tough meat. Saves labor, food and fuel. Cut out this advertisement, write name and address, and get our special Christmas mail order offer direct from factory to any address in Canada. EXPRESS PREPAID. Address

Peerless Cooker Co., Berlin, Ont.
AGENTS WANTED

Name.. .....
Post Office .....
Province .. ..

You'll Forget WASHDAY WORRIES Once You Use This

HOME WASHER



The Easiest Running of all Washers!

HERE'S a splendid "MADE IN CANADA" Machine that's a real wonder worker. It runs so easily! It does its duty so well! There isn't another machine in Canada can equal it for good, quick, efficient work. Washes the clothes in half the time you can do them by hand—and washes them far cleaner too. It has a high speed balance wheel (works by lever as illustrated), steel ball bearings and automatically cut gear wheel. Beautifully finished in natural wood and bronze finish to metal parts. Go to the nearest Maxwell Dealer and see this dandy Washer, or write to

MAXWELLS LIMITED
St. Mary's, Ont.

MAXWELLS LIMITED
Dept. E., St. Mary's, Ont.
Please send me further particulars regarding your "Home" Washer.
Name.....
Address.....

worth while for any unsuccessful contestant to enter the next one. We would appreciate suggestions for puzzles, contests, and any ideas and criticisms on the present contest that any of our readers may care to submit.

A Timely Christmas Suggestion

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD
is coming to

M.....

for Twelve Months
with Christmas Greetings

From.....

The above Christmas greeting card, full size 3¼ x 2¼, handsomely printed on a heavy antique card will be mailed so as to be delivered Christmas morning simultaneously with the Christmas copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Every Christmas gift subscription will receive the handsome Christmas number.

Forward Christmas Subscriptions now so that they can be entered in good time.

A Christmas gift that will live for a whole year and bring to your friends a monthly reminder of your kindly thoughtfulness, should surely have first consideration with every careful giver.

Such a Christmas gift is a year's subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD—a pleasure that will live twelve whole months. This is an ideal Christmas gift, and we make it very easy for you to use it.

$5.00 Cash for You from Everywoman's World—Christmas Pin Money Easily Earned

There are a great many people in your neighborhood who will welcome the Christmas suggestion given above, and will gladly act on it when brought to their attention. There are, as well, many subscribers near you whose subscriptions soon run out and who will gladly send renewals if called on.

Take this copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD among your friends and neighbors. Send 15 yearly subscriptions (or renewals) at $1.00 each postpaid, and we will at once give you for your trouble $5.00 cash. In fact, you may keep this from the amount collected and send us $10.00 net, covering the fifteen.

Thousands of subscriptions reach us direct at this season of the year, and really any enterprising man or woman can easily secure 15 in a few hours. There is no other way in which $5.00 can be earned so easily.

Subscriptions must reach us not later than Dec. 15th, in order to entitle you to this offer, and on request, all Christmas gift subscriptions will receive our special Christmas Card properly inscribed.

Address your subscriptions to the Special Christmas Offer Division, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ont.

What Will I Give For Christmas ?

By LIONEL DAVIS

I HAVE just finished reading the article "I am a Proud Mother this Christmas" on page 11 of the Christmas number of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. It appeals to me deeply and stirred my emotions.

The other articles, beginning with the Editorials and ending with Marjory Dale's Recipe page, I have read with satisfaction, because it has been possible for us in Canada to put out so much good, helpful, uplifting and entertaining reading in an all-Canadian magazine for Canadian women.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is yet far short of the high ideals we hold and which we hope to realize eventually, when, with the kindly, practical interest of our loyal Canadian readers, we reach those better things for which we have planned.

As President of the Company publishing EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, I wish to take this opportunity to thank our readers, one and all, for many kindnesses and considerations extended to us, and I would suggest that after reading this issue, you decide that EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is just about the nicest present you can send to your friends this Christmas. It will be appreciated by true, loyal women, all the more because it is Canadian and holds so much of interest to Canadians, and promises even much greater things during the coming year.

Awards for Letters Regarding Trade Marks

"I DO not inspect any article with the prospect of buying unless it be stamped with some well known trade mark." This sentiment, as expressed in letters coming to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD covering trade marks, is fast becoming a fixed habit with Canadian women who desire always to get best value for their money and absolute satisfaction out of all purchases. It is quite the right attitude to take. Any thinking, experienced housekeeper will agree on this point.

The first prize of $10.00 cash awarded in the trade mark naming contest in August, September and October issues of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, has been captured by Miss Elizabeth Pollard, of Harrow, Ont. The ten additional prizes—each a box of beautiful gold embossed initial stationery with envelopes to match—have been taken by the following:—

Mrs. L. M. Trace, Innisfree, Alta.; Mrs. V. H. C. Abbott, Silverdale, B.C.; Miss Margaret Hope, Elmont; Miss Ethel J. E. Dunning, Aurora, Ont.; Miss Jean Russell, R. R. No. 2, Pakenham, Ont.; Mrs. E. G. Hutton, Ormstown, Que.; Miss Eva A. Maskell, 66 Willow St., Halifax, N.S.; M. J. Clarke, 89 Park Row, Woodstock, Ont.; Miss Edith M. Russell, Dartmouth, N.S.; E. J. Tarrio, Baggage master, I.C.R. Station, Amherst, N.S.

Will each of the foregoing kindly write us and advise the initial wished. In case the prize may be desired to be used as a Christmas gift for some one else?

$5.00 in Extra Contest

THIS prize was won by Mrs. E. Everett Burnside, of Kingston, Ont. Very few took part in this contest, which was a disappointment to us, because we felt that there must be a great many products in Canada as yet only locally known, but which are good enough to warrant favor more generally. It will oblige us greatly if every reader will look up the offer on page 6, and let us hear about more products that are not as yet widely known.

In Toronto

Where To Shop For Christmas

¶ Toronto is recognized as a great shopping centre by Canadian people because of its many excellent shops and because of the uniform courtesy and assistance which the Toronto merchants extend to all out-of-town customers.

¶ Especially is this true where the purchaser wishes to have the goods sent by mail. Every merchant sees that the utmost care is taken in selecting articles to meet the requirements specified by the purchaser in the letter—with the result that the customer is often better satisfied than if the goods had been selected in person.

¶ Below we give some of the interesting places to visit in Toronto when doing your Christmas shopping, and some suggestions for gifts which can easily be ordered by mail and save much tiring thought and real work.

Hear the pure, sweet tone of the

Columbia Grafonola

at $110.00

When shopping, come in and hear any of your favorite selections—Grand Opera or Popular Music.

WE HAVE ALL THE RECORDS ALL THE TIME

BURNETT PIANO & GRAFONOLA CO.
9 Queen St. E. (2 doors from Yonge) Toronto
Phone M. 3224

MUSIC—That is the Spirit of Xmas

NO Xmas would be complete without music, and the best music in the world is yours to command if you own

THE NEW EDISON Diamond-Disc PHONOGRAPH

the instrument Thomas Edison spent five years to perfect. Patronized by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. Our store is also musical headquarters for the

New Scale Williams Piano

as well as Martin-Orme, Chickering and others: autoharps, toy pianos, boys' bugles, drums, etc.

THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO. & SONS LIMITED
145 Yonge St. - TORONTO
21 King St. East - HAMILTON

Speaking about FOOT COMFORT and corns and bunions and things

How Do You Expect To Be Comfortable

and avoid the pains and aches and the hideous appearance of deformity if you persist in jamming your feet into leather cases designed to hide the fact that you have feet inside them?

NATURAL TREADS

are the shoes you are reading about in various magazines and papers, and are so scientifically built and foot shape that when worn your feet will be strong and remain perfect. They will be 100% efficient. Think of it.

They will positively cure *all* soreness in feet. Why? Because they are made like feet. Toronto's largest hospital has adopted them exclusively. Are we slaves to fashion to an extent of deformity? If you are willing to be convinced call at our store or mail card for our book, sent free, "The Feet and How to Treat Them," with measurement form. We exchange until you are comfortable.

Made in Canada

Natural Tread Shoes, Limited
329 Yonge St. - Toronto, Canada

City Dairy Plum Pudding

¶ For six years we have sold them in Toronto only.

¶ This year we offer them to the Ontario readers of Everywoman's World.

¶ A pudding in a fancy box (3 lb. gross) by parcel post prepaid anywhere in Ontario for One Dollar.

¶ Orders must be in on or before December 18th to insure delivery before Christmas.

¶ Remit by money order.

CITY DAIRY COMPANY, Limited, TORONTO

FACE PROTECTION

The complexion is worthy of care—and proper care. Powdering is not always beneficial; it can be harmful. Many powders work positive injury.

DR. PARTIN'S
Face and Healing Powder

Is the work of a famous specialist. It beautifies and soothes. Comes in flesh color, white, mauve, and the fashionable orange. Prices according to size, at $1.00, $1.50, $3.50 and $5.50 the box. A sample of any shade on request.

DR. PARTIN'S INSTITUT DE BEAUTE
105 Yonge Street Toronto, Ont.

Visit the
GIFT SHOP
For Practical Gifts at 25c. and up

SEE OUR CHRISTMAS CARDS, MOTTOES, SHEET PICTURES, FRAMED PICTURES, Etc.
We do Picture Framing of Photos and Pictures

Snapshots enlarged to 8 x 10 from any film or plate for 35c.

PHOTOART CO.
294 Yonge St. - Near Wilton Ave. - Toronto

PATTERSON'S Candies for Xmas

Unexcelled in quality, assortment, and style of packing. Mail orders solicited. Correspondence invited.

114 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Are Your Corsets Tailored to Your Measure?

MILADY, the discriminating dresser, is as particular about the perfect fit of her corsets as her gowns, for it is most important of all wearing apparel. If the corset does not fit perfectly, the gown does not present that smart appearance a tailored garment should.

There is an individual air about the figure wearing tailored garments. Insist that your dealer supply you with Bias Corsets. If he cannot, write us direct, and we will send you our beautiful new catalogue, showing many models and designs, also measurement blank and full particulars about self-measurement.
Address

BIAS CORSETS
41 Britain St. Toronto, Ont.

Send A Christmas Box of E D S Goodies

JUST stop and think how many people would appreciate an assorted box of E. D. Smith's Preserves, Jellies, canned fruit and vegetables with a few bottles of his delicious grape juice for Christmas.

E. D. Smith puts up all your favorite Jams and Jellies—Crab Apple, Black Currant, Cherry, Red Currant, and Grape Jelly—Strawberry, Raspberry, Gooseberry, Green Gage Plum Jam—Orange and Pineapple Marmalade, Pear Conserve and others.

E. D. SMITH'S Jams and Jellies

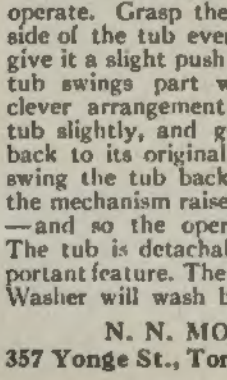
are made from fresh Winona fruit and the purest cane sugar, but it is the process that gives the delicious distinctive flavor, characteristic of all the E.D.S. preparations.

All good grocers carry and recommend E. D. Smith's full line of Jams, Jellies, canned tomatoes and other fruits and vegetables.

MADE IN CANADA

E. D. Smith & Sons, Limited

WINONA, ONTARIO



Something Like A Gift

52 Happy Days Next Year for Mother

Ask the youngest member of your family: "Which is Mother's hardest day?" And promptly comes the reply: "WASH DAY."

Mother dreads the aching fatigue of every Monday—and the nerves of the whole family are jangled through sympathy. No wonder if the Monday supper table is a bit discordant, with the official soother too tired to "pour oil on troubled waters."

How unnecessary it all is! If a man had to do the washing, how long do you think it would be done in this old back-breaking way? He realizes the economy of labor saving machinery, he employs it in his own work. He recognizes that time and better health soon pay for such devices. If a man had to do the washing—he would very soon install a

"1900" Gravity Washer

And here is mother—the home maker, the hub of the family wheel—wearing out her precious strength, as her mother and grandmother did before her. Isn't it about time the family took more than a sympathetic interest? Isn't it time for a little real action? Can you think of a more sensible gift—a gift, too, which will mean so many more hours of leisure during the years to come?

Now I know how disappointing it is to send for something and find it not quite as represented. So I am going to be very careful in describing to you my "1900" Gravity Washer. I know that it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in *six* minutes, without wearing or tearing them—that it is extremely simple to operate. Grasp the handle on the side of the tub ever so lightly and give it a slight push from you. The tub swings part way round. A clever arrangement here lifts the tub slightly, and gravity sends it back to its original position. You swing the tub back and forth and the mechanism raises and lowers it—and so the operation goes on. The tub is detachable—a very important feature. The "1900" Gravity Washer will wash blankets, quilts, and even rugs quite as successfully as the finest lace and linen.

This is an ideal Xmas gift for Mother—I want to make the terms so easy that any family can afford it. I have absolute confidence in my washer, so I want you to try it at my expense. I'll pay the freight and allow a month for testing it—then, if not found absolutely satisfactory, I'll pay the freight on it back again.

If you write me promptly enough, I can plan the shipment to have the Washer arrive at Christmas-time. If you want it as a Xmas gift, mention this point specially when you write.

I have an easy-payment plan about which I'll tell you also if you're interested. Write for my Booklet to-day—don't wait until too late. Address me personally:

N. N. MORRIS, Manager, "1900" WASHER CO.

357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. **Factory: 79-81 Portland St., Toronto**

Marjory Dale's Recipe Page

CHRISTMAS GOODIES

Edited by MARJORY DALE

CHRISTMAS just wouldn't be Christmas if the good housewife didn't cook and bake all kinds of nice things. To make merry the day one must have her "Plum Pudding," "Christmas Cake," "Cookies," not to mention the delicious home made candy.

Before attempting your Christmas pudding be sure you have the mould with a tight fitting cover in which to cook it, and that the bags are clean and well floured. Always grease your mould well. Everything should be ready before beginning to mix the cake; have pans paper lined and well greased.

Great care and most work must be given to creaming the butter, it should be rubbed smooth until the consistency of cream, then add sugar gradually.

Be sure all fruit is well washed as it is disagreeable to bite into a gritty fruit cake. Remember to dry the fruit thoroughly, and sprinkle well with flour.

Pay strict attention to the oven; unless the oven is right, the cake will be a failure no matter how carefully prepared.

Cookies are children's everlasting delight; the dough of cookies, because of the large proportion of fat contained, should be thoroughly chilled before any attempt is made to roll it out.

Successful candies demand pure sugars. The best results are not possible with impure sugar. They must be watched closely, boiled slowly, and not stirred.

THREE STORY CHRISTMAS CAKE

Two cups brown sugar, 2½ cups butter, 1¼ cups molasses, 1 cup sweet milk, 8 eggs, 1 lb. dates, stoned and finely chopped, 1½ lbs. raisins stoned; 1 lb. currants; ¼ lb. lemon peel; ¼ lb. citron peel; ¼ lb. orange peel; 1 lb. shelled almonds; 1 teaspoonful each, ground cloves, allspice, soda, and salt; 1 nutmeg grated; 4 large cups flour. Cream butter and sugar, add eggs well beaten, soda dissolved in molasses, other ingredients, lastly the flour. Beat well and bake in a moderate oven 2 hours.—*Mrs. Rhys Williams, Lindsay, Ont.*

DIVINITY CANDY

Two and a half cups white sugar, ½ cup corn syrup, ½ cup water, white of 2 eggs. Boil sugar, syrup and water until it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water, pour ¼ cup over the beaten whites of 2 eggs, let the rest boil until it hardens, when dropped into cold water. Then pour over mixture and beat until creamy. Nuts, dates, or cherries may be added if desired. Let stand 12 hours before using.—*Miss Sims Allan, Ottawa, Ont.*

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING

Chop together one pound raisins, three fourths pound of suet; add one fourth pound citron, chopped fine; then add one pound of grated bread; half pound of sugar; one teaspoonful of salt; one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of mace and cloves mixed. When thoroughly blended, stir in four beaten eggs, diluted with one half cup of milk; turn into buttered mould and steam about six hours. Serve with egg sauce. —*Mrs. MacFarlan, Toronto, Ont.*

HONEY COOKIES

Two eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup honey, 1 teaspoonful soda, 1 tablespoonful ginger, 1 tablespoonful cinnamon, flour to roll.—*Mrs. Marks, Ferguson, Ont.*

SHREDDED COCOA FUDGE

Half cup milk, 3 level tablespoonfuls butter, 2½ cups powdered sugar, 6 level tablespoonfuls cocoa, pinch salt, 1 teaspoonful vanilla. Boil altogether till it forms soft ball in cold water, remove from fire and beat briskly.—*Miss Alice E. Graham, Sherbrooke, Que.*

SMALL PLUM PUDDING

One cup suet, 1 cup currants, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup molasses, 1 egg, 4 cups flour, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoonful soda, 1 teaspoonful cloves, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, ½ cup brown sugar; steam in flour sprinkled bag 3 hours.

Sauce.—Half cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, 1 tablespoonful butter, boiling water.—*Mrs. Bertha Duncan, Freberne, Man.*

Apples and Sugared Popcorn

Select a number of ripe apples of uniform size. Make a syrup of two cupfuls of sugar and three-fourths cupful of water and two drops of acetic acid. Dissolve the sugar slowly, then boil to 270 F., add the acetic acid and boil to 310 F. Dip the apples one at a time into this syrup. When cold, trim them with a few artificial leaves. Serve them on a pretty dish with sugared popcorn among them.

FRUIT PIN WHEELS

Put through the sieve 1 pint flour, 1 tablespoonful sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 level teaspoonful baking powder; into this put 2 large tablespoonfuls butter, wet with scant cup of milk, sprinkle kneading board with flour, roll dough into squares ¼ inch thick; spread it with 1 tablespoonful soft butter, mixed with ¼ cup sugar, ½ cup currants; grate in a little nutmeg, roll up like a jelly roll, cut in slices ¼ inch thick, place on well greased pan, do not let slices touch. Bake in a quick oven 12 minutes.—*Miss Hilda M. Rice, Berwick, N.S.*

The Christmas Turkey

TURKEY RECHAUFFE WITH POTATO BORDER

Cold turkey; gravy, 2 cups; celery, cut fine, ½ cup; ripe olives, stoned, 12; egg yolk, 1; mashed potato, 3 cups.

Cut turkey in pieces for serving. Re-heat in gravy to which has been added celery and olives. Add seasonings, if necessary. Place a buttered mould on platter, build around it a wall of hot mashed potato, and brush with egg. Remove mould, put turkey in centre, and place in oven to brown potato.

TURKEY A LA KING

Turkey fat, 1½ tablespoonfuls; corn starch, 1 tablespoonful; turkey stock, ¾ cup; milk, ½ cup; cream, ¼ cup; salt, ½ teaspoonful; butter, 2 tablespoonfuls; cold turkey, 1 cup; mushroom caps, ½ cup; pimentoes, ¼ cup; egg yolk, 1.

Melt turkey fat, add corn starch, and stirr until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, stock, milk and cream. Bring to the boiling point and add salt, butter, and bit by bit, turkey, mushroom caps, which have been sliced and sauted, and pimentoes, cut in strips. Again bring to the boiling point and add the egg yolk, slightly beaten. Turkey a la King may be made in the chafing dish.

The Prize Awards

In Miss Dale's Recipe Page Contest

We are glad to be able to advise those of our readers who are competing in the recipe page contest, that Miss Dale has almost finished the judging of all the recipes submitted.

The prizes will be awarded about November 25th and a complete announcement of the winners will appear on this page in the January issue (out December 10th to 15th). Watch for it.

Some of the prize winning recipes have already appeared in previous issues of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Other prize winners will appear in coming issues.

Buns
Biscuits

5 ROSES

Pies
Puddings

FIVE ROSES FLOUR

NOT BLEACHED NOT BLENDED

CROWDED with Christmas recipes, the FIVE ROSES Cook Book is most welcome at the festive season. Not only the usual bread and buns, biscuits and cookies, and the small cakes of everyday baking, but the pies and puddings with true Xmas flavor, the kisses and lady fingers, the icings, fillings and desserts that are epoch-marking! Think of 144 pages of reputation-making directions, so essential to good housekeeping, that already almost a quarter million women have sent for it. Your copy of the FIVE ROSES Cook Book will be mailed on receipt 10 two-cent stamps. Address: Dept. E-360, LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LIMITED, Montreal

Greetings
WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS
Purity
CANADA
MANITOBA HARD
WHEAT
24
PURITY FLOUR
More Bread and Better Bread
WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY LIMITED
MILLERS TO THE PEOPLE